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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Seconds out!

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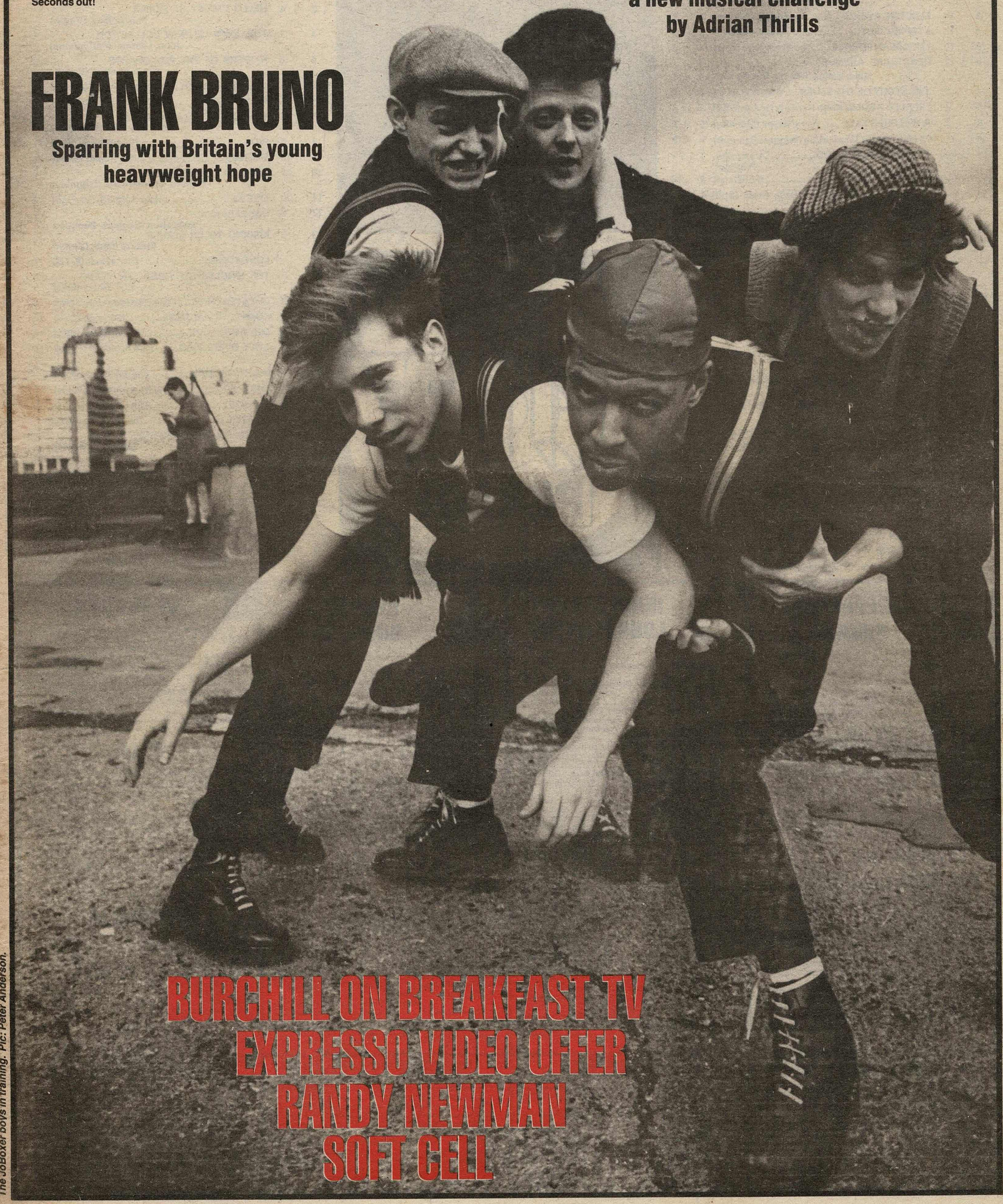
FRANK BRUNO

Sparring with Britain's young heavyweight hope

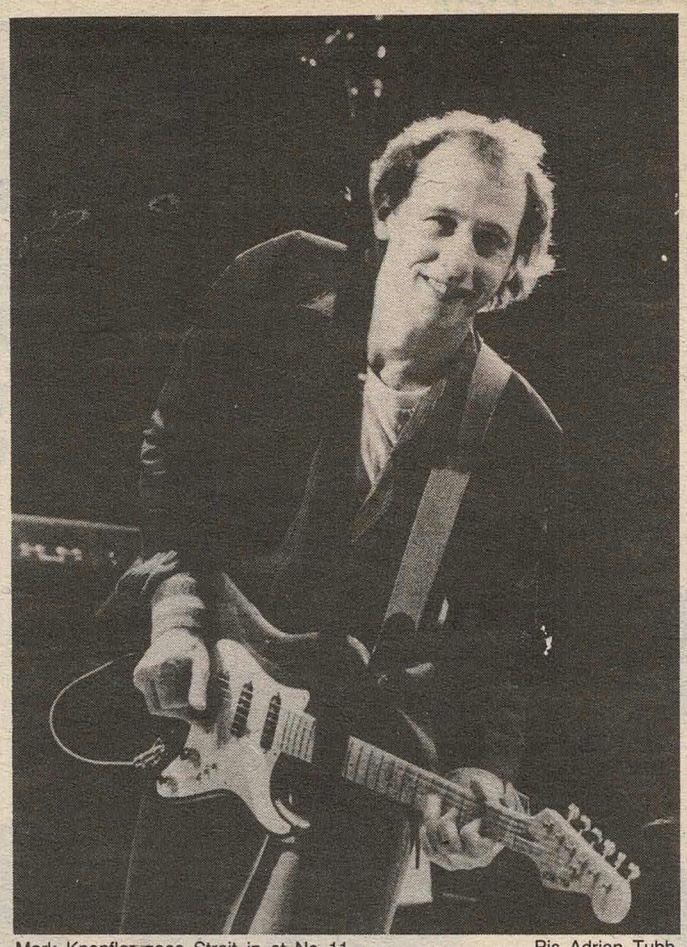


The JoBoxer boys in training. Pic: Peter Anderson.

BURCHILL ON BREAKFAST TV
EXPRESSO VIDEO OFFER
RANDY NEWMAN
SOFT CELL

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
	5	**DOWN UNDER** Men At Work (Epic)	3	1
2	1	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE Phil Collins (Virgin)	7	1
3	14	ELECTRIC AVENUE.....Eddy Grant (Ice)	2	3
4	16	STEPPIN' OUT.....Joe Jackson (A & M)	3	4
5	10	EUROPEAN FEMALE .....The Stranglers (Epic)	3	5
6	12	HEARTACHE AVENUE Maisonettes (Ready Steady Go)	4	6
7	4	THE STORY OF THE BLUES .... Wah (External)	2	4
8	2	ORVILLE'S SONG Keith Harris & Orville (BBC)	5	2
9	3	A WINTER'S TALE..... David Essex (Mercury)	5	2
10	11	CACHARPAYA Incantation (Beggars Banquet)	4	9
11	(—)	TWISTING BY THE POOL.....Dire Straits (Vertigo)	1	11
12	(—)	NEW YEAR'S DAY.....U2 (Island)	1	12
13	(—)	SIGN OF THE TIMES Belle Stars (Stiff)	1	13
14	18	OUR HOUSE.....Madness (Stiff)	8	5
15	28	GLORIA.....Laura Branigan (Atlantic)	2	15
16	7	BUFFALO GALS.....Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	7	7
17	20	YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT) Wham! (Innervision)	10	3
18	17	ALL THE LOVE IN THE WORLD Dionne Warwick (Arista)	4	5
19	21	OH DIANE.....Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	2	19
20	9	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT Bucks Fizz (RCA)	6	9
21	8	BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES Modern Romance (WEA)	9	4
22	13	TIME (CLOCK OF THE HEART) Culture Club (Virgin)	8	1
23	6	SAVE YOUR LOVE Renee & Renato (Hollywood)	10	1
24	27	MIND UP TONIGHT.....Melba Moore (Capitol)	2	24
25	(—)	HOLD ME TIGHTER IN THE RAIN Billy Griffin (CBS)	1	25
26	(—)	TOO SHY.....Kajagoogoo (EMI)	1	26
27	(—)	THE CUTTER Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	1	27
28	15	HYMN.....Ultravox (Chrysalis)	8	7
29	30	FRIENDS.....Shalamar (Solar)	7	9
30	25	UP WHERE WE BELONG Joe Crocker & Jennifer Warnes (Island)	2	25



Mark Knopfler goes Strait in at No 11 Pic Adrian Tubb

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week		Weeks in	Highest
	1	**BUSINESS AS USUAL** Men At Work (Epic)	3	1
2	4	HELLO I MUST BE GOING Phil Collins (Virgin)	11	2
3	1	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION John Lennon (Parlophone)	9	1
4	6	RAIDERS OF THE POP CHARTS Various (Ronco)	5	4
5	5	HEARTBREAKER....Dionne Warwick (Arista)	12	2
6	27	FELINE.....The Stranglers (Epic)	2	6
7	28	THE ART OF FALLING APART Soft Cell (Some Bizarre)	2	7
8	3	RIO.....Duran Duran (EMI)	31	2
9	10	FRIENDS.....Shalamar (Solar)	18	4
10	12	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN Richard Clayderman (Delphine)	6	10
11	30	LIVE EVIL.....Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	2	11
12	9	CACHARPAYA Incantation (Beggars Banquet)	2	9
13	7	KISSING TO BE CLEVER Culture Club (Virgin)	14	2
14	(—)	LOVE SONGS.....Diana Ross (K-Tel)	6	6
15	8	THE SINGLES-THE FIRST TEN YEARS Abba (Epic)	9	1
16	13	GREATEST HITS.....Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	9	11
17	16	COMPLETE MADNESS.....Madness (Stiff)	26	1
18	26	MIDNIGHT LOVE.....Marvin Gaye (CBS)	6	11
19	17	LOVE OVER GOLD.....Dire Straits (Vertigo)	15	1
20	(—)	NIGHT AND DAY.....Joe Jackson (A & M)	1	20
21	18	THRILLER.....Michael Jackson (Epic)	6	18
22	14	QUARTET.....Ultravox (Chrysalis)	8	6
23	(—)	RARITIES.....David Bowie (RCA)	1	23
24	(—)	KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE Eddy Grant (Ice)	1	24
25	19	FROM THE MAKERS OF... Status Quo (Vertigo)	10	3
26	11	PEARLS II.....Elkie Brooks (A & M)	10	3
27	(—)	SKY FIVE LIVE.....Sky (Ariola)	1	27
28	15	DIG THE NEW BREED.....The Jam	5	2
29	29	GREATEST HITS.....Beatles (Parlophone)	9	11
30	21	TOO-RYE-AY Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	15	1

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Fat Man**..... Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)	
2	(5)	**Heartache Avenue**.....Maisonettes (RSG)	
3	(2)	**Shipbuilding**.....Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	
4	(3)	**Halloween**..... Dead Kennedys (Statik)	
5	(4)	**The Other Side Of Love**..... Yazoo (Mute)	
6	(6)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead** Bauhaus (Small Wonder)	
7	(19)	**Save Your Love** Renee & Renato (Hollywood)	
8	(14)	**Orders Of The Day**..... Combat 84 (Victory)	
9	(18)	**Plain Sailing**.....Tracy Thorn (Cherry Red)	
10	(12)	**For You**..... Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)	
11	(22)	**Into The Abyss** Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)	
12	(9)	**Groovin' In Green** March Violets (Merciful Release)	
13	(7)	**Alice**.....Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	
14	(—)	**Oblivious**.....Aztec Camera (IDS)	
15	(13)	**Baby Baby**.....Vibrators (Anagram)	
16	(16)	**Temptation**..... New Order (Factory)	
17	(15)	**More Than A Dream** Farmers Boys (Racks)	
18	(26)	**Gi's A Job**..... Yossers Gang (Rialto)	
19	(—)	**Johnny Remember Me**..... Meteros (IDS)	
20	(23)	**For Whom The Bell Tolls** Fad Gadget (Mute)	
21	(20)	**Chinese Take Away**.....Adicts (Razor)	
22	(10)	**Nellie The Elephant**.....Toy Dolls (Volume)	
23	(11)	**Summer of '81**..... Violators (No Future)	
24	(—)	**Rebel Youth**.....Uproar (Beat The System)	
25	(—)	**Love's A Lonely Place To Be EP** Virginia Astley (Why Fi)	
26	(—)	**No Time For Talk**..... The Box (Go Discs)	
27	(—)	**Live At The Klub Foot** Eraserhead (Flick Knife)	
28	(—)	**100 Years**.....The Room (Red Flame)	
29	(—)	**Out On The Floor**..... Dobie Gray (Inferno)	
30	(21)	**Feels Like Winter Again** Fiat Lux (Cocteau)	

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Pillows And Prayers** Various (Cherry Red)	
2	(3)	**Plastic Surgery Disasters** Dead Kennedys (Statik)	
3	(2)	**Upstairs At Eric's**..... Yazoo (Mute)	
4	(4)	**The Day The Country Died** Subhumans (Spiderleg)	
5	(7)	**La Variete**.....Weekend (Rough Trade)	
6	(6)	**Pissed And Proud** Peter And The Test Tube Babies (No Future)	
7	(23)	**1981-82 The Mini Album** New Order (Factory)	
8	(5)	**Live At Shepperton**..... Damned (Big Beat)	
9	(9)	**Leather Bristles Studs And Acne** GBH (Clay	
10	(18)	**The Maverick Years**.....Wah (White Label)	
11	(14)	**I'd Like To See You Again** A Certain Ratio (Factory)	
12	(8)	**Never Mind The Dirt**.....Dirt (Crass)	
13	(22)	**A Distant Shore**.....Tracy Thorn (Cherry Red)	
14	(11)	**Voice Of A Generation**.....Blitz (No Future)	
15	(29)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now** Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	
16	(17)	**Garlands**..... Cocteau Twins (4AD)	
17	(20)	**Burning Ambition—The History Of Punk** Various (No Future)	
18	(26)	**Christ—The Album**.....Crass (Crass)	
19	(13)	**In The Flat Field**..... Bauhaus (4AD)	
20	(12)	**Songs To Remember** Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)	
21	(19)	**If I Die, I Die**..... Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)	
22	(15)	**A Broken Frame**..... Depeche Mode (Mute)	
23	(16)	**The Sound Of Music**..... Adicts (Razor)	
24	(—)	**Seduction**..... Danse Society (Society)	
25	(24)	**Warrior Rock**.....Toyah (Safari)	
26	(27)	**Where's The Pleasure** Poison Girls (Xntrix)	
27	(—)	**We Are The League** Anti-Nowhere League (WXYZ)	
28	(—)	**UB44**.....UB40 (Dep International)	
29	(10)	**When The Punks Go Marching In** Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)	
30	(30)	**Part Of America Therein** Fall (Cottage)	

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **If This World Were Mine** Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
2 **Nice And Easy**..... Ruddy Thomas (Hawkeye)
3 **Tu Sheng Peng**.....U Brown (Tads)
4 **Gunshot**.....Anthony Johnson (Midnight Rock)
5 **Is It Always Gonna Be Like This** Raymond & Claudia (JB)
6 **Blow My Mind**.....Arema (City Boy)
7 **Make It With You** Carroll Thompson & Sugar Minott (Carousel)
8 **Unruly Pickney**.... Mighty Diamonds (Music Works)
9 **Play Girl**.....Techniques (Technique)
10 **Warm Love**..... Trevor Hartley (Top Ranking)
11 **Stop The Fussing And Fighting** Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
12 **Gypsy Love**..... Belinda Parker (Sunburst)
13 **Is It True**..... Sugar Minott (Tads)
14 **Raggy Joey Boy**..... Tapper Zukie (Mobiliser)
15 **Pack Your Things**.....Trevor Hartley (Tanga)

REGGAE LPs

1 **Night Nurse**..... Gregory Isaacs (Island)
2 **Rockers For Lovers**.....Eddie Lovette (KR)
3 **Carroll Thompson**.....Carroll Thompson (S&G)
4 **The Roots Is There** Mighty Diamonds (Music Works)
5 **Live At Aces**..... Various (Greensleeves)

Compiled by T&K (Tads), 112 Stoke Newington High Street, N16

US SINGLES

1 **Down Under**..... Men At Work (Columbia)
2 **The Girl Is Mine** Michael Jackson/Paul McCartney (Epic)
3 **Dirty Laundry**.....Don Henley (Asylum)
4 **Sexual Healing**..... Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
5 **Africa**..... Toto (Columbia)
6 **Maneater**.....Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
7 **Baby Come To Me**..... Patti Austin (Qwest)
8 **Rock The Casbah**.....The Clash (Epic)
9 **Mickey**.....Toni Basil (Radial Choice)
10 **Heartbreaker**.....Dionne Warwick (Arista)

US LPs

1 **Business As Usual**..... Men At Work (Columbia)
2 **Built For Speed**..... Stray Cats (EMI-America)
3 **H_2O**..... Daryl Hall John Oates (RCA)
4 **Get Nervous**..... Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
5 **Thriller**..... Michael Jackson (Epic)
6 **Coda**..... Led Zeppelin (Swan Song)
7 **Combat Rock**.....The Clash (Epic)
8 **The Distance** Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
9 **Long After Dark** Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Backsheet)
10 **Hello I Must Be Going** Phil Collins (Atlantic)

Courtesy Billboard Magazine

AUSTRALIA

1 **Do You Really**..... Culture Club (Virgin)
2 **Pass The Dutchie**.....Musical Youth (MCA)
3 **Solid Rock**.....Goanna (WEA)
4 **Heartbreaker**.....Dionne Warwick (Arista)
5 **I Eat Cannibals**..... Toto Coelo (Radial Choice)
6 **The Clapping Song**.....Belle Stars (Stiff)
7 **Dr Heckyll & Mr Jive**.....Men At Work (CBS)
8 **Maneater**.....Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
9 **I'm So Excited**..... Pointer Sisters (Planet)
10 **Come On Eileen** Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)

Courtesy Kent Music Report/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Mull Of Kintyre**..... Wings (EMI/Parlophone)
2 **Uptown Top Ranking**.....Althia & Donna (Lightning)
3 **Native New Yorker**.....Odyssey (RCA)
4 **Love's Unkind**.....Donna Summer (GTO)
5 **It's A Heartache**.....Bonnie Tyler (RCA)
6 **Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue** Crystal Gayle (United Artists)
7 **Figaro**..... Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
8 **Jamming/Punky Reggae Party** Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)
9 **Lovely Day**..... Bill Withers (CBS)
10 **Let's Have A Quiet Night In** David Soul (Private Stock)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Blockbuster**..... Sweet (RCA)
2 **The Jean Genie**..... David Bowie (RCA)
3 **Long Haired Lover From Liverpool** Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
4 **You're So Vain**..... Carly Simon (Elektra)
5 **Hi Hi Hi**..... Wings (Parlophone)
6 **Ball Park Incident**..... Wizzard (Harvest)
7 **Wishing Well**..... Free (Island)
8 **Always On My Mind**..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
9 **If You Don't Know Me By Now** Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (CBS)
10 **Me & Mrs. Jones**..... Billy Paul (Epic)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Everlasting Love**..... Love Affair (CBS)
2 **The Ballad Of Bonnie And Clyde**..... Georgie Fame (CBS)
3 **Am I That Easy To Forget** Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
4 **Daydream Believer**..... Monkees (RCA Victor)
5 **Walk Away Renee**..... Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
6 **Judy In Disguise** John Fred And His Playboy Band (Pye Int)
7 **Hello Goodbye**..... Beatles (Parlophone)
8 **Magical Mystery Tour (EP)**..... Beatles (Parlophone)
9 **Everything I Am**..... Plastic Penny (Page One)
10 **Tin Soldier**..... Small Faces (Immediate)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Diamonds**..... Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)
2 **Dance On**..... Shadows (Columbia)
3 **Bachelor Boy**..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4 **Globetrotter**..... Tornadoes (Decca)
5 **Return To Sender**..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
6 **Like I Do**..... Maureen Evans (Oriole)
7 **The Next Time**..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8 **Don't You Think It's Time**..... Mike Berry (HMV)
9 **Comin' Home Baby**..... Mel Torme (London)
10 **Little Town Flirt**..... Del Shannon (London)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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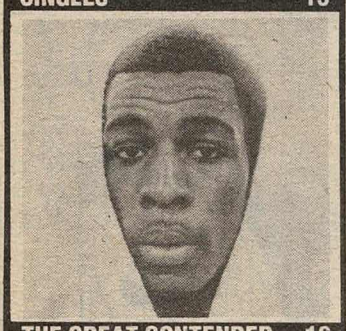

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HEYWARD SPLITS HAIRS

THE REMAINING members of Haircut 100 are considering their future this week, following lead singer and songwriter Nick Heyward's departure from the group.

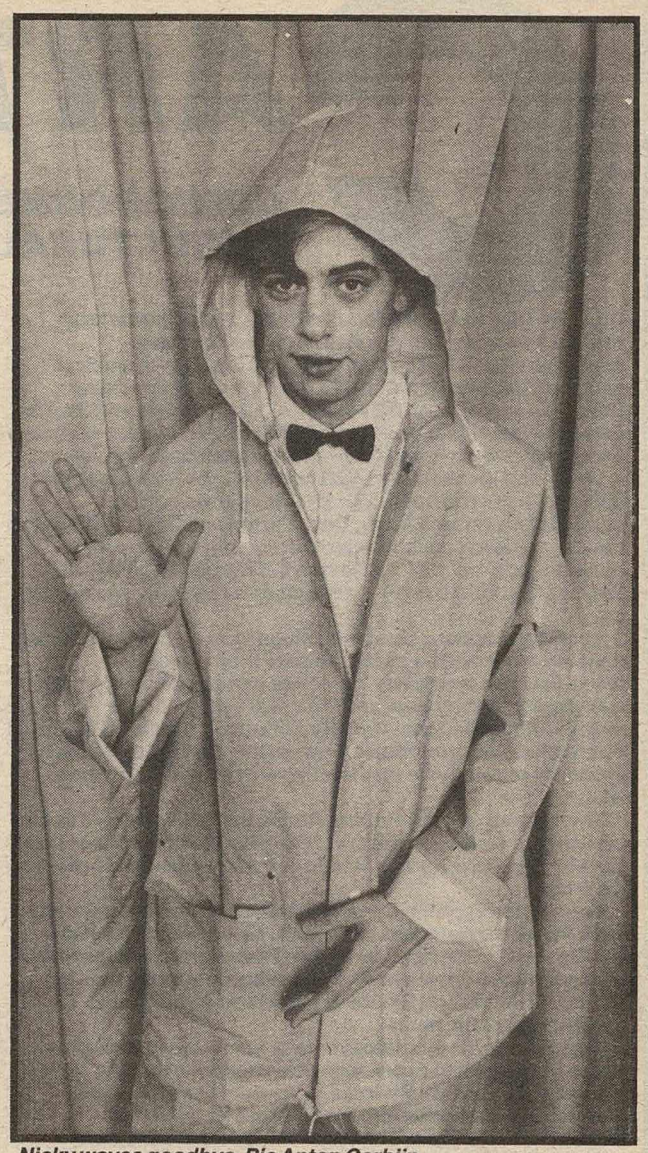
Their initial reaction was to continue working together, with percussionist Mark Fox taking over lead vocals. But the group have agreed with Heyward that the UK tour, due to begin in just over three weeks, should be cancelled. Anyone already holding tickets for any of the dates should claim a cash refund from the point of purchase.

Heyward's decision to quit has been the subject of widespread speculation for many weeks, as the result of increasing divergence in musical direction between himself and the rest of the band. He now intends to pursue his own career, and has already been working on a solo single, which should be ready for release at the end of February.

He commented this week: "I've really enjoyed working with the rest of the boys, and we've had some great times together. I wish them every success, but now it's time to move on, and I'm very excited about my new project."

The depleted Haircut band will soon be going into the studios to record their own material, but an Arista spokesman said that a decision has yet to be taken on whether this will be released under the name of Haircut. Meanwhile, all previously scheduled material has been postponed — which means that their long-awaited second album, the completion of which caused the postponement of their pre-Christmas dates, has been shelved for the foreseeable future.

Despite the scrapping of the planned tour, it's stressed that both the group and Nick Heyward will be arranging live dates — separately, of course — once they've completed their respective recording commitments.



Nicky waves goodbye. Pic Anton Corbijn

Pickett hits wicket

WILSON PICKETT has done it again — he's blown out his projected UK tour, which was due to open on Tuesday this week.

All of Pickett's previous UK tour plans have ended in similar fashion — including a proposed concert last year at London Brixton Fair Deal, which added appreciably to that venue's troubles — and, in fact, he has never actually succeeded in touring here. It seems unlikely that any promoter would attempt to book him in future and, meanwhile, Dingwalls chiefs Harvey Goldsmith and Peter Gross say they are taking legal action against him.

101 club closes

THE 101 CLUB in Clapham, one of the most successful and enterprising venues on the London pub'n'club circuit, has been forced to close down.

This follows complaints from local residents and subsequent action by the Environmental Health Office — despite the fact that it had a trouble-free reputation with police only being called twice during its four-year lifespan, which is a remarkable achievement for any licensed premises.

The club was acknowledged as being South London's most street wise venue for new bands, and its stature was enhanced in 1980 with the launch of 101 Records — a label which provided vinyl debuts for many artists including The Thompson Twins, Huang Chung and The Fixx. The final gig was on January 9, and now — like so many creditable venues before it — the 101 passes into rock history.

Another South London venue, barely a mile from the 101, has also had to close. It's the Pavilion in Battersea, relatively new to the circuit, but already held in high regard by bookers and bands alike. It seems there was a stabbing incident on the premises during the Christmas period, and the police insisted on closure.

Brand new Pigbag

PIGBAG HAVE now unveiled their new line up, which they warned us before Christmas would provide a major surprise — and the surprise in question is that they have acquired a girl singer.

She is Angela Jaeger, whose first appearance with the band is on their new single 'Hit The O Deck'/'Six Of One', for February 4 release by Y Records (distributed by Rough Trade).

She has, in fact, been working with the band for much of the autumn while they've been in the studio recording their second album. Mid-February release is scheduled for the LP, and this will coincide with a major British tour — details of the album, as well as dates and venues, are expected in a week or two.

Keith Allen quits TV show over banned unemployment film

WHATEVER *WHO* WANTS?

RELUCTANT TV star Keith Allen staged a rogue press conference in London this week to bite a lump out of Channel 4's "radical, progressive pretensions" in the course of which he resigned his position as presenter of the Monday night 'alternative' show, *Whatever You Want.*

The resignation came as something of a jolt to programme makers, RPM, who at first declared "Oh! .. one lives and learns." And then added: "It's a question of who gets in first. A letter is already on the way asking him to leave."

The unpleasantness derives from a *Whatever You Want* film attacking complacent union hierarchies that was due to be shown on December 6, Running for 18 minutes it was shaped, under the access facility, by a young Inverness nurse, Mike Sabin.

Sabin's vision was a hard-nut slice of Truth exposing those individuals at the unions' commanding heights who were ducking the unemployment issue; trying to fob off school leavers with ping pong and coffee centres.

He called on the services of Redskins singer Chris Dean, film director John Sanders (who was sound-recordist on *The Great Rock n Roll Swindle*) and veteran union activist, Joe Kenyon.

The film opens with shots of a '30s unemployed march being clubbed by police and then centres on an exchange between Dean and ex-miner Kenyon. There was also a visit to a Liverpool branch of the TGWU which had voted to retain laid-off members and also accept membership from jobless school leavers.

The theme throughout was that the might of the unemployed would be irrestible with Kenyon, in his blue collar shirt and braces, proclaiming that unless British youth were offered activities and representation they would be "lifting up curbstones and throwing them at each other ... there would be a serious break down of law and order."

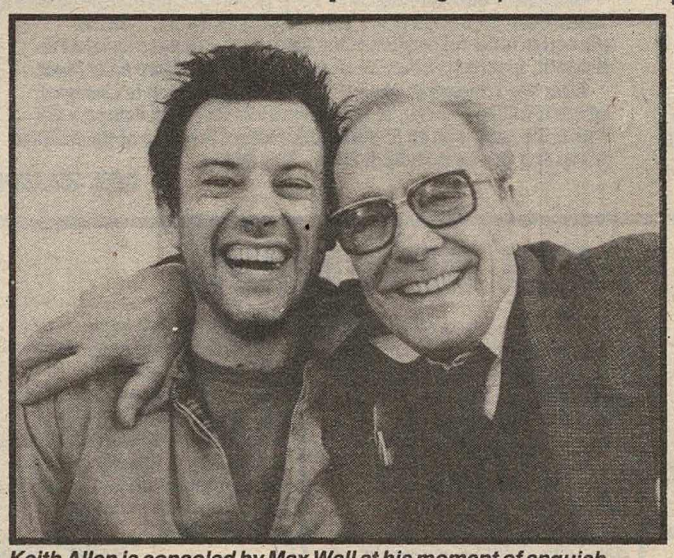
Tory theology and the 'ruthless' Thatcher were also repeatedly attacked.

On the day the film was due to go out Channel 4 controller, Jeremy Isaacs, was summoned to the Commons by Home Secretary Whitelaw to answer to the firestorm created by The Virgin Prunes unscreened oral sex "outrage" from the previous week's *Whatever You Want.*

When Isaacs returned to C4 HQ, he quickly called a meeting of senior personnel at which it was decided that the union film "lacked balance". Union leaders had to be given the opportunity to state their case (in fact Clive Jenkins had earlier refused to be interviewed by skinhead Dean) and there should additionally be cuts.

During the following seven weeks Terry Duffy of the

●continues page 4



Keith Allen is consoled by Max Wall at his moment of anguish

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CARTOONIVERSE

COMICS COME ON CULTURAL

IT LOOKS like the packaged-graffitti format of the cartoon really is becoming today's New Frontier for urbane sensationalism. Just consider Rubber Rodeo — a musical sextet of American art students from the same alma mater (Rhode Island School of Design) as Talking Heads and the Tits. RR play synthesiser-saddled 'cowboy comic' music with heavy overtones of both Roxy Music and spaghetti western scores.

When first mentioned in *NME* last April, the Rodeo had just debuted their vision of prairie post-modernism as "a combination of Gene Autry, Dolly Parton and Devo". Since then they've achieved considerable cult sucess and have just released a six-track EP on Boston's Eat label (400 Essex St, Salem, Mass USA 01970) — accompanied by their own comic book.

The latter contains band info, plugs from manager Don Rose, reviews, repros of the promo posters they design, teach-yourself-music ads, as well as items on Frederick's Of Hollywood cowboy wear and the usual comic book's severed-finger key chain small ad offerings. The band's bassist Doug Allen also contributes some of the 'Steven' cartoons he produces regularly for the New Paper of Providence, Rhode Island.

There's even an anti-Rubber Rodeo editorial — real — once carried by a Texas newspaper ("Punk Rock, Kicker Music Do Not Mix") and pro-Rubber Rodeo comments (fake) from leading C&W stars.

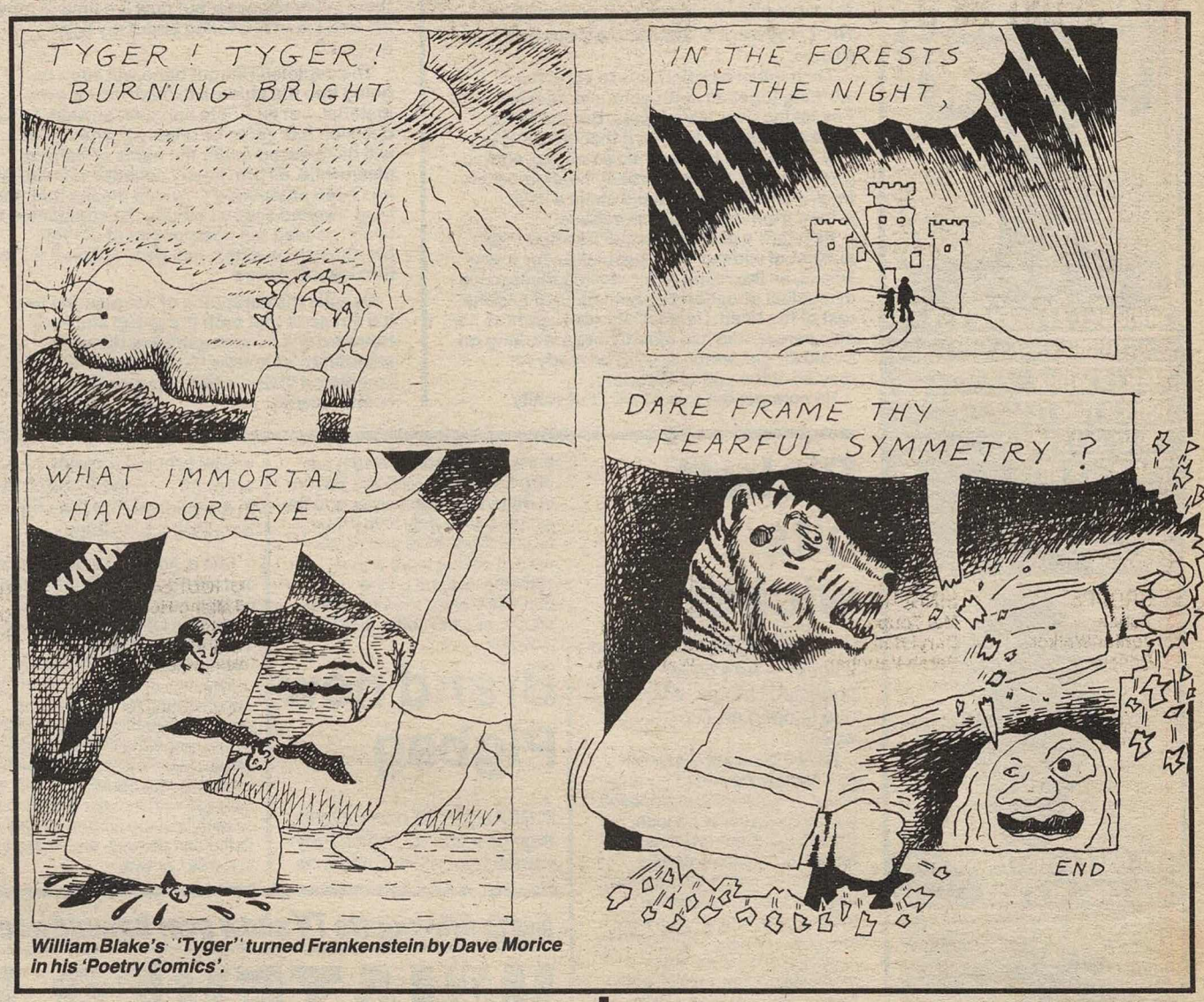
Equally enterprising is *Poetry Comics* (Simon & Sch9ster, 1230 Ave of the Americas, New York, New York 10020 USA, (£6.95) a collection from cartoonist Dave Morice's magazine of the same title, in which he re-interprets poets as diverse as Donne, Whitman and Ginsberg in cartoon-strip formats. Its slogan: 'abuse the muse'.

Morice adds his own idiosyncratic humour and varies his styles from poem to poem, with often hilarious results; Marvell's 'To His Coy Mistress' is rendered as a dialogue between a suburbanite and the newscaster inside her television set; Blake's 'The Tyger' becomes a horror film.

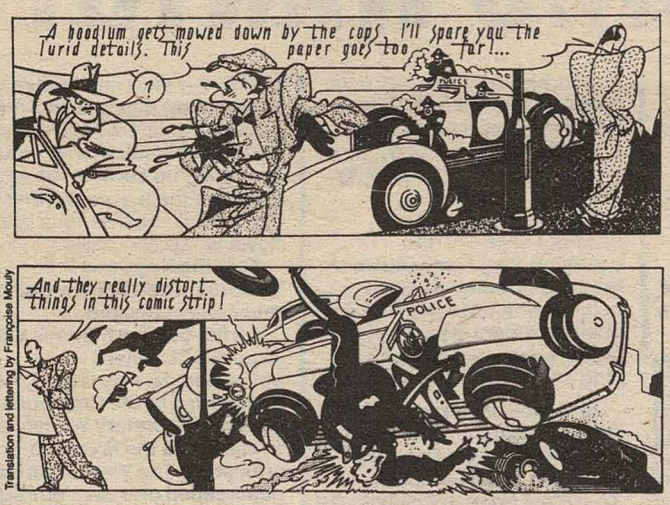
***Poetry Comics* certainly vindicates its preface: Allan Kornblum's 'pinball theory', which holds that "Every poem should be like / A game of pinball / Lights should flash / Bells should ring / Numbers should spin / And in the back of the readers' minds / They should always be hoping / For that free game".**

Uh-huh — and comics: keep 'em coming!

CYNTHIA ROSE



William Blake's 'Tyger' turned Frankenstein by Dave Morice in his 'Poetry Comics'.


A hoodlum gets mowed down by the cops. I'll spare you the lurid details. This paper gets too far!...
?
POLICE
And they really distort things in this comic strip!
POLICE
Translation and lettering by Françoise Mouly

The Flemish school of comic cuts from the pen of Belgium's Ever Meulen/Eddy Flippo

And More Graphic Rap

FOLLOWING ITS run at London's ICA, the Graphic Rap exhibition is currently at the first stop of its provincial tour, in Bristol, where it will be showing at The Watershed on Canon's Road until February 2nd.

The exhibition, compiled by Iwona Blazwick and Bryan Biggs, concentrates on adult comics with specific emphasis on America's *Raw* magazine, which, despite occasionally straining too hard to aspire to conventionally artistic values, has certainly been influential. Featured artists include British cult figures Hunt Emerson and Biff, as well as Bill Griffith, of Zippy fame, and Flemish schizophrenic Meulen and Flippo.

One aim of the exhibition is to show the full production process of a comic book from original art work to finished comic. A further attraction is the full version of the tape 'Ronald Reagan Speaks For Himself', highlights of which were aired on *The Oxford Road Show*.

After The Watershed, the exhibition will be moving to Liverpool, where it will be showing at the Bluecoat Gallery from February 9th — March 5th, and then on to Nottingham where it will be at the Midland Group Arts Centre from April 2nd — May 2nd.

DON WATSON

Allen C4 fracas: "Betrayal"

▷ From previous page

engineers union and David Basnett of the general municipal workers were lined up for studio interviews but still no details were offered as to the segments that were to be exorcised ... not until 11 am on Thursday January 20, just a few hours before recording.

Channel 4's dictat was that one third of the 18 minutes had to go. To this end they had the "amicable agreement" of producers RPM.

Accessee Mike Sabin rejected the new version. "All or nothing", he demanded and was backed by Allen, Dean and director Sanders.

Channel 4 this week insisted there was no political censorship involved; that it was all about "technical quality" and length. Allen disagrees. He believes that "Isaacs' main concern was to keep a low profile and keep his station on the air during the 'let's get Channel 4' hysteria."

At the time, he says, "other ITV companies were queueing up to get the Channel 4 franchise. I tried very hard during this period to get through to the commissioning editor to discover what was going on. I even pretended to be (*Comic Strip* producer) Michael White."

He also called Isaacs every day for a week and when asked by the great man's secretary what the call was about, replied "the future of British broadcasting."

Even after the January 20 cuts decision, Allen naively believed he could communicate the film's main themes via a studio discussion. RPM, he says, let him believe such an alternative was possible but in fact had already arranged 45 minutes of filler pop material.

It was this "betrayal" along with Channel 4's "radical pretensions" that have bruised Allen and cohorts most of all.

The union film, he says, is merely the final act in a series of obstructions, cuts, sackings and rescheduling that have plagued the *Whatever You Want* series from its November 8 inception and it seems RPM have amicably towed along all the way.

"The BBC might also have banned this programme," says Allen, "but at least they would have called you into their office to tell you why. Here, no one comes forward and says it was ME."

Accessee Mike Sabin adds: "Access TV my arse!"

Old activist Joe Kenyon put his finger most neatly on the button when he told the Monday press conference: "Trouble is, we done too good a job."

ANDREW TYLER

CRASS LAUNCH PEACE OFFENSIVE

FORGET THE Franks Report. Prompted by the Falklands war, anarchist band Crass have issued "An open letter to rock'n'rollers everywhere". Written by drummer and spokesman Penny Rimbaud, the two-page document has been sent to musicians, writers and others involved in the music business, and urges positive action towards avoiding war.

Following a bitter analysis of Mrs Thatcher and her South Atlantic adventure, the letter attacks British complicity in America's nuclear plans, and challenges the prevailing apathy.

"From its roots in the blues to Elvis' wagging hips," writes Rimbaud, "rock'n'roll. . .has been about rebellion, rejection and revolution, a big sod off to the grey people who make our world into a battlefield and who see us as toy soldiers with which to enact their terrifying war plans. . .Music is a powerful tool through which radical ideas have been expressed since time immemorial, yet at a time when the world is threatened almost daily with annihilation, rock'n'roll appears to have increasingly concentrated on shallow fun and cretinous escapism."

Towards the end, the letter tells its recipients, "It is our responsibility to warn of what is happening in this dangerous world rather than just covering up the agony with mindless entertainment."

'CROP' OTKIN

the lone groover benyon

S'CUSE ME, SIR, WILL YOU BE WATCHING BREAKFAST T.V.
ER.... WHAT TIME OF DAY IS IT ON?
SALE
BREAKFAST TIME!
EH?
6AM TO 9AM!
HA! NO WAY — IT'S TOO LATE!
TOO LATE ?
SURE — I'M IN BED BY THEN.
STUPID BITCH!
WHAT A COMPLETE DORK!

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

MEN AT WORK

Ron Strykert and Greg Ham on the lookout for work.

GREG HAM (sax/keyboards)

PEOPLE WITH BIGGER EGOS THAN ME
Most people I meet

FAVOURITE PEOPLE
John Cleese
Peter O'Toole
Franco Cozzo
Norman Gunston

PEOPLE I WISH WOULD LEAVE THE COUNTRY (Australia)
B A Santamaria
John Laws

GROUPS
Tubes
Junior Walker
Police

SINGERS
Mel Toupe
Daryl Hall
Sarah Vaughan
Joe Jackson

THINGS THAT WOULD MAKE ME WANT TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY
Another term of Liberal Government
Conscriptions
Herpes III (Brain herpes)

BOOKS
Gormenghast Trilogy **— Mervyn Peake**
The Onion Eaters **— Don Leavy**
Barnaby Rudge **— Dickens**

FILMS
The Ruling Class (1971)
Gallipoli (1981)
THX 1138 (1970)
Amacord (1973)

TV SHOWS
The Wild Wild West
Fawlty Towers
The Untouchables

RECORDS
'Special Beat Service' — The English Beat
'Completion Backwards Principle' — The Tubes
'H_2O' — Daryl Hall & John Oates

LOVES
Cooking
Swimming
Eating
Waitresses
Talking

RON STRYKERT (guitar)

PEOPLE WITH BIGGER EGOS THAN ME
Barry Manilow
Devo
George Segal
Peter Allen

FAVOURITE PEOPLE
Michael Palin
John Cleese
Groucho Marx
Strother Martin
Michael Pollard
Elliot Gould
Peter Sellers
Diane Keaton
John Lennon
Woody Allen
Ronnie Barker
Barry Humphreys

PEOPLE I WISH WOULD LEAVE THE COUNTRY
Malcolm Fraser
Izzy Di

GROUPS
Talking Heads
Motels
Brand X
Weather Report
Little Feat
King Crimson
Police
Jade Warrior
Beatles
Rolling Stones
Abba
Steely Dan
Toots & Maytals

SINGERS
Randy Newman
Stevie Winwood
Frank Zappa
Joni Mitchell
Joe Jackson
Elvis Costello
Peter Gabriel
David Bowie
Joan Armatrading

THINGS THAT WOULD MAKE ME WANT TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY
War
Processed Orange Cheese
Public servants
Bad room service

BOOKS
Don't read books

FILMS
Tin Drum (1979)
Lenny Bruuce (1974)
In The Dead Of Night (1967)
Sleeper (1973)
Alien (1979)
Apocalypse Now (1979)
Godzilla (1956)

TV SHOWS
Bugs Bunny
Untouchables
Thunderbirds
Samuri
Monkey
Johnny Carson
Minder
Tommy Cooper
Three Stooges
Sesame Street

RECORDS
'Another Green World' — Eno
'White Album' — Beatles
'Some Girls' — Rolling Stones
'My Life In The Bush of Ghosts — Byrne & Eno
'The Penguin Cafe Orchestra'
'Time Loves A Hero' — Little Feat

LOVES
Late night movies
Cheese cake
A good cup of tea
Travel
Really (really) bad adverts
Sleep when I can get it
S-bends
Goodtiming
Shapes — mineral, vegetable and animal

NME Dep Ed in 'I Quit' Drama

THE PHIL IS GONE

THE WORLD of heavy rock was this week shaken to its foundations by the shock news that *NME* Deputy Editor Phil 'Mr. Relaxed' McNeill had quit his prestigious post with the world's raunchiest rock weekly.

The surprise decision was still a subject of speculation and rumour at the time of going to press. When eventually tracked down to the members' bar at the Little Fender On Silt Cricket Club, a tight lipped McNeill refused to comment on his departure, saying only that he was "dropping out" of *NME* to "go away to King's Reach Tower to get my thing together... but I will be working with some of the best axemen, uh, lay-out artists, on the south bank circuit."

The sensitive Chelmsford singer/songwriter (whose 'Sing If You're Glad To Be Grey' remains a standard on the Essex folk underground) wrote off speculation that he was planning to reform Slow Dive Dancer, a group commonly described as "way ahead of their time, man, which was about 1892".

McNeill, for several years the dogged opening bat of the *NME* Taverners' All Star Eleven, leaves an impressive score card behind him at the paper's Carnaby Street HQ, not to mention several empty bottles of Malibu Coconut Cocktail, a dog-eared 1967 *Wisden*, and a complete set of Aerosmith press releases.

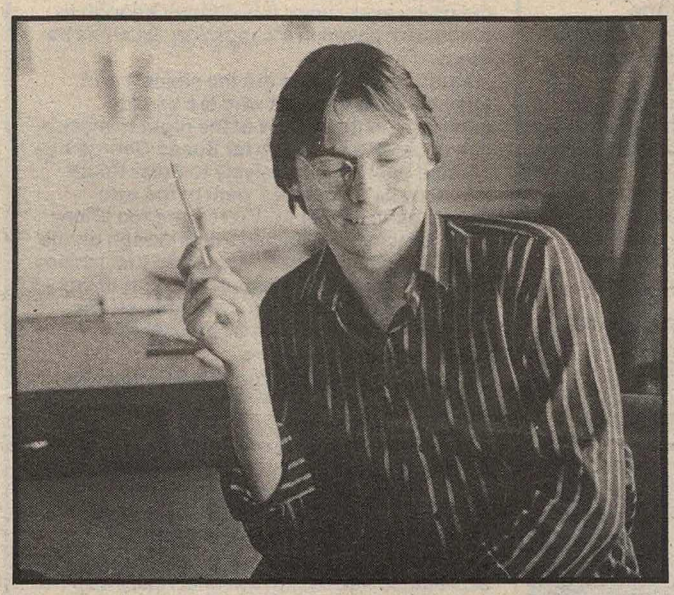
Joining the paper after a rigorous apprenticeship on *Gay News, Rainbow Giant, Let It Rot*, and *The Bay City Rollers Tartan Newsletter And Penpal Club*, plus various Sweet and Geoff Boycott one-offs, McNeill quickly established his critical reputation with a series of probing analyses of such latterday musical giants as The Jess Roden Band, Silverhead and Kansas, before the New Wave tide swept him along in its heady grasp. His critiques of The Shirts, and his cover story on Wire remain to this day utterly unread.

Not even the punk revolution could undo his allegiance to the glories of the flared jean, however, while many a batsman was left to ponder how he could pitch such a demon googly with so much hair flapping in his eyes.

Among his more unheralded achievements were his editorship of *Thrills* and *Playing In The Band*, and his dominance in the field of Contract Whist, where he consistently fleeced all-comers on the 6.50 Kettering to St. Pancras Pullman Buffet car. His legendary pool-playing skills were also a source of ceaseless amazement, not to mention mirth.

Mr. McNeill, 42, leaves a wife, a budgerigar, a half completed *Sunday Times* crossword and an unfinished kebab.

DEAF BOYCOTT



McNeill (rtd. hurt) in the pavilion after a hard day at the subbing crease.

Pic: Pennie Smith

COMMUNICATION

THE MILKMAN COMETH

Breakfast TV — JULIE BURCHILL sees the nation wake up with egg on their faces

IT WAS probably Harry Cohn who said "No one ever lost money from underestimating the American people" and what was true for Columbia films in the '30s proved to be true for NBC TV when in the 1950s, to combat the raging disinterest which greeted their breakfast time *Today* show, they signed up one Mr J. Fred Muggs, a roller-skating chimpanzee.

He would sit quietly at his desk while the talking heads told of death and disaster and then he would put on his wheels and skate America right out of its collective depression. Today eight million people watch *Today*.

So far only one British TV programme has gone in for this lingering spiritual suicide — *Nationwide*, which for more than a decade has served up the frighteners — murder, war, you know the score — with the froth — hang-gliding pet ferrets, starlets saluting their Svengalis. Although the people responsible for this sort of cerebral dry rot protest that there is no philosophy behind such programming, there obviously is — ie that people are stupid, and will only pay attention to matters of life and death if they are served up between large helpings of cleavage and clowning.

Since *Nationwide* the BBC has thrown caution spasmodically to the wind and has shown itself entirely capable of out-grossing ITV when the ratings call for it; think of *Blankety Blank*, the most vacant game show ever to have its brain syringed, think of Wogan, think of Everett, the two biggest all-round nothings ever to cash a six-figure cheque. Anything YOU can do I can do GROSSIER! Therefore when BBC announced that *their* breakfast show was going to beat TV-AM to the draw you could bet your morning seltzer that they were also going to get even lower, even oilier-than-thou (Frost) to corral them cattle that in mixed company we call consumers.

The cats stared suspiciously at me as I wandered into the drawing room at 6.15, falling onto the sofa and stabbing myself in the eye with my Pilot Hi-Techpoint 05. Some lazy capitalist hack might have employed a video machine and played back their prey at some civilized hour — say midnight — but I was determined to have a genuine wage slave experience, and as it turned out the atmosphere that clings rather pleasurably to breakfast TV has totally evaporated by the PM; when the six o'clock news showed a clip, everyone seemed unbearably slow, and one found oneself thinking "Why doesn't some gopher chuck a bucket of ice water over the dozy bastards?" whereas at the time the presenters had seemed simply very agreeably laid-back.

The presenters were obviously chosen for the way they look — chrome-dome Frank Bough for his topical resemblance to a boiled egg (after three minutes of the show I was absentmindedly tapping a spoon against his pate) and Selina Scott because she looks like a divorced Diana Spencer with a degree. But then it does not take an intellectual heavyweight of the magnitude of A.J.P. Taylor simply to act as a stationary cheerleader to gee you up on your way out into the big wide world, and Frank and Selina did their job charmingly.

The long squashy scarlet sofas on which the presenters sit are a cute alternative to desks (which talking heads look silly and pompous and let's-play-journalists behind) and those ludricous Channel 4 barstools which make Peter Sissons look like he's waiting for Mr Goodbar. Selina Scott looked particularly sweet sitting alone on her sofa, smiling bravely and apologizing when the camera caught her slurping her coffee — "I'm awfully sorry!"

The sofas are long and inviting so that guests may traipse informally through the studio, sitting on them and sparkling and generally livening things up. This plan was only a partial success. On Day One Neddy Seagoon was at hand, trying to be funny and failing disastrously. In the end he was reduced to rolling his eyes and calling attention to his bulk. Later in the week Faith Brown was knocking herself out impersonating people while Frank Bough sat beside her totally straight-faced, looking like chief mourner at a funeral.

The soft-centred intention of having guests stay on and pass comment really must go — I have absolutely no interest whatsoever in Faith Brown's impressions of the *Franks Report* (her impression of Mrs Thatcher is bad enough) — and comedians should be given the go-by every time; it is difficult enough to *function* at seven in the morning, let alone be *funny*.

Much better guests are the shallow and busy showbiz blondes who are used to getting up in the middle of the night to make a film or catch a plane; so far Susan George has pointed out rather incisively to Peter Reger that his wife's business went to the wall simply because her knickers were too pricey while Lynsey de Paul had Frank Bough on the verge of tears when she explained that whales beach themselves because the sonar of sea weaponry literally drives the highly-strung creatures mad, so much so that suicide seems a good alternative.

Politicians are pretty good early morning performers, due to all those all-night sittings; on Monday Michael Foot was there, talking beautiful sense about everything under the sun and looking as fresh as a red rose bud on a Hollywood bridal breakfast tray. Why is it that whenever I see Michael Foot I want to scream like an old-fashioned Beatles fan?

SO FAR, so Parkinson; but chat really takes up only a small part of *Breakfast Time*. There is lots of sports news, lots of weather forecasts (Francis Wilson looking like a risky, *risque* lumberjack), lots of traffic, a soupcon of grub gab, constant reiteration of the news headlines on the quarter, the half and the hour (on Monday there was too much talk of the Poles — I thought I'd picked up *Good Morning Gdansk*), advice for the money mad, an occasional phone-inette, Claire Rayner having a weekly agonize (I can't stand Rayner — her "It's a big cosy world and everything will turn out all right in the end if we forgive everyone till we're blue in the face" worldview drives me bananas; I like Anna Rabid's aggressive, censorious survival kit of a mind, besides which she does look like Maria Montez in *Gypsy Wildcat* after two terms at commercial college), exercises from Waterloo Station where Diana Moran (who must have sold her soul to someone, to look like *that* at 43) bullies commuters into making clowns of themselves (it is funny to watch the pin-striped lechers panting after Mrs Moran — looking like a beautiful beanstalk in her Kelly green leotards — and staring melancholically through the station grilles at her like old lags who haven't had a woman in twenty years), a gardener who resembles Old Scrunge, a sawbones and a totally toothless gossip column.

Although the comedians present never come up to scratch there was one very unintentionally funny sequence of events apropos the column.

Frank Bough argued for a while with the token grubby F Street hack they'd had wheeled on to pillory over the plundering of the Princess of Wales' private life; Frank ended the harangue with a plea approximating "Leave the poor girl alone!" Yet within five minutes, Frank was advertising the delights to come — ending with a recommendation to get an earful of Chris Wilson's gossip column, when we could hear "about the new man in Yoko Ono's life!!!"

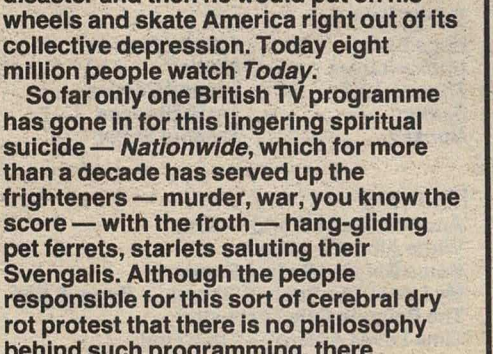
Let's get logical; the total sum of Diana Spencer Windsor's troubles are that in the past two years she has a) married into a filthy rich family b) had a baby and c) gone on a diet. Yoko Ono, on the other hand, has had her husband murdered before her eyes. Now, who sounds in need of care and protection to you?

There were some great hard news stories that it was wonderful to hear about so early in the day — Haughey's Watergate, the Falklanders' disapproval of the Franks fiddle, Argentina's new warmongering — but some of the little film reports were awful — too much Yank trash, for a start, peaking on Thursday with the wacky world of pampered pets — cats with shrinks and parrots dressed as judges — are we being gently introduced to our own J. Fred Muggs, one wonders? — but I did see a fascinating film on a Scottish pearl fisherman, and some lovely footage of a weeping Dicky Attenborough receiving the Martin Luther King Peace Prize from Coretta King in a huge Southern church for *Gandhi*. Then Martin Luther King, saying that he had a dream, all those years ago, was shown — just the tonic you need at ten to eight.

One thing I *didn't* need at ten to eight was Phil Collins doing his graverobbing routine. I've worked out why Phil Collins is such an eyesore — it's because he's the only man I've seen who looks like he's wearing a stocking over his face when he isn't. His video was the apex of Mike Smith's weekly Wednesday Top Twenty rundown, which my baby at least liked better than anything. "Buck's Fizz next?" he asked, turning to me with a mad gleam of elation in his eyes. "Beatles?"

Telling a person what is on the chart is one thing, but there is too much talk concerning just what will be on BBC TV that coming night — this is a big mistake. People leaving for work want to feel dynamic, on the move, a little bit thrusting — corny but true — not like

Breakfast graphics: Ingram Pim



"Do you think anybody's out there, darling?" "Shut up and keep smiling!"

"You don't need me to tell you which way the wind blows."

note oilskin base — lowry

IN TESTS, EIGHT OUT OF TEN CAT OWNERS SAID THEIR CATS PREFERRED WHISKAS, BUT THE COUNTRY'S STILL IN A MESS...
JOIN THE NME AND SEE THE WORLD!..
JOIN THE BOLSHEVIKS AND CHANGE THE WORLD!.
JOBS - WE GOTT-EM!
THE REVOLUTION STARTS AT 3-15
RECORD SALE NOW
NOTE MILITANT MAC
ELSEWHERE..
WE'RE TIED IN WITH A GANG OF MAD KILLERS.. AND IRRESPONSIBLE NARCOTIC ADDICTS..
WELL IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO JOIN THE QUO FAN CLUB!.
AND-IN A PARALLEL UNIVERSE TO OURS...
DARLING!!
VINCENT VAN GOGH LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER..
MEANWHILE, AS THE BOB DYLAN REVIVAL RAGES, MONTY WORKS ON HIS KARL MARX DYNAMIC TENSION COURSE..
GOTTA KEEP MY HEAD... GET HOLD OF MYSELF!
HAIRLOSS CREAM - NOT FOR SALE
WHEN YA AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' YA GOT NUTHIN' TO LOSE!!
KARL MARX!! (PHEW...)
PLEASE NOTE - OWING TO THE CONTROVERSIAL & SUGGESTIVE NATURE OF HIS BRAIN, WE ARE ONLY ALLOWED TO SHOW KARL MARX FROM THE WAIST DOWN
ONE FOR THE MONEY! TWO FOR THE SHOW!
AND, TO MAINTAIN BALANCE, WE MUST SHOW A CONSERVATIVE VIEWPOINT...
IT'S ABOUT MARRIAGE.. I REALIZE I'M VERY MUCH IN LOVE.. BUT AS A SOCIALIST HAVE I THE RIGHT TO ASK A CERTAIN WOMAN TO MARRY ME?
ACTUALLY, CORY, YOU ARE A PERFECT PHYSICAL SPECIMEN EXCEPT FOR A CERTAIN MECHANISM WITHIN THE BRAIN THAT PRODUCES THESE OCCASIONAL SEIZURES.
OH SHIT!
JUST THEN, IN THE GAP BETWEEN POP MUSIC AND RADICAL SOCIAL CHANGE..
HOLD ON TO YOUR HAT.. I'M GOING THROUGH THIS WEATHER NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS!
NEXT - FORGET THIS SHIT, HERE'S MONGO!!!

Flag bearers: (L-R) Gavin, Soapy (kneeling) Martin and Bob. *Pic: Nick Knight*

Raising the Standards

EARLY JANUARY in Brixton sees the tattered buntings and 'Golden Mile' illuminations still spraying the streets with their sordid rash. The locals tread on, unmoved and unsmiling: plastic smiles seem ill fitting on the face of cold comfort Coldharbour Lane.

Under Two Flags cut through the crowds, aware of this trash glitter and seemingly unmoved: for this group of gangly youths, together since September '82, the reality of 'no hope' bites hard.

The band Gavin (vocals), Soapy (guitar), Martin (bass) and Bob (drums) — have evolved a pure, graceful philosophy and a cutting sound reminiscent of the Bunnymen, with the vocal anguish lifting the ever present guitar above the dense malaise of rhythm and scorching the core of their arrangements. Their first single, 'Mask' will hopefully see genesis in February.

Whilst the photo session shoots past in the grounds of a decaying, desecrated Brixton Synagogue, band manager and Second Theory (business non-de-plume) main man Stuart Wheeler relates a tale indicative of the sentiments that motivate the band.

"A local businessman wanted to turn this place (the Synagogue) into a factory to create some local jobs. He had up until April to claim a tax free grant from the government — three weeks before the deadline the SWP took the place over, demanding that it be turned into a day centre. The guy pulled out. No jobs were created. The SWP didn't even stick to their guns — they moved out three weeks after without achieving anything."

"What's worse is that both of those buildings are already 'day centres'!

"People playing both political sides against the middle has, for some areas, become the ugly and non-profitable norm. For the Flags this selfish tunnel vision and blind acceptance is an all too common malady.

Gavin is filled with a subdued contempt for such cripples but is eager to point out the band's non-alignment. Over a tea and table in "the best cafe in Brixton" he points out the truth of the band's name and ideals with a resigned clarity.

"Under Two Flags has no political meaning: it isn't 'living under the US and USSR' as most people think. To me it just sums up a lot of different people, people that are always living under opposites, controlled by two sides. We're just breaking away from the middle that most people are stuck in. It's breaking away from the grey land amidst Good and Evil, Black and White. We're doing it for ourselves.

"When they (the people) see us", he continues openly, "maybe they'll suss — find out how to do it. We won't tell them, it's for them to find out."

As Soapy sings out quite snappily: "People expect too much from the band. They want it to be deep, meaningful. If we can make them happy then that's enough."

How then do the band hope to set examples? How will the people become involved? Gavin answers simply; "It's just grown out of a large group of friends. There's none of that 'we're doing it for the kids' by a bunch of 26 year olds. We're trying to involve all our friends."

"We *are* the kids!", jabs Soapy, "We can look after ourselves."

Given the realities of Britain '83, it seems that the band are sad idealists. But as Gavin sighs: "We're not optimists — or morbid depressants. We're realists. Why do message songs — nobody would take us seriously."

So the band push and accrue their friends into the Flags' theory, changing their future by persuasion not preaching. Their belief in an alternative should help to raise the Under Two Flags Standard out of no-man's land and into their idea of the future.

David Dorrell

---

a cross between a homing pigeon and a slug, forever doomed to slither in ever decreasing circles right back to the homely glow of that old cathode tube. For me the best part of *Breakfast Time* was the daily paper review; John Junkin and Barry Took, who are thought to be such jesters at the court of the BBC,

reviewed the papers incredibly well when let off the leash, but the star of the section was definitely Norman St John Stevas who reviewed the papers on Monday with Frank Bough playing stooge. Their little exchange was a revelation in how low men can sink.

"Are you another one of these men in love with Selina Scott?" asked the bitch Bough rhetorically; because it is common knowledge that Stevas is repelled by the fair sex.

"No," snapped Norman, and went on to pay Frank back by quoting from some paper a survey which showed that the average viewer of *Breakfast Time* is an illiterate, foul-smelling psychopath.

Girls!

All in all in our house a good time was had by all; the only really jarring note was when a plane crash in Turkey killing 50 people was followed by champagne, roses and a big cake to celebrate *Breakfast Time's* remarkably successful first steps. When next there is some awful, intentional atrocity in Northern Ireland, Frank in his cardigan and Selina in her Belville Sassoon party dress are going to look pretty disrespectful sitting on their squashy sofas talking about it.

But here's looking at it; people are capable of sinking to dreadful depths when they don't get what they want (in this case an audience of two million) so let's hope that the BBC isn't forced to make a monkey — more specifically a J. Fred Muggs — out of its quiet, fluent, elegant find.

A GREAT NEW SINGLE
from
UB40
n°1
I'VE GOT MINE
n°2
DUBMOBILE
RELEASED 28 JANUARY
12" version also includes
'FORGET THE COST' from UB44
DEP 6 and DEP 612 on DEP INTERNATIONAL
Distributed through VIRGIN RECORDS
NONE OF THESE TRACKS ARE ON THE LONG-AWAITED LIVE ALBUM — OUT NEXT MONTH

CHARTING MUDDY WATERS

PRINT

DEEP BLUES
By Robert Palmer *(Macmillan £5.95)*
WHITE BOY SINGIN' THE BLUES
By Michael Bane (Penguin £2.50)

ROBERT PALMER's Deep Blues is a remarkable book, a musical and social history of the Mississippi delta which slides effortlessly into place as one of the definitive volumes ever written on this most crucial and misunderstood American music.

Alongside Charles Keil's *Urban Blues,* Charles Sawyer's biography of B.B. King, Mike Rowe's *Chicago Break Down* and some of the essays of Greil Marcus and Peter Guralnick (not to mention Leroi Jones' *Blues People* and the less esoteric portions of the writings of Paul Oliver and Sam Charters), it tells a unique and powerful story in a measured, transparent style that transcends all accusations of academism or dryness.

Palmer (no relation to the elegant chappie from Nassau) uses the life and career of Muddy Waters as a framing device, since Waters' journey from Mississippi to Chicago and beyond epitomises the journey taken by the music and its constituency. The title is significant: *Deep Blues* is a term used frequently by Waters to describe the music he plays, a music distinct from the more polished urban(e) blues played by B.B. King and his admirers and descendants.

'Deep Blues' is the direct electric development of the country blues, and an equally direct metaphor for the lives of the blacks who were born and raised in the rural South and made the Northward migration to the big cities of Chicago and its equivalents between the mid '30s and the early '50s.

Raw celebration in the face of raw adversity, this music so often has it's context taken for granted and then ignored that it is easy to consider it as nothing more than a particularly rough-hewn party music, but Palmer here redresses the balance with a vengeance. Without ever resorting to tub-thumping or polemic, Palmer describes the crucible in which this music was forged: slavery and the increasingly covert racism which has been it's aftermath, and the sheer courage and strength of a people who, when robbed of their culture, created a new one.

Palmer knows his music as well as his history: his opening chapter contains a brief survey of African music which reads as fascinatingly and enlighteningly in the context of the present-day music of Sunny Ade and Fela Kuti as it does in its application to the art of Charley Patton, Robert Johnson or Howlin' Wolf. He has the kind of knowledge and scope which enables him to take into account developments in the musics which developed either in parallel to the blues or as its outgrowth, but he never deviates from the main thrust of his story.

Maxwell Street market, where the Deep Blues is still played. Johnny Embry (guitar), 1972. Pic Val Wilmer, from Deep Blues

He returns time and again to the saga of Muddy Waters, while also profiling every major blues artist whose work mattered. His critical judgement is impeccable, his research utterly formidable and his writing immaculate. The book is completed by a selection of photographs compiled by Valerie Wilmer and drawing extensively on her own work, which support and underline Palmer's text in a manner nothing short of admirable.

Deep Blues is a book which can be recommended unequivocally and without any reservations whatsoever, but Michael Bane's *White Boy Singin' The Blues* is a somewhat different proposition. Subtitled 'The Black Roots Of White Rock', it purports to "chronicle the adoption, imitation and alteration of black musical styles by whites from the blues of Memphis' Beale Street...to the current mixture of sounds and traditions called New Wave."

In fact, it does nothing of the sort. It addresses itself to the vexed relationship between black music and white musicians by presenting the proposition that true rock is produced by white musicians who have mastered black styles and have therefore become superior both to white musicians who avoid overtly black stylings, and to the black musicians who created the music in the first place.

One of Bane's interviewees tells him, "What *we are talking about* here is REDNECKS — the meanest, lowest, gutbustin'est, beer-drinkin'est, wife-beatin'est REDNECKS in the whoooooooooooole wide world singin *nigger* — that's N-I-G-G-E-R music!"

In other words, white people playing black music as an act of hostility — to steal the black man's music and therefore his magic, to beat him at his own game. As an explanation of the weird, dark undertow of tension that informs the most mesmerising '50s rockabilly, it's masterly: as an attitude to spend a whole book justifying and defending, it's revolting.

Bane delivers the whole book in a hysterical rant, and when he gets going he scores a few good hits: his account of what Elvis Presley actually *did* at his epoch-making 'That's All Right Mama' session is riveting, and his sneering at liberals is devastating ("Go ahead and wince, but remember that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a card-carrying liberal to pass into a black boogie club").

Ultimately, though, Bane's book is a racist affair dedicated to declaring Memphis the centre of the universe and to making white musicians seem somehow more gifted than blacks. After all, says Bane, you'd *expect* black musicians to be able to play this stuff, it's normal for them to play it brilliantly, but when a white guy plays it at all, that makes him better than them.

Other people must think so, too. Otherwise, you wouldn't hear more white than black musicians on the radio, see more of them on TV, read more about them in most music papers. Maybe it isn't only the unenlightened old rednecks of Memphis whose adoption of black music contained as much hostility as tribute.

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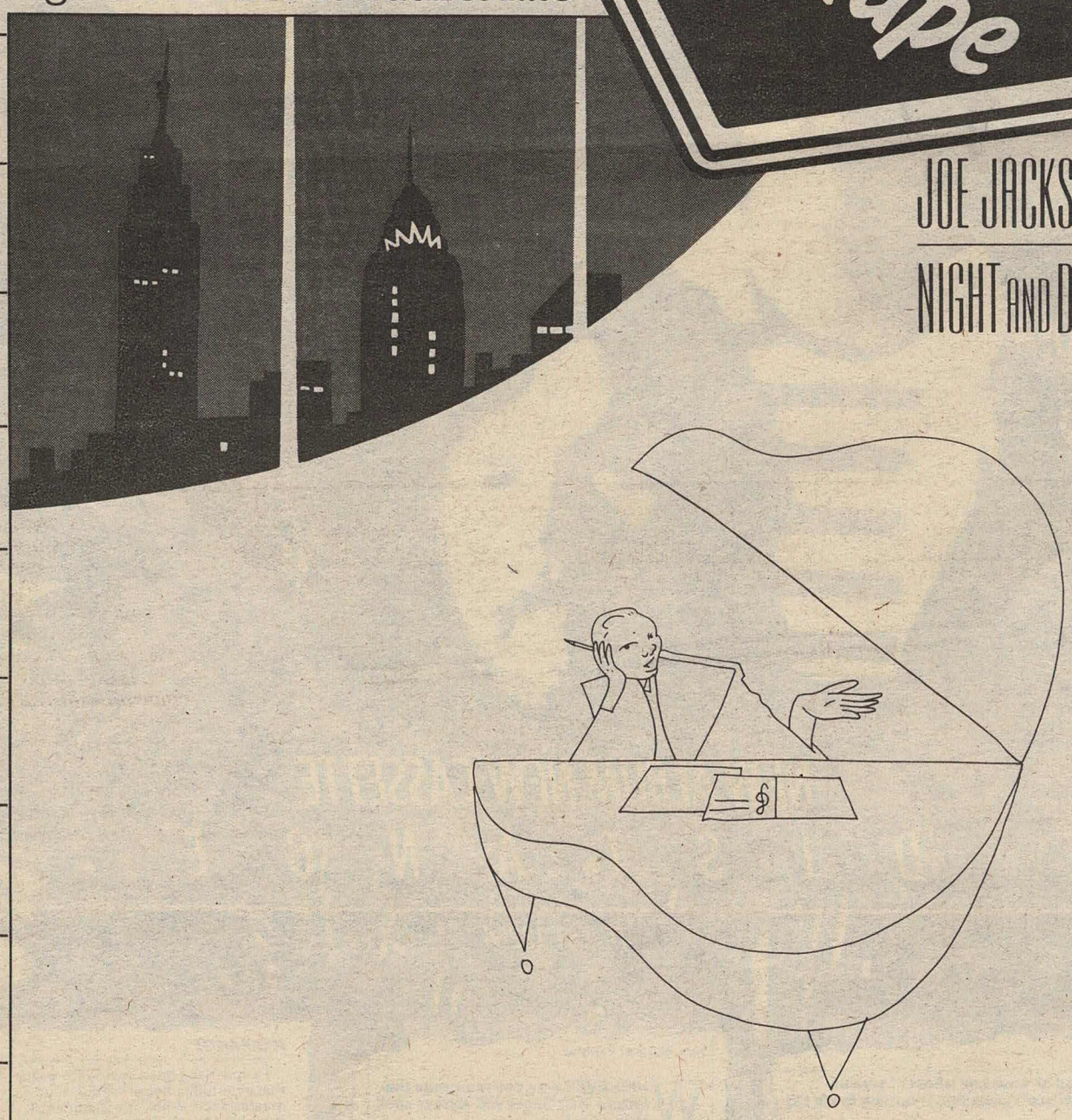

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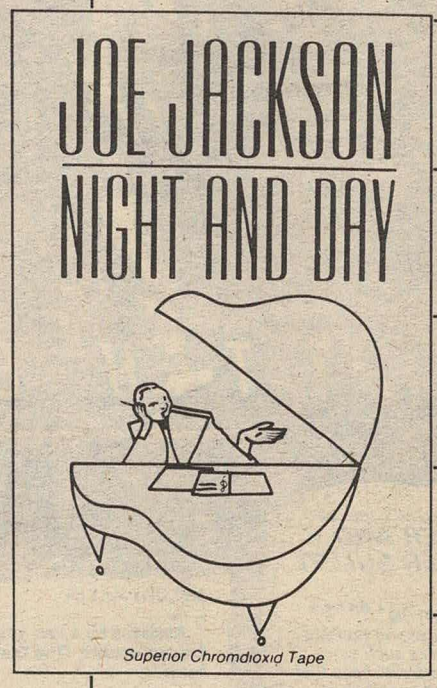

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RIDICULOUS RUSTICS

Farmer's Boys — Baz, Frog and Mark

Pic: Kevin Cummins

A RIDICULOUS assortment of maverick rustics perhaps, but in less than a year The Farmer's Boys' distinctive stamp of cute rural romanticism and unaffected boys-next-door charm has strolled effortlessly from the rank and file of back street Indie bop to the doorstep of mainstream acceptance.

Successively preening their rugged slapstick cheek in favour of a more polished provincial chic, they've quietly graduated from the awkward naivety and subsequently brusque spontaneity of 'I Think I Need Help' — a debut single that revelled in a comely amateurism spiked with a simplistic but stunningly infectious hookline — to the fetchingly manicured sheen of the highly acclaimed successor, 'Whatever Is He Like'.

Now, following the news that their third and current single, 'More Than A Dream', has been marked out by CBS distribution and marketing for an extravagant High Street push, it's high time The Farmer's Boys were given a good talking to.

A role EMI seems to have taken on since this interview. The Farmer's Boys have just signed a recording contract with them and their single is to be repackaged and reissued, with the band currently in the studio completing a new single and processing their debut album.

Draped irreverently across the lounge of the oldest hotel in Britain — within spitting distance of the pompous serenity of Norwich cathedral — the most immediate description of Norfolk's fastest rising pop band is indeed ridiculous.

There's the jug-eared, ruddy complexion of keyboardist Frog for a start. He mucks out pigs for a living and tinkers in synth technology in his spare time. Then there's the drawling amiability of Baz, lead singer and record shop owner, in dinky glasses and frizzy short hair, and the Ted Moult lookalike Stan, who alternates the choppy Farmer's guitar with shifts at a local hospital. And completing the incongruous assemblage of pop purveyors is the sullen countenance of bass man Mark.

This is *pop?*

"It's always been very much an oddball band," admits Baz. "At first we were changing directions, sentiments and all that so often it was a joke. What we do now is a lot more natural...we're being ourselves much more. Like when we started out we all had the attitudes of The Fall but it didn't take long to realise that you just can't take that sort of thing too seriously in a place like Norwich.

"Life's too easy and slow here...people haven't got the energy to jump up and down and scream and look menacing...it's just too much like hard work, so we decided we were better off being ourselves. I think we're all pretty romantic really and it shows. The biggest struggle here is to avoid sounding too much like Barry Manilow."

"Yeah. We went through our Spandau phase as well," sniggers Stan. "But it's not exactly a hedonist's paradise here either."

AFTER JUST one afternoon being assimilated to the environmental pedestrianism of Norwich, it's difficult not to agree. Where the city's other musical forces — dominated by The Higsons' gritty polit-funk and the chaotic dissidence of Serious Drinking — have been largely tempered by a score too many University politics classes, The Farmer's Boys' earthy idealism lies intuitively closer to their surroundings.

"Yeah. We owe a lot to this place," Stan continues. "Because we're so far removed from the merry-go-round of London we've been able to make mistakes and just stagger along without having to acquiesce to any biz procedure.

"The Higsons introduced us to the music scene, got us gigs and persuaded John Peel to come and see us...so we've never had to try that hard. In fact, the main reason that there was a lot of interest in Norwich last year was because everyone here was helping everyone else get noticed. There's a kind of healthy musical hierarchy where everyone co-operates in shifting everyone else up the ladder."

"He's making it sound like a commune again," laughs Baz. "But it has been helpful in that we've never had to send out a demo tape to anyone. I'd hate to get involved in that side of the business...it's really seedy and demoralising when you have to prostitute yourself just to get a gig. Mind you, living in a closed set like this does have its repercussions.

"Like, we'd been playing here for a while and started to think we actually had something...and the first time we went to London, they couldn't understand why we were so totally bland. I mean, I'm not very keen on pressure at the best of times, but it was really difficult to come to terms with all those cynical souls in the capital."

So how did you eventually open up those cynics?

"Not by ignoring them, exactly," replies Stan emphatically. "But by sticking to our beliefs that music doesn't have to be cold and calculated. There's always room beside your ABCs and Dollars for some amateurish warmth. We really do feel for our songs...I'd hate to make a recording that was totally out of our own inept hands.

"Take our first single...we did it in eight hours and Frog produced it himself, and it really does show...but that doesn't make it a bad record."

Frog changes tack with a timely interruption, "The radio's done a lot for us. John Peel was quite disappointed when he first saw us cos we weren't enough like The Higsons...but he came round eventually and persuaded the likes of Peter Powell, Kid Jensen and even Richard Skinner to take an interest. And when your record's being played on the radio three times a day...the cynics become mysteriously silenced."

"It's all down to the fact that we're frighteningly whistleable," adds Baz quoting from a *Record Mirror* article. "We whistled 'em into submission."

BUBBLING WITH quaint melody and burning with brass, fortified by an increasingly discerning production from Frog, 'More Than A Dream' has already dissipated any tenuous links The Farmer's Boys' earlier product may have forged with the likes of Orange Juice and The Monochrome Set. Out on their own at last, the single is already high in the Indie charts.

But how much of an effect will the considerable muscle of CBS have both on the band and the record?

Baz answers the expected question without hesitation, "As far as our name is concerned, we've officially joined the rat race. No doubt, all the new chart return shops will be issued with free Stan T-Shirts and Frog badges for a nifty slip on the computer, but as a band, y'know, we've not compromised anything. We haven't signed our lives away or anything.

So what becomes of trusty independents Backs Records, matriarchal upholders of the Norwich scene?

"We're not going to get into that debate," replies Frog. "Backs are still very much at a formative stage and while we've enjoyed working with them, it might take them five years to become an established and efficient label. If it takes us five years...we'll be too old."

Young Farmers. Go For It!

THE Farmer's Boys' brand of cute rural romanticism is gaining ground in the mainstream. AMRIK RAI meets Norfolk's fastest rising pop band on the brink of making their debut album.

"We've all been in bands before; y'know, searching for that elusive combination just like half a million other poor bastards. The funny thing is that when we finally came up with The Farmer's Boys, the one thing we were all agreed on was that this was without doubt the most ridiculous combination to date. Right from the start people were having bets as to whether we'd get past our second gig."

THE LAST FILM

See Page no: 23

ringside beat

JoBOXERS

Adrian Thrills goes ten rounds with ***JoBoxers***, formerly Subway Sect. Photo: ***Peter Anderson.***

YOU CAN sometimes tell a Boxer boy by the way he walks and talks — with a surly schoolboy toughness that strikes just the right balance between the cool and the comic.

You can sometimes tell him by the clothes he wears — by his cloth cap and clip on-braces, his black leather jacket and baggy blue or grey trousers that invariably terminate a good three inches above the ankle.

First thing in the morning, however, you can always tell a 'Boxer boy by the food he eats. In the tawdry Tower Hill working man's cafe where we meet them, the five artfully austere 'Boxer boys are all picking hungrily at the great British bacon and egg breakfast.

They pore busily over their five plates, washing down the previous night's boozing with spoonfuls of grease and begin to consider aloud the most important characteristics of 'Boxerhood; those vital physical and emotional inputs that make the 'Boxer beat bristle and beam.

"Sex is important," says ginger-nutted drummer Sean 'Sonny Boy' McLusky. "Sex is very important.

"Most of the music that's around at the moment is just so sexless. There's just no soul in most modern music and it all comes down to sex. Music has to be sexual to be able to move people."

"It's got to be fun too," adds singer Dig Wayne. "There has to be sex in the music, but it has to be humorous sex. When you think about it, sex is a very funny thing. It might be something that everybody is after, but it is a funny thing to do."

"We're not into drugs though," continues Sean. "We drink a lot, but we don't touch drugs. Drugs are for hippies. Why do people need to import all those expensive foreign substances when they can buy something like Guinness? If you want to go to sleep, you might as well just hit yourself over the head with a hammer. You shouldn't need drugs."

"We think dance is very important too," says bassman Chris Bostock. "We all go down to these dance competitions that they hold at the Notre Dame hall in Leicester Square. They play a lot of old Tamla stuff and have jive competitions..."

"We usually clear the floor when we start to dance, though," adds Sean. "We've all got steel-toe caps and people's toes tend to get trodden on, but we usually win a competition that way. It's really good for people in a band just to go out dancing. That's the only way to learn what precisely makes people dance. It's all down to the right pulse, the right rhythm and the right feel."

"We are also very much a band," chips in keyboard man Dave Collard. "That whole idea seems to have gone a bit out of fashion over the past couple of years, but we mean it. This is a genuine band who play gigs. We're all playing together and learning together. There's nothing really peculiar or different about that, but it sometimes seems that way. There don't seem to be many *bands* around at the moment."

"I went to see Yazoo at the Dominion," adds guitarist Robert Marche. "It was terrible. Alf is a great singer, but it was just terrible when they played. They used a lot of backing tapes and tapes just aren't as exciting as actually feeling the music coming from the people on the stage. There just isn't any atmosphere."

"Most of the people at those gigs are in their teens, which means there is an entire generation of kids who have hardly ever watched a real live band and felt that special buzz, that excitement. At most of the gigs you go to these days, you get the feeling that you could almost be at home watching the television."

"Our music is live music," resumes Dave. "That's it in its best form."

WHEN THEY hit a stage, the JoBoxers play it like they say it. Their tough talk might sometimes seem contrived, but live they back it to the hilt, creating a solid, sinuous wall of swing. They play the traditional instruments, but play them with a subtly hidden sophistication that steers them clear of rock bombast and into territory so danceable it hurts.

Their sound is certainly hard to define. Their three cover versions offer few clues — there are a couple of obscure Georgie Fame tracks, 'Fully Booked' and 'Preach And Teach', and a version of the wicked Wilson Pickett's 'Jealous Love' — while the originals cover ground so diverse that one simply cannot box the 'Boxers.

It might help to take a look at their past history.

Less than a year ago, four of the five piece were masquerading as Subway Sect, a quartet of superb musicians languishing in the shade of Club Left crooner Vic Godard. The boys all hail originally from Bristol but had been put together in Camden Town under the eagle eye of Clash manager, Bernie Rhodes. They developed into something of a house band at Club Left during its West End residencies first at the Whisky-A-Go-Go and later at Ronnie Scott's.

They played unobtrusively behind the likes of Lady Blue, Bananarama, Jennie Bellestar and a host of other Club Left vocal acts, but their main commitment was to Godard, and it was they who provided the backing on his 'Songs For Sale' LP, released by London Records in the spring, and on his subsequent British tour with Altered Images.

Perhaps more interesting, however, was their occasional liaison with a goofily energetic black American R&B singer spotted singing in a New York club band by Bernie Rhodes and brought over to England to become part of the Club Left stable. His name was Dig Wayne and when the Vic Godard tour ended in disarray and disillusionment, he was enlisted as a permanent vocal performer. The JoBoxers were born.

"One of the main problems with the old band was Vic's totally unprofessional approach," says Dave. "He was so lazy that he sometimes wouldn't even turn up for gigs. On the Altered Images tour, we ended up doing impromptu instrumental sets in Brighton and Manchester because our singer hadn't turned up.

"Things couldn't go on that way, so we decided to leave Vic at the end of the tour. We never felt particularly happy as the Subway Sect anyway. Vic is obviously a talented songwriter, but we tended to feel that we were just the tail end of something that he had started right back in 1976 with the original Subway Sect. What he did was good to a point, but it wasn't exactly what we wanted to do. This is."

Vocalist Dig, Ohio born, had been living in New York for five years before Rhodes brought him over to Britain. His old band, Buzz And The Flyers, split after releasing one album and a couple of singles on the independent Nervous label.

The combination of Dig's boisterous, bawling stage style and the Sect's more refined, restrained swing-influenced groove gave the old Club Left some of its best moments. But the fiery combustion that the same two components produce in the JoBoxers is something far more potent. The sound has been honed and adapted, streamlined and toughened up. The times have changed since 1981's 'summer of funk', and the band have changed with them.

"The stuff that we were doing before was pretty lightweight," admits Sean. "What we're doing now is harder and it seems to fit what a lot of kids want. It's a reaction against what was happening before. I get the feeling that there is a big gap for a band like us; a band playing something hard, but also something danceable, something other than Heavy Metal or Punk.

"People certainly want something a bit more raw. Just look at the sort of clubs that kids are going to now. They don't want to go to the Camden Palace or even Club Left if it were still around. They're going to places like the Dirt Box and The Purple Pit."

The laudable community ideals of Club Left, regrettably, have perished in the face of this tough new traditionalism. For all their undoubted excellence onstage, aren't JoBoxers a somewhat less ambitious project than Club Left?

The band claim not, saying they have now moved up a rung into the real world, leaving the more cosy confines of the club behind.

"The club was essentially us," says Dave, "but it's something that belongs to the past now. It just doesn't really fit now, that whole thing of the big night out in the West End. There are still a few things left from those days, though, like the swing influence, but basically we've moved on from all that."

JoBOXERS SHORTLY release their first single for RCA Records, the label with whom they signed at the end of last year.

It could well be the fractured funkabilly cut and thrust of 'Jonnie Friendly', a video for which was recently shown on BBC2's *Oxford Road Show*. With plans already afoot for an LP with producer Alan Shatlock, the band are obviously on the verge of the big promotional push that so often crosses over into hype.

One obvious selling point is their crisp, clean image, with its roots in '30s and '40s depression austerity, a look which they strenuously deny is a contrived one, though it will certainly seem that way to some observers. Isn't it just another variation on last year's 'hard times' chic?

"It's not meant to be contrived," says Sean. "It's serviceable, functional clothing. I started wearing my DMs again after we split with Vic and Bernie Rhodes buggered off to the States, leaving us with no money. We had to go out and get jobs and somehow the bow ties didn't quite fit anymore."

"It's practical and it suits the English climate," adds Dave. "It's not a uniform, but it does give us a certain unity visually."

Are there not certain dangers in such a static, easily mocked and copied image?

"Things could be taken that way, but it doesn't really matter. It's just something that we're comfortable with. It's just something that evolved gradually. It's also cheap. You can pick this stuff up for a few quid from army surplus stores and jumble sales. It's also a nice play against what the music is like."

ONLY TIME will tell whether or not the 'Boxers can cut it on record the way they do onstage, but as a live band they are one of the few bright sparks left on an increasingly grey and cloudy gig horizon.

The four ex-Sect sidemen provide a direct, utterly danceable musical platform on which singer Dig acts as an energetic, entertaining focal point. Make no mistake, these boys are thoroughbred *musicians* while Dig is a hell of a *showman*.

"You have simply got to perform," he explains. "You can't just go out there and stare at people. You've got to give them a show. They pay their money to see a confident professional performer."

Is there a difference between performing and merely posing?

"To me, posing is doing something that you don't really feel. It's a fake. What I do is real. It's what I feel. You can usually tell when someone is faking.

"Right now I'm trying to develop this new dance where you dance *against* the beat rather than in time with it. It is possible to dance around the beat rather than just dancing to it all the time. Or sometimes you can dance *in* time during a verse and *out* of time during the chorus, just so you don't look a complete fool.

"One of the really important things is to be humorous. One of my main influences was this really weird guy called Pinky Lee, who I used to watch on TV in Ohio when I was a kid. He used to wear great big checked suits and a little hat and do all these great dance routines until he got chucked off the channel for being a homosexual.

"You have to be able to laugh at yourself. One of the problems with all these new bands is that they have no sense of humour. It's all too deadpan. If there's no humour, you might as well go and watch some serious drama than go see a band."

WHEN JoBOXERS played at the ICA as part of this paper's contribution to the Press Gang rock week, they stole the show with their wit, warmth and white hot music. Watching from behind the DJ console at the side of the stage, my disc-spinning partner Lloyd 'Baaad' Bradley, another fan of the band, remarked on the diminutive stature of all its members, thankfully resisting the temptation to crack any gags about Boxer "shorts".

On behalf of Lloyd, therefore, I asked them if there were any fixed height specification for a 'Boxers "shorts".

"Of course there are," grins Sean. "You have to be under five foot six and on a high protein diet. We might all be small, but we've all got massive characters. Little people are always the toughest anyway. It's big people who get picked on, and they are the ones with the furthest to fall."

And apart from that, going back to where we came in, it's all down to sex, yes?

"Yeah. Sex is either something you've got or you haven't got. Some people have and some people haven't..."

"At the moment I haven't got it," adds Dig.

"Neither have I," finishes Sean, "but you understand what we're getting at."

Seen, Sean, seen.

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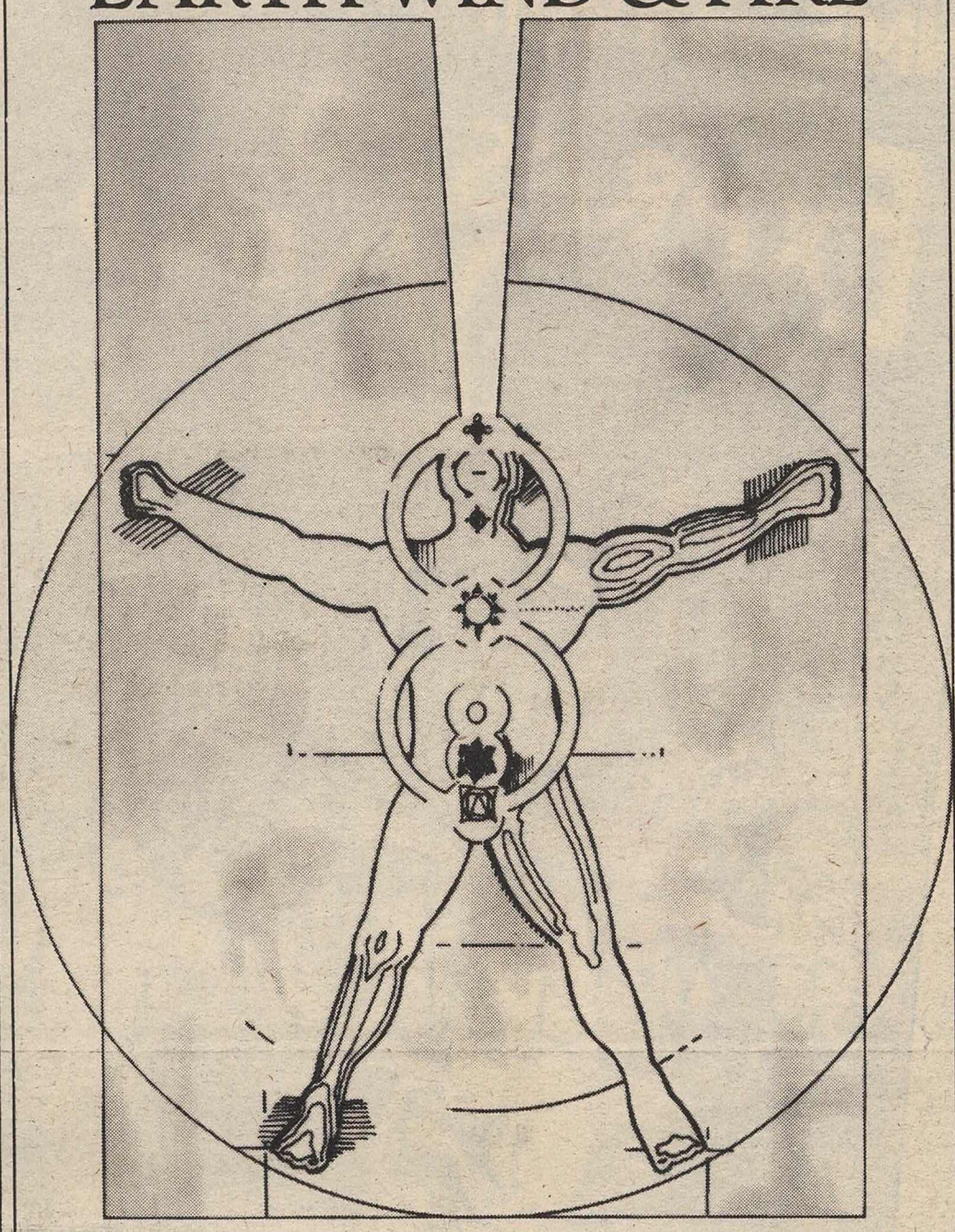

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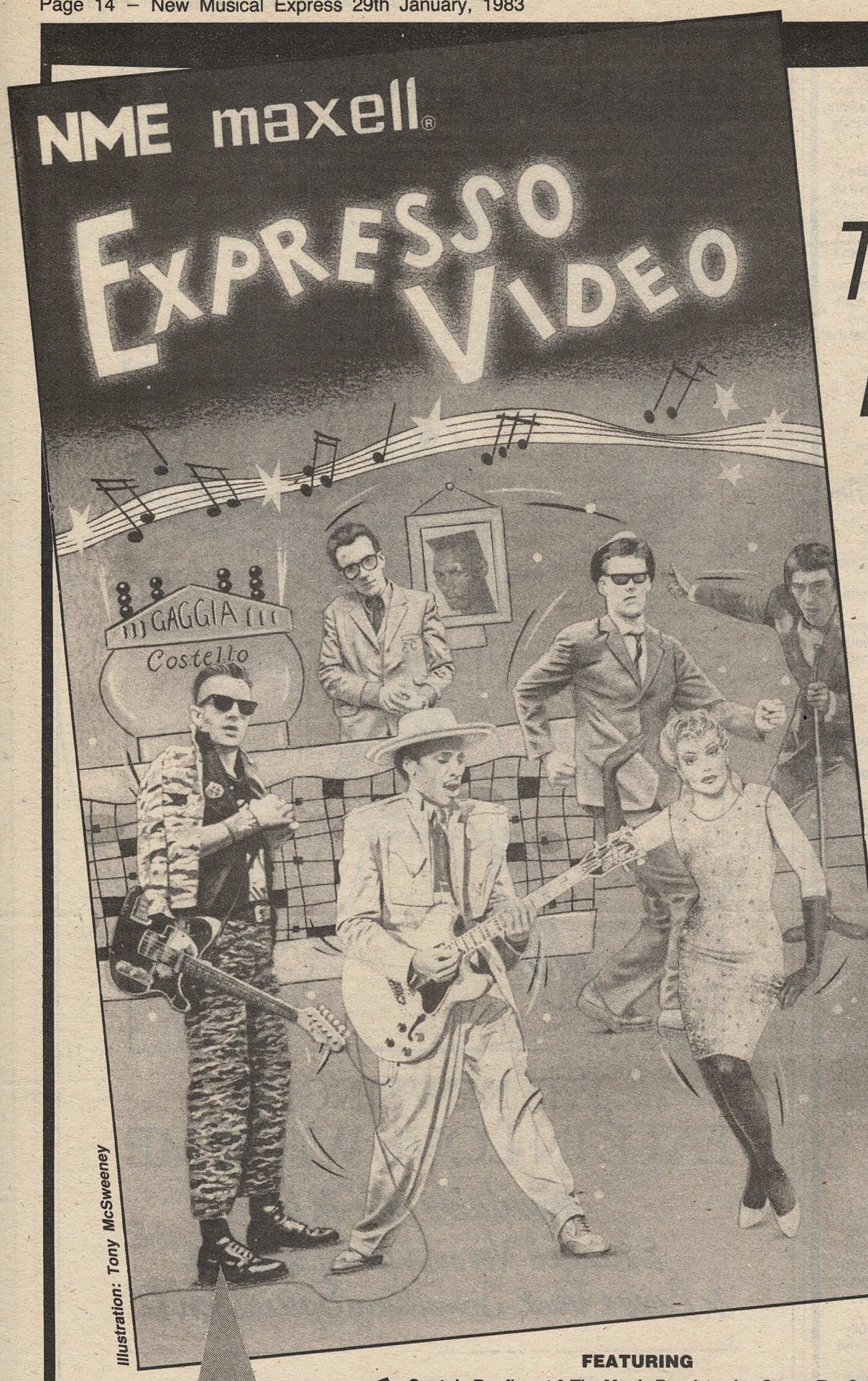

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SINGLES

Reviewed by PAULO HEWITT

TYRONE DAVIS: Are You Serious (*Highrise*)
SONNY CHARLES: Put It In A Magazine *(Highrise)*

Now that the once great Philadelphia Records have closed shop, those in the 'know' are currently predicting that a Highrise, the above new American soul label, will pick up where Philly left off, and b) there will be an upswell of interest in classy but mellow soul once again. If so, both of these records will be enormous, Sonny Charles especially. Where Tyrone Davis tends to get a little too laid back on his admirable outing, Charles keeps things bouyant but smooth; sounds relaxed but keeps the interest pulse ticking. A touch workmanlike maybe, but like William De Vaughan's under-rated 'Creme De La Creme', both easily stand up to repeated plays. Solid, the pair of them.

SPANDAU BALLET: Communication *(Reformation)*

Following a similar blueprint to 'Lifeline', but with a lot more scope and depth this time round, it would seem that Spandau have finally come to terms with the following fact. Namely they will never write anything to truly match their memorable 'Chant Number One'. (Conversely, let's also hope they never write anything to truly match the sheer awfulness of songs like 'She Loved Like Diamond'). Having got that off their backs, Spandau, with the additional help of producers Jolley and Swain, have loosened up a lot, brought in a more poppy edge to their music and 'Communication', barring the lyrics, is no slouch.

Adventurous, but with its feet firmly on the ground, 'Communication' twists and turns as Spandau cleverly play around with it, adding bits along the way, leaving holes here and there, but always keeping their hold on the proceedings tight. Pinned down by some strong hooklines, 'Communication' is only let down by its somewhat pompous lyricism. One example: *"Communication always leaves its lack of good tune, rather than balance, these people all have feet, love inspiration is a message on a wing, but I have left it in the words that you will never sing..."*

Poetic, yes? I think I'll pass on those pearls. But jump to this beat.

FUN BOY THREE: Tunnel Of Love (*Chrysalis*)

For a moment there the Fun Boy Three ground looked decidedly shaky. Inexplicably deciding not to release the brilliant 'Alibi' as a main contender last year, (it was banished to B-side obscurity), the Fun Boys pushed ahead with that awful misguided 'Summertime' cover, followed up by a tuneless rant about Northern Ireland which I suspect the public at large never bought in the millions because of its lack of good tune, rather than its political content.

This, however, is what is called a return to form. Over a simple waltz beat, the Fun Boys finally sound less cluttered and far more direct, thanks mainly to Terry Hall's imposing vocal which proves conclusively that the boy has a voice worth catching at some point in your life. Just the right balance between sarcasm and warning, this wouldn't be out of place in an Anthony Newley musical either. Not a classic, but a bright spot on the horizon.

THE FARMER'S BOYS: More Than A Dream *(Backs)*
AZTEC CAMERA: Oblivious *(Rough Trade)*

Reviewed together because both these discs, although they reach back to the pop past, display an appealing freshness. Uncontrived, but marked with an individual touch, the Aztecs and the Farmer's imbue their waxings with a sure-handed confidence, making sure that *they* are in control of their influences and not t'other way round. The Farmer's Boys vocalist I love, with his world-weary tinged tones, and the horn line they introduce a quarter of the way through is a killer.

Meanwhile, the Aztec single, although admirably urgent, and even at times passionate about itself, would have been *the* single had it been given the full scale, titanic production it so richly deserves. As it is they'll just have to scrape the money together somehow and send it round to me or Clive Langer to make it a true success. Until that happens, both these records deserve investigation.

THE GAP BAND: Outstanding (*Total Experience*)

Gets better by the minute. Steering away from their usual George Clinton inspired, heavy wall-to-wall sound, The Gap Band display a brilliant sense of *space* here, slowing the tempo right down and letting the bass and vocals collide with each other in all the right parts. Takes some time, like Sonny Charles and Tyrone Davis, for its full weight to sink in, but worth the wait in gold. If only the lyrics weren't dripping with so many cliches, it might have been up there with Indeep.

SYL JOHNSON: Ms Fine Brown Frame *(Epic)*

Already reviewed on hot import, but this sizzling, dynamite funk workout by Syl Johnson has just been given a British release. Put it up there with Billy Griffin please.

THE BLUEBELLS: Cath *(London)*

Neither good or bad. Just mediocre. After the disaster of their debut 45, which revived the term 'wimp-pop' ten minutes after hitting the streets, the much heralded Bluebells now offer us 'Cath', a far more spirited effort, but one still patently lacking that something special which divides the proverbial wheat from the chaff. Orthodox, run of the mill pop with little personality, flair or imagination, 'Cath' just proves that The Bluebells can ape their influences competently. And little else. It really isn't enough.

BAUHAUS: Lagartija Nick *(Beggars Banquet)*

Now that they've broken down the doors of the music biz with their inch-perfect 'Ziggy Stardust', (that was their plan, you dig), Bauhaus offer us ... revolution? Salvation? *Anarchy????* Actually no. Just another lifeless, predictable rock song with all the usual trappings of pompous vocals, forgettable riffs and numbskull drums and bass. What catalysts you turned out to be boys, eh?

TOM ROBINSON: Atmospherics (5 track EP) *(Statik)*

If anyone ever suffered from being a 'good bloke' then it must be Uncle Tom Robinson. "Don't like his music," goes the party line, "but he's a really good bloke, isn't he?" Well, since Tom stopped being a 'good bloke', and therefore a viable commodity, I'd just like to say that Tom Robinson has always been a limited songwriter with a flair for the dramatic that pulls him through.

Of the five songs here, 'Coldharbour Lane', with its sleazy aura and Robinson's relaxed, but suggestive vocal overtones, is by far the best, whilst 'Now Richard's Gone' and 'Atmospherics' lack any true punch, ending up slightly askew of target. 'Tange An Der Wand' is sung in German to a (clear this) tango beat and 'King Kong Elvis' is a messy rock 'n' roll tribute to Ray Lowry. I'm thankful it wasn't to me or any of my friends, I must say. Good bloke, though.

ERIC CLAPTON: (I've Got A) Rock and Roll Heart *(Duck Records)*
SURVIVOR: The One That Really Matters *(Scotti Brothers)*
SUPERTRAMP: My Kind Of Lady *(A&M)*
STEVE HILLAGE: Kamikaze Eyes *(Virgin)*
BOB SEGER: Shame On The Moon *(Capitol)*
J. GEILS BAND: I Do (Live Version) *(EMI America)*
NEIL YOUNG: Little Thing Called Love *(Geffen)*

Obvious, I know, to bunch them all together, these 'name' people, but then apart from their bank balance, these people all have one thing in common; the ability to make exceedingly dull records. In fact I wouldn't be surprised if they'd all rung each other up the night before and held a competition between them to see who could make the most soporific single. In that case, Clapton and Seger are well ahead. Eric sounds and sings like he, and the rest of the group, have got, or will be having in the next ten seconds, massive heart attacks rather than rack'n'rooool hearts, whilst Seger, throughout his maudlin time, actually sounds like he's about to fall asleep. Extraordinary.

Survivor stand and bluster like you knew they would (hope the video is up to par though), Steve Hillage gets his haircut and tries to get trendy electronically (he fails), Supertramp tinkle away to no-one in particular and the J. Geils Band thump and crash in front of screaming idiots. Only Neil Young seems to have some sparkle about him, but 'Little Thing Called Love' is so whimsical and pedestrian one wonders what the fuss is about in the first place.

PAUL YOUNG AND THE FAMILY: Love Of The Common People *(CBS)*
BARBARA DICKSON: Stop In The Name Of Love *(Epic)*

Start of the cover version season. Must write letter to the *Times*. Dear Sir, heard first cover versions of the spring at ten this morning. A little early I know but the blighters are eager to get back home (*Top Of The Pops*) after such a long migration. Still must admit that standards are dropping. The lesser spotted Paul Young variety is competent but nothing to shout about, whilst the curly haired Dickson call is a complete and utter travesty of something still very special to us old rifles. Must be that damn Russian satellite mucking up the atmosphere, eh what? Regards to Carruthers, it's going to be a hard year.

TREACHEROUS THREE: Yes We Can-Can *(Sugarhill)*
ORBIT; The Beat Goes ON *(Arista)*

Pulled these out of the pile with something approaching anticipation, played them once, twice, three times, drank coffee, read a few papers, made a couple of phone calls, took a walk, returned and wondered why I'd bothered. Dull, ordinary records with no zest, life or sparkle. Just a greying thud you'd be well advised to steer clear of.

THE BOX: No Time For Talk, Ep *(Go! Discs)*

Just finished reading a Box interview wherein the group moan on about people who are conservative with a small 'c' and ultimately, by their stubborness, hold up the progress of true radical music. Well, if liking, nay *loving* sometimes, songs that have stupid qualities like tunes and sincerity (to name a couple) in them, I suppose that puts me in the blue.

Certainly The Box possess a definable spirit, but as with most cases of this kind, their aggression, lack of organisation, wilfully obscure ranted vocals and slightly contrived harshness jolt me more into boredom than admiration. The Box growl and rave, the bass and drums trample over everything, the saxophone shoots off at tangents, but ultimately it's like watching a petulant little brother throw a tantrum. For fans of rock music.

MARINE GIRLS: Don't Come Back *(Cherry Red)*

Great group in theory — three girls sitting at home composing beguiling, minimalistic pop music — dull one in practice. Unpretentious and sparse, the Marine Girls' charm quickly wears off, especially on a clumsy effort like 'Don't Come Back' which, despite its good intentions, fails to truly grab the listener. Unlike Carmel, say, the width inherent in her music seems out of the Marine Girls reach, due mainly to the slightly annoying air of preciousness surrounding them.

RANDY CRAWFORD: He Reminds Me *(WEA)*
LIONEL RICHIE: You Are *(Motown)*

Everything neat, polished, shiny and slick. Everything there but the soul. Both Richie and Crawford, wittingly or not, fall into the same trap of over stylising their voices, so much so in fact that emotional content is zero, replaced by awkward, mechanical performances. Devoid of the human touch, the overall effect is sickly and faintly nauseous, rendering null and void any possibilities of contact the songs might once have had.

GEORGE CLINTON: Atomic Dog *(Capitol)*

A hero even *after* meeting him recently. As 'Loopzilla', his last single, and the resulting solo album 'Computer Games', proved, Clinton is still up to cutting a unique funk music, laced with provocative humour, and always willing to defy expectations. Now comes the embarrasing bit. This is not one of his better moments. Seven inch version is too short and fails to get off the ground, whilst the 12" epic is uncohesive, sprawling everywhere, trying to do too much at once.

CENTRAL LINE: Nature Boy *(Mercury)*

Desperate for that elusive chart-bound sound, Central Line forsake all their musical identity, (which if truth be told is about as large as the distance between lip and chin), and wind up as third rate Stevie Wonder copyists. Imbuing this Nat King Cole original with a slightly bland backing, Central Line attempt no risks, take no chances and if you listen hard enough you can just about hear the sound of desperation creeping through the back door. Sad.

VIRGINIA ASTLEY: Love's A Lonely Place To Be *(Why Fi Records)*

One of those names you keep hearing about in favourable terms, until whoever it is shatters all the illusions by releasing records like this. Sixth form poetry that reads in part, *"Years go by and all seems fine, until one day you realise you don't know who you are any more"*, aligned to a melody not that far removed from Greg Lake's 'I Believe In Father Christmas' epic. Really 'tastic you know.

CAPTAIN SKY: Natural High *(Philly World Records)*
HOWARD JOHNSON: Say You Wanna *(A&M)*

Tedium is the medium here. Both these records begin with halfway decent ideas about themselves, but quickly run out of steam, falling into tiresome petty repetition (especially Captain Sky), before flagging out completely. Not a pretty sight.

TEARS FOR FEARS: Change *(Mercury)*

It's a mad world alright when you instinctively know that soulless, synthetic exercises like this will be irritating us for the next month or so. 'Change' the Fears tell us and if only they would. From precocious boys with overcoats and pigtails into something with a bit more heart and life. Don't touch this dial.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

New York's Indeep *Pic: Joe Stevens*

INDEEP: Last Night A DJ Saved My Life *(Sound Of New York)*

A club hit for some time now, 'Last Night' is, as far as dance records go, the finest this week. Everything tight, everything right, Indeep hit upon a brilliant mixture of humour, incorporating corny sound affects (phones ring, water gurgles) and a tough, hard backing boasting one of those wicked, walking bass lines, which pops up at all the right places, and an insistent, solid guitar figure which complements it beautifully, galvanising you into dance action. On top of that are female vocals of sultry irritation that friends either find 'gimpy' or 'well crucial'.

Either way, this tune is something of a masterpiece that suggests the quickest way to the top this month will be to write a grovelling tribute about some DJ cat of fame and fortune, send him or her a pressing and sit back content as aforementioned jockey plays it every minute of the day to millions of adoring listeners. If you can't do that, come get to this. Immediately.

Illustration: Serge Clerc

BRITAIN'S BLACK

At twenty one FRANK BRUNO is already being tipped as a future world heavyweight champ.

Steve Turner talked to him about the pressures and prizes of life in the ring.

FRANK BRUNO has a problem. ***It's not that he can't hit hard; his first ten opponents have lasted only sixteen rounds between them but his manager Terry Lawless knows he could be hitting harder.***

The problem is with the back foot. Bruno's letting it drag too far behind and he's losing that coiled spring effect that would come if his punches were drawing *their power right from the balls of his feet.*

They're trying to condition Bruno by buckling two leather dog collars together and hanging this between his ankles so that when he's punching he can't move his legs too far apart. He shuffles around the punchbag in Lawless' Canning Town gymn looking like a member of a chain gang, his arms glazed with sweat and his face fixed in the perplexed stare of a man whose mission in life is to knock people on the ground for money.

Bruno stabs at the punch bag like a black cat testing out a cotton reel. He has only to straighten his trunk-like arms and things tend to move out of the way. Lawless stands behind him and taps that back foot. "He's punching from the waist," he tells me. "If he punches from the legs too he'll lift 'em out of the ring."

There was no doubt Lawless meant this literally. Not over the top ropes like some sucker in a comic strip, but over the bottom ones or at least under them. Already the commentators are marking Bruno out as one of the hardest hitters in the British boxing ring today. Anthony Connelly from *Boxing News* tells me that he's "an excellent prospect for the British and European titles", but he's not yet sure about the World. Promoter Mike barrett says he's "the heaviest puncher I've ever seen in this country" and sees him as World Champ within two years; "he's awesome."

The questions that hang in the air are less to do with Bruno's punches than how he'd cope if the bombs were flying in the opposite direction. When his last two fights have ended in the first round and the two before that in the second, you don't get much opportunity to assess his defence, and when he's never been further than the fourth round you can't determine his stamina.

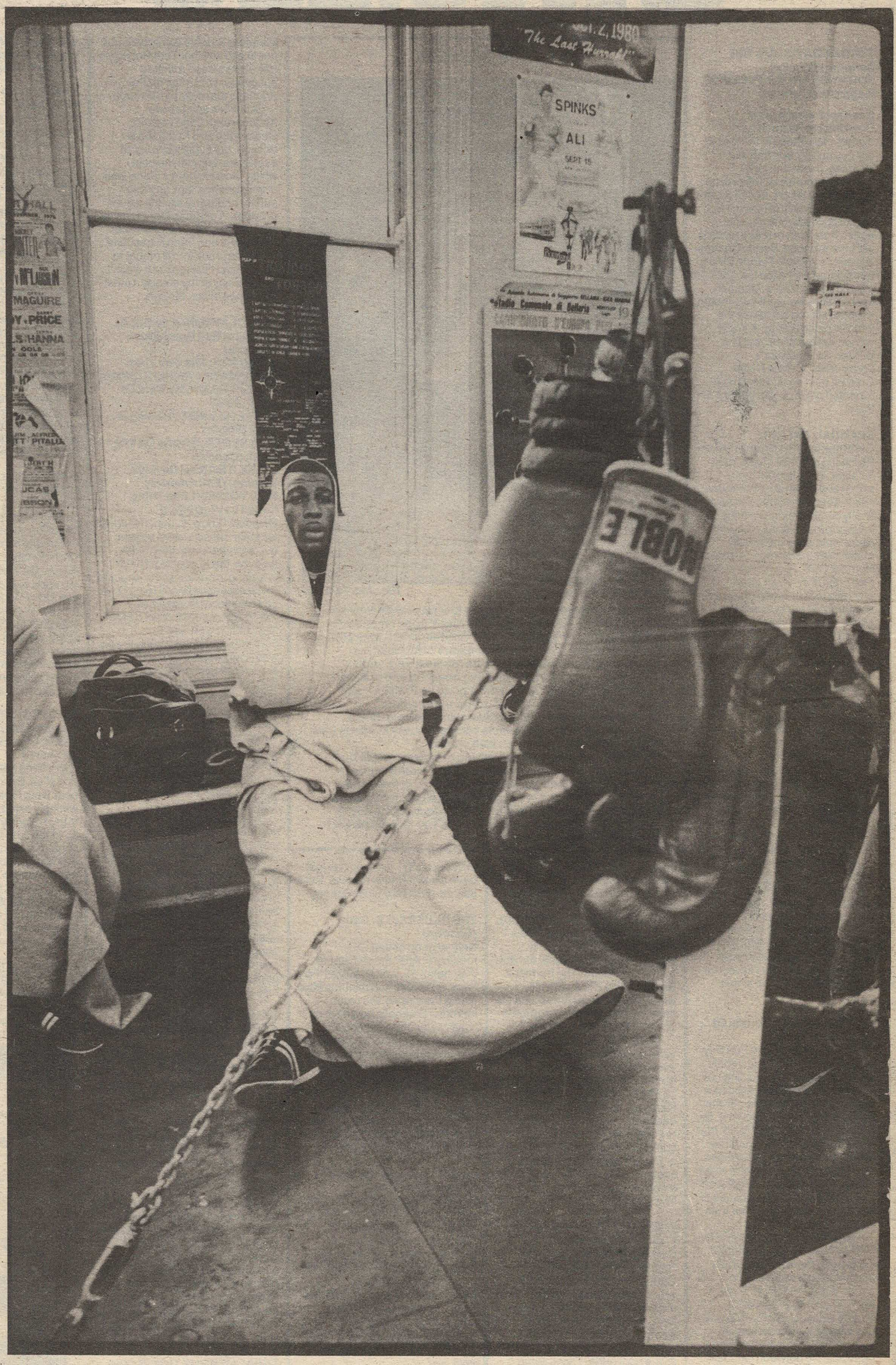
"He hasn't been tested yet," says Connelly. "Some of his opponents have been, shall we say, *questionable.* They seem to have been flown over to fall down."

Last week's fight with Hartlepool's Stewart Lithgo turned out to be his biggest test so far. The skinny Northerner, one inch taller and twenty pounds lighter, didn't wait around to be measured up for the execution. In defiance of the script he stabbed into Bruno's head, his pipestem arms held up like some nineteenth century pugilist, and gave him what you might call a 'boxing round the ears'. The cheek of this pale rake steaming into the Black Bomber aroused the crowd's bloodlust not so much because they wanted to see him win but because they wanted Bruno's vengeance to be aroused.

Lithgo went the way of the rest in that he managed to get his eyes cut up, first of all on Bruno's shoulder and then on his gloves. After the fourth round his manager Denny Mancini called referee Sid Nathan over for an inspection and it was all over. Lithgo, whom the crowd were loving fo his bottle, protested and pushed his seconds aside but Bruno's arms were already in the air. The longest fight yet. The biggest test yet.

Before the fight he'd said his plan was to get the job over "as quick as possible and as sweet as possible". The idea of the sport as a job came through consistently when we first talked after a training session before Christmas. He said he didn't love boxing, it was just a means of getting a little glory and a lot of money.

"It's not just because I'm big, because boxing's a very hard sport", he said. "It was



Photography by Pennie Smith

BOMBER

just an easy way out to make some money if you're good enough and you're dedicated enough. It was my way of making something out of this world. Some people choose music, I chose boxing."

"I don't love the game but I'm dedicating myself and adapting my mind. It's the only thing I can do to get myself out of poverty and into wealth."

I wondered whether the glory also counted for something, that moment when the crowd are all pulling for you, the prospect of being instantly recognisable the world over. "The glory of being a champion and the money combined," he said. "I don't get orgasms out of taking punches in my head so I'm not going to say I'm not in it for the money. Taking punches in the head 'ain't a sweet thing. So I'm in it for the money and a little bit of glory."

HE'S RIGHT. Being punched in the head isn't the sort of Altered State you go out of your way to achieve. A regular medium weight jab, if it turns your head sufficiently sharply, is enough to set your synapses firing luminous flashes before your eyes.

The most dangerous punches, so I read in a medical journal, are the ones on the point of the chin which set the brain spinning inside its bone covering. If there is the slightest protusion inside the skull it can rip into your cebebral matter and turn you into a Johnny Owen.

Bruno hasn't really been hurt yet. The worst time was the ABA final when he beat Rudi Pica but that was just bones in his body feeling as though they'd all been broken. "I know what hurt is all about," he told me. "I've trained with John Conteh in his prime. I've sparred with good people — ABA champions, British and European champions, even a world champion. I haven't been hurt but I know what hurting is all about."

"Boxing is a very hard sport — it was just my way of making something out of this world. Some people choose music, I chose boxiing."

"What's the secret of the big punch?" I asked. It was like asking my grandmother the secret of long life; she died at 103 and could never tell me. "I don't know," he said. "When I was young I could punch. I got it in me to punch."

His best punch? "Both of my hands I can punch with. What I need is the confidence to throw some beautiful ones."

He looked down at his huge hands opened out, one on each thigh. I wanted to know if he could sense a knockout the second it connected. "Yeh, you do know. You know because if you hit someone right it's due to the timing. If you hit deep into the jaw," he said bringing his clenched fist slowly up to my chin and snuggling it flat against the jaw line, "if you hit him there and you feel it nice and flush, then you know. It's the speed of it. You know what I mean?"

And as soon as you've done it, it's all over?

"But a punch ain't everything. You've got to learn how to box and how to travel. It's no good being able to knock everyone over with a single punch if you can't catch them in the first place. You need speed. You need to be able to control yourself."

This was exactly the test critics wanted Bruno to face and Lithgo went some of the way towards giving it. At the time I'd asked him how he'd cope when he moved up in the league and met the harder hitting boys who'd be happy to slug it for eight or ten?

"Of course I can face up to that. That's why I'm training. I'm not sitting on my backside saying, 'Ah man, I can punch.' I've been training all the time. One little mistake and you're down and people jump on you. I'm not going to give them the chance to have those excuses."

Asked for his thoughts on facing Lithgo all he'd say was that he knew he was skinny and would try to hold on. There were no plans. And no predictions.

Over Christmas Bruno was hard at it. No time off. Lawless can recall one fight after which he went home and straight out for a six mile run. His commitment to the vision of glory and cash is total. "I know where I want to go," he keeps repeating in various ways; "I don't think nothing will stop me... A lot of people get wise when they get old but I'm trying to be wise when I'm young."

He compares himself at one stage to a Grand National racehorse, at another to a Rolls Royce engine. "I'm only 21 and people don't start peaking 'til they're 25 or 26. I'll be like a baboon then."

At home he studies videos almost every day: Larry Holmes, Sugar Ray Leonard, Muhammad Ali. He pushes the freeze frame and advance buttons to break their moves down into text book illustrations. Then he practises, imitating the greats' style in the hopes that he'll later imitate their achievements.

IN THE prime of his youth he's taking early nights, rising at seven to run five or six miles, spending three hours in the gymn each day and avoiding the nightspots where he migh meet bad company.

Terry Lawless, who looks after his boxers like sons, gave him a copy of Harper Lee's *To Kill A Mocking Bird* and a dictionary to help him expand his vocabulary. He also advises him on what to wear when he's interviewed by Harry Carpenter on *Sportsnight* or attending a sports luncheon at The Dorchester. He doesn't tell him what to say when he meets journalists but he tells him what sort of people journalists can be.

He shows all his boys a video of his friend Jimmy Greaves telling what a walk on the wild side did for his football career. The advice percolates back through Bruno's conversation. "I keep away from those places," he says of pubs and discos. "I don't get involved with people that could get me into trouble if they're smoking drugs or something. I keep away from them. I know where I want to go. I want to be a world champion and a multi-millionaire."

"I've got to keep my feet on the ground. You can go haywire and get excited with money in your pocket and a nice car. You've got to keep your head screwed on."

The abstinence has a good psychological effect. The fighter is acutely aware of what he's missing out on and when he gets into the ring he punishes his opponent for making him give up so much. Before his fight with George Foreman, Joe Frazier turned to writer George Plimpton and said: "When the fight comes, I hate everyone. It's the eight weeks of training that does it. You *hate* the man for making you spend the length of time it takes to whup him."

Norman Mailer said of Ali: "The boredom creates an impatience with one's life, and a violence to improve it. Boredom creates a detestation for losing."

I noticed this change come over Bruno as January 18th drew nearer. Six days before the fight he sat on the leather topped couch in the changing room wrapped in towels and looking restless. Looking as though he wanted to sweat it out quick and get away from everything. Including my questions about how many amateur fights he'd had (22), how many knock-outs (11), where he was born (Hammersmith), what number he was ranked amongst British heavyweights (4th) and when he turned pro (March '82). "A week before the fight I feel edgy," he pointed out. "I don't want to talk to anyone. I don't want to talk to you but I know you've got an article to write. It's just a part of being a boxer."

The next fight is against the Spaniard Alfredo Evangelista on February 8th. It'll be another testing time. Evangelista is over the hill but it was a quite a hill. In the '70s he fought Ali for the world title and took him 15 rounds. After that ... no-one knows. Mike Barrett would like to see him face Bugner, the 32 year old golden boy of the '70s. Already the needling is building up and by the time they do shake fists it'll be touted as the Battle Of The Year, or maybe The Century.

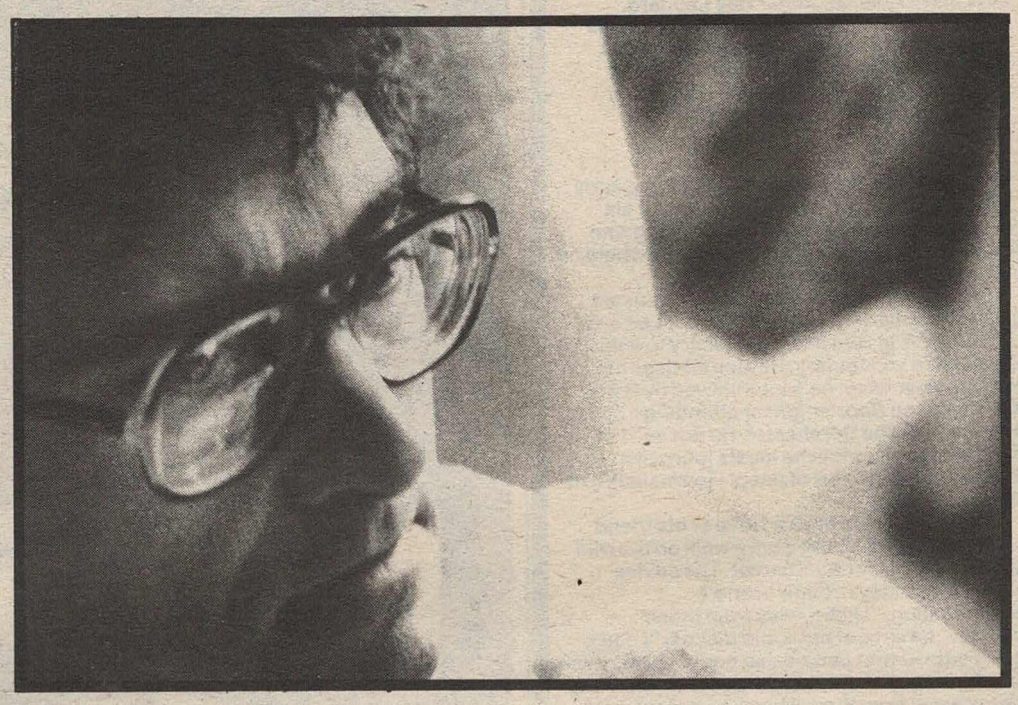
It'll have a lot going for it. Bugner's ahead of Bruno in the ratings and yet his days are numbered. Bruno's on the up escalator, Bugner's on the down. It's also a black versus white scrap which always goes down well with fight crowds. "Bugner could make it into a racial fight to make more money, you know what I mean? I don't really blame him for doing that as long as he doesn't insult my family.

"Outside the ring he can call me what he wants. If he got in that ring and called me all sorts of black bastards I'll make sure I put him in his grave. I'd actually put him in his grave. If I do get hold of him I will destroy him."

If it hadn't have been for boxing Bruno says he would have been a 'black Ronald Biggs'. It's been his escape from the life of clocking in and out and only having enough cash for the bills and a pint of beer. The number of professional boxers increases with the spread of poverty. The glory days, the days of Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis, were the '20s and '30s, because unlike running or kicking a football you have to be really hungry to fight for good cash. The British Boxing Board of Control figures for licensed boxers tells the story: 268 in 1972, 443 in 1977, 524 in 1982.

"To be honest I wouldn't be happy sitting around seeing people driving around in Rolls Royces and having big houses while I'm having nothing," says Bruno. "So that's why I'm putting in the work. Whatever work it is, I'm willing to put it in. That's what I want from life."

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK



*Punk, people, performing and parenthood — **Randy Newman** talked about his life, work and hates to **Richard Cook.***
*Photo: **Peter Anderson.***

JOKES

LIKE ALL the best humorists, Randy Newman takes his laughter very seriously.

It's possible to find a malice in his work, a tinting of cruelty, but so playfully is it despatched and so readily will Newman depreciate his bad intentions that targets will seldom harbour grudges. Only evil and inhumanity will stay stained.

On his new record, 'Trouble in Paradise', Newman once again sets his sights on the wrinkles of human frailty that cause him concern or surprise. He seems to have no knowledge of embarrassment but his manners are flawless.

He undermines the ridiculous state of pride in human nature, demolishes vanity, zeroes in on the freakish absurdity of civilised mores — and then, like a clay-footed Waugh, he softens into allowing the most heart-rending peeps into lives ruined by careless blows or fickle paramours.

There is not a single beat of cynicism in his heart.

Newman is a master of American portraiture. Like Rockwell or Flaherty, his concern is for the specks of humankind, not the movers of mountains. He is better at it than anyone else in popular music partly because of his absolute command of his vocabulary.

His years of formal study and long tenure as a respected songwriter and arranger, all prior to his emergence as a performer, granted him the most thorough knowledge of the machinery of the bar lines.

You can hear that hard graft in the now caressable textures of Newman's music. It is FM pop as carefully tooled as anything by Fleetwood Mac, Foreigner or Hall & Oates. Which is, naturally, part of the gag.

'I Love LA', the opening of 'Trouble In Paradise', is almost too perfect an illustration. After a cajoling introduction Newman whips up the ensemble into a bawling anthem of blinkered love for the metropolis of ill repute — "*Look at that mountain/Look at those trees/Look at that bum over there, man, he's down on his knees!*" — and as the music takes on the hymnal form of a hard rock masterpiece, who should chime in on the chant of the title but Bob Seger, Rickie Lee Jones, Don Henley, Linda Ronstadt, Christine McVie, Lindsey Buckingham...

But, of course, Randy Newman *does* love LA.

The teasing ambiguity of his writing bleeds down through every level — we *know* he's putting down that Valhalla of indolence and waste yet it sounds like, you know, he really *gets a kick out of living there too*. And although the music recalls a, heh heh, brilliant parody of the Great American Rock Tune, it actually has quite a fetching clout to it that you'd sort of like anyway.

So the joke proceeds, half on us, half with us, throughout the collection. 'Miami' has a gaggle of misshapen characters lurking under palm trees swaying in a dope-filled breeze; 'My Life Is Good' systematically dismantles a monstrous conceit of a lifestyle, throwing in the most withering accurate Springsteen parody for good measure; and 'The Blues' is a painfully wicked take on Paul Simon's brand of homespun adult angst. Can you guess who Newman has brought in with him to duet on this one?

It's all rather like the moment in *Annie Hall* where Woody Allen brings on a bemused Marshall McLuhan to slap down someone expounding on McLuhanism in a cinema queue. Newman has a child's gift for beguiling everyone in the American rock establishment into assisting his depiction of these foibles. He fuses the life into his art with the minimum of stitches.

His lampooning has nothing of the razor edge of satire. He's too humane for that. He is simply truthful in a way that people find funny.

MOVIES

I LIKE them less than almost anyone I know. I go to them a lot in the afternoon and I like the theatre and the popcorn, but I don't like many that I see."

Newman is thinking about the cinema. He's done some work for films, the most recent being the score for Milos Forman's *Ragtime.*

"It was OK. The parts I stayed away for. It did well in France, the album was a hit there. I liked the period and the type of music it enabled me to write. I thought it would be more like the book, a little *lighter* than it was. It turned out like Gorky.

"I got a lot of offers after that but I turned them all down."

RECORDS

EVEN WHEN caught like this, suspended for a day in the middle of a long promotional hop across Europe, Randy Newman appears naturally energetic. Every question interests him. He relishes being an ambassador for American manners, even though his own records function so effectively as a critique of those attitudes. It hardly fits with the slender, almost slothful output he is notorious for.

"It's a contract, I have to deliver a record every 18 months. I haven't *done* that yet. You know, a coupla years go by and they'll say something, but business is so bad now they're happy not to spend the money to put it out. My last record didn't make any money for anybody.

"My producer's now President of the company so hopefully he'll set up a pension fund for me and I won't have to work any more."

Does he enjoy the process of making a record?

"I sort of do. I like the social aspect — the people and the jokes. I do all my thinking before I go in. I like the process more than I used to, but it all takes so *long!* The score for *Ragtime* was an hour of music and I did it in 10 or twelve weeks, but this album took about seven or eight months from writing the songs to finishing it."

Surely it doesn't *have* to take that long?

"It doesn't take The Kinks that long," he agrees wisely. "You wouldn't think it would. It's all this phoning...it's ridiculous."

Does he still get his writing ideas from watching television?

"Naah! That was a myth on one of my biographies that's persisted. I get them from sitting at a piano, people I talk to...I don't know where they come from really. That's your tape of the album? The tracks are in a different order now. Of course you'll like this order better; it'll get a bad review; I won't get to do a *Portrait Of The Artist...*"

SONGS

IT'S SONGS about places that tried to be nice but didn't turn out, like Miami and LA and Capetown. I thought of calling it 'Another Perfect Day', but it might've been too snide."

'Christmas In Capetown', a sombre, icy stab of enlightened ignorance, is an ingenious telescoping of its subject. But it's rare for Newman to tackle something of such particular 'political' content. Why did he choose to be so specific?

"Oh, I don't know. I had the idea of a hot Christmas somewhere and I saw a surfing movie about South Africa that made it look like California. And I thought about all this terrible stuff going down out there. That's how it happened. I'm often fairly specific. I always know what I mean to do in a song. 'Capetown' is my favourite song here."

"This English girl from the North somewhere/Staying with me at my place/Drinking up all my beer, talking about the poor niggers all the time/It's a real disgrace, she said/I tell her, darling, don't talk about things you don't understand...It's Christmas in Capetown."

"When I wrote 'The Blues' I thought it would be nice for Paul Simon to make fun of himself *a bit* by pretending to be that hypersensitive sort of person. I had him in mind when I was writing it, but he wasn't the, uh, inspiration for it."

"When I was nine years old/My daddy ran away with a woman he met on the train/His little boy ran to the room where his piano lay in wait for him/He played and he played."

"Song For The Dead' is about Vietnam. I come out stronly against the war now that it's safe to do so. It worried me to write an anti-war song. Sort of. I'm not thrilled with it."

"I'd like to explain why you find/Your men had to be blown apart/To defend this mudhole."

Is a certain formula inescapable for him in making a record now — the salacious jesting, the tender skeletal ballad?

"Yeah. People become who they are. Even Beethoven became Beethoven. You crystallise a bit. Next time I don't think I'll do any more piano-strings things. It's still not predictable, even though you can recognise it as me. It's not like the, uh, eighteenth record by Chicago.

"I sort of keep up, yeah. I don't listen to rock 'n' roll much except old stuff that's fun. It's too much like work to me. Sometimes I hear things on the car radio like Hall & Oates and The Clash."

PLAYING

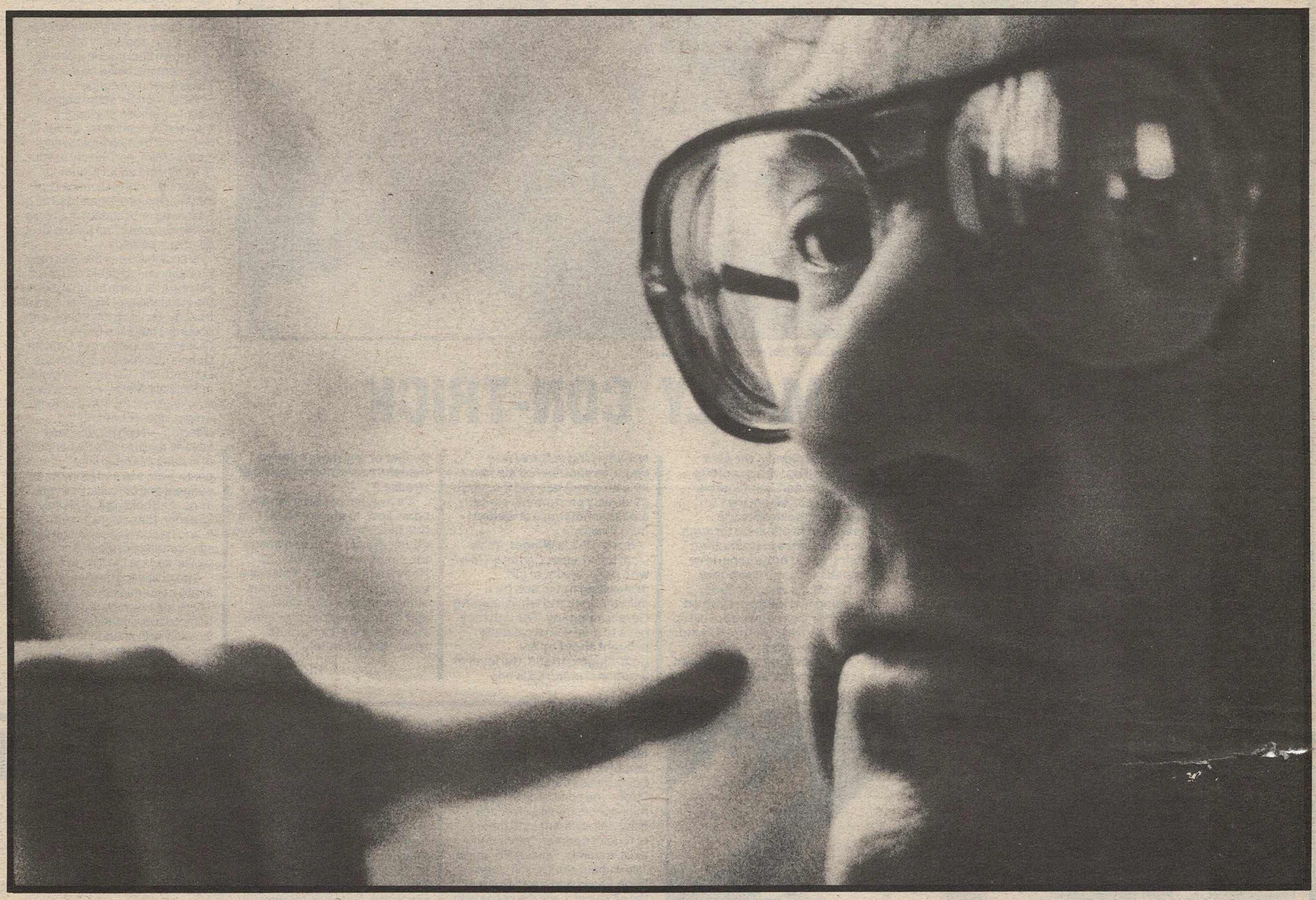
WHILE HIS records have grown ever more detailed in their cast — synthesisers, singers, sweat from all players — Newman persists in the solo concert performance. It is a strange dichotomy now.

"Agreed. I *have* played with a band but I prefer it by myself. It's somehow different with a record. I feel a song needs more then. Some of the songs I couldn't do live — 'LA' for example. If I tried to do 'Mikey's' my hand would get tired. No, I'll do it! To prove it can be done!"

Newman's head buzzes with the opportunity of the one-liner. Attired in his familiar well-dressed lumberjack casuals, he springs back and forth in his chair, animated by attention. He talks about his voice, originally a rather croaky instrument which he has trained to far more flexible ends.

"I think it's alright. There's some things I sing really well! When I was singing with Bob Seger on this record I found I could sing rock 'n' roll as well as he can!"

PARADISE



We all gape.

"Except his voice is a thousand times bigger."

We all break up.

"I know it doesn't sound like the stuff on the radio. I don't hear anyone as unpleasant sounding on the radio."

HITS

BUT NEWMAN did amass a lot of radio time and a salvo of badmouthing with a genuine hit, 'Short People'.

"Yeah, it was a big hit. I would've preferred a hit with something that wasn't a sort of novelty like that. I didn't think it was, but it was perceived as a fad for a while. I wasn't comfortable with the nature of the controversy. It was on the news and everything. Better than nothing, I suppose.

"I was disappointed at there being no successful follow-ups. The fact 'Born Again' didn't do well bothered me for a while. It might've been a little rough. Not enough humanity. I made sure there's plenty of humanity this time."

WRITING

NEWMAN DOESN'T so much bite the hand that feeds him as put it over a hot fire. His America is a land brimming with sad-faced freaks — his fat boys and short people — but he is at pains to be compassionate. Goodness is to be cherished, and the cruelty brought on by selfishness is inhuman.

"As a source for material for me America stays about the same. I used it a lot for this record. Last time I had a song about ELO which is about as un-American as you can get.

"I'm the one who chooses to make jokes and make a fool of himself. People don't like you to make jokes with music, particularly. It's hard to do and that's not what people like music for. They don't want to sit there and go hoho. How many times can you do it? 'My Life Is Good' may be funny now but wait'll you've heard it 68 times. It has to be intrinsically good material as well, and that's really hard.

"People don't want laughs from music much. They want to make love or eat potato chips."

Does this tell against him when he wants to be serious, rubbing the thin line between humour and viciousness?

"No, I can do it. No-one's going to laugh at the serious ones here are they? It's not really for me to say. I think because humour is what people least expect anyway it cannot be the norm."

PEOPLE

YOU KNOW, people who like me best are people in the record business and showbiz people. Jerk-off actors seem to like me! If the world were made up of rock stars and actors, I'd be The Rolling Stones. I'd sort of prefer it for regular people to like me.

"Look at all the people who wanted to be on this record!" His eyes widen in amazement behind his glasses. "It's sort of gratifying but...frankly, I'd rather be The Eagles than be a critics' favourite. Although there might be less pressure to keep on succeeding there's no less pressure to write well.

"I don't have very exalted tastes. The records I like seem to shock people. I like Rod Stewart, Hall & Oates, Rick James...I don't like the stuff people think I should like. Elvis Costello or The Clash."

Does he see any use for the popular song in saying something 'important'?

"Just — barely — maybe. I don't know. I'm tempted to say no, but every once in a while people try it. Like Henley in 'Johnny Can't Read' when he's saying that illiteracy is the kid's own fault in a way, a strange conservative view. Every once in a while someone says something — music has an effect on my kid, for example. I don't know, I work hard at it and try the best I can but I don't think it's an important art form, somehow. I don't think movies are either."

Perhaps pop's greatest trick is its power of staying in people's memories.

"Sure. I remember sax solos from 1958 but I wish I didn't. It depends. I know The Clash are pissed off, but so what?"

CHARACTERS

DESPITE NEWMAN'S knowledge of tradition — Hart, Porter, Mercer — and respect for the craft of songwriting, he seems to have no place in its lineage. His songs frequently seem like mere scraps of dialogue made solid by an ear for speech that is uncannily accurate.

"There's often two people in my songs and it's often how they speak. Hart would not rhyme 'whirl' and 'girl', but that's how I talk. Fats Domino did it, so I'll do it!

"Most of the people in my songs aren't too intelligent. They're a little less than the common man. My stuff isn't necessarily personal. I work hard at it but I don't work hard at the craft of it. That's how I feel my last record may have got a little rough, a little stretched out of shape."

KIDS

I LISTEN to things with my son, who's into English hardcore punk. He thinks that's it. I want to tell him that my stuff's more dangerous but, uh...I heard a group called The Partisans. Are they real big here? I've been asking everybody and nobody's ever heard of them...What about Social Distortion? They're another one he likes.

"Who else is there? Wasted Youth? Oh yeah...he reckons it's a big thing, saying 'fuck' on records that all that."

Will you do a song about the LA punk set, in that case?

"Never!" he fires back. "I wouldn't know how to do it. Anyway there's stuff there of value — The Circle Jerks are pretty good. My son's in a group he wants to call Smashed Infant. I suggested The Fabulous Party Boys but that didn't go down too well. I told him not to go past any government buildings in case he felt like attacking them.

"I was all confused, actually," he admits. "I had to punish him for being bombed out in school by telling him he couldn't get a haircut. I heard myself saying that and I had to go and lie down. The day I left town — he got one!"

How old is he?

"14. Fighting all the battles — he wrote 'Fuck The Mods' on his door and I said, hey, find me a fuckin' mod! What is a mod over here? You've gotta fight with a hippy! He said, no, they're real *benign!* They're all vegetarians! I told him to blend in and *then* he'd be a successful anarchist. 'Fuck The Army' is one of their songs — a pretty easy target."

AMBITIONS

I GUESS I do enjoy perversity. I enjoy people who are less than ordinary, less than heroic. I think honesty is the quality I like most, freedom from artifices. A lot of people have artifice about them which is just nerves. Showbiz people I don't like too much, but record people are real nice. I'd like to be able to hate Fleetwood Mac's music but they're *too nice!*

"I'll quit when I feel I can't do better. When I'm doing things the same and less well. I've been very lucky because it's hard to make a living and it'll get harder. I hope my son doesn't go into this line of work... he's a drummer. Gee, I have such *contempt* for drummers."

Randy gives me a look half resigned, half conspiratorial.

"You know, I can feel the ossification process. I really am turning into an old fart. I got two songs on this record about guys complaining that the times have changed. I better watch it."

His message for 1983 is "Be nice to an American this year" His ambition is to write songs on synthesisers like Michael McDonald and get lots of girls.

How can Randy Newman fail?

SILVER SCREEN

"Now snap out of it, soldier — you wanna end up like that limey Major overthere?"

UNGENTLEMANLY CON-TRICK

An Officer And A Gentleman

DIRECTOR: Taylor Hackford
STARRING: Richard Gere, David Keith, Debra Winger (Paramount)

THE FRESHMAN rinse of young American prowess, the supple and laundered confidence that's designed to make *An Officer And A Gentleman* so clean-cut likeable, is not quite the rah-rah success its swinging demeanour might suggest. In fact, I found it pretty detestable in its way, and no delusions need be entertained as to this being a winning offspring of the most youthful strain in contemporary Hollywood. It's just another movie — really.

Exactly where it comes unstuck isn't a snap to pinpoint — and then you realise it's hard to remember what the good points were. From its opening salvo, Richard Gere flashbacking to a childhood bereft of parental affection and wedging his inferiority grudge home, to the all-out tragic sunbeam of the finale, this story of a group of aviation cadets on a training programme of Siberian rest and tranquility unrolls every old lamentation of youth triumphing over discipline.

The manner chosen hardly musters the necessary flair to carry such a wizened vehicle. Director Hackford simply gawps over routines as if he'd never seen them before, and what comes out is dense, not naively fresh.

There's the ferocious training sergeant who hides away a heart of gold; the token woman cadet partial to tears but really as much *man* as any of them; the lumpen black in search of dignity; the able young whizz with a secretly sick inner self...and there's Gere's Zack Mayo, the fox-featured desperado prepared to piledrive through any obstacles to graduation using either bottle, charm or sneak tactics as weaponry.

It adds up to a pointless, yowling two hours scrabbled together from every boot camp and boot-head picture this side of *Buck Privates.*

It might scoop me a vineyard of sour grapes, but I really can't see anything in Gere (who could've shouldered the film if he's so good) beyond the most obviously photogenic smile since Nicholson first melted hard hearts.

Nor in Debra Winger, fresh from the unseen *Cannery Row,* who plays the local girl pretending not to itch for a military husband while keeping Gere's company. Though they have to deal with a calamity brought about by her gold-digging friend, the level of emotional maturity is no deeper or any more intense than the central honeycomb of *Grease 2.*

It's a cause of some rancour, somehow, to observe how thin this film pans out. If a picture so obviously set up to showcase the smartest young talents Hollywood can put up plays as nothing more than a vacuous meller updated by profanity and bedroom exposure, then somebody's pissing in the wind. Wet, definitely.

Richard Cook

Privates On Parade

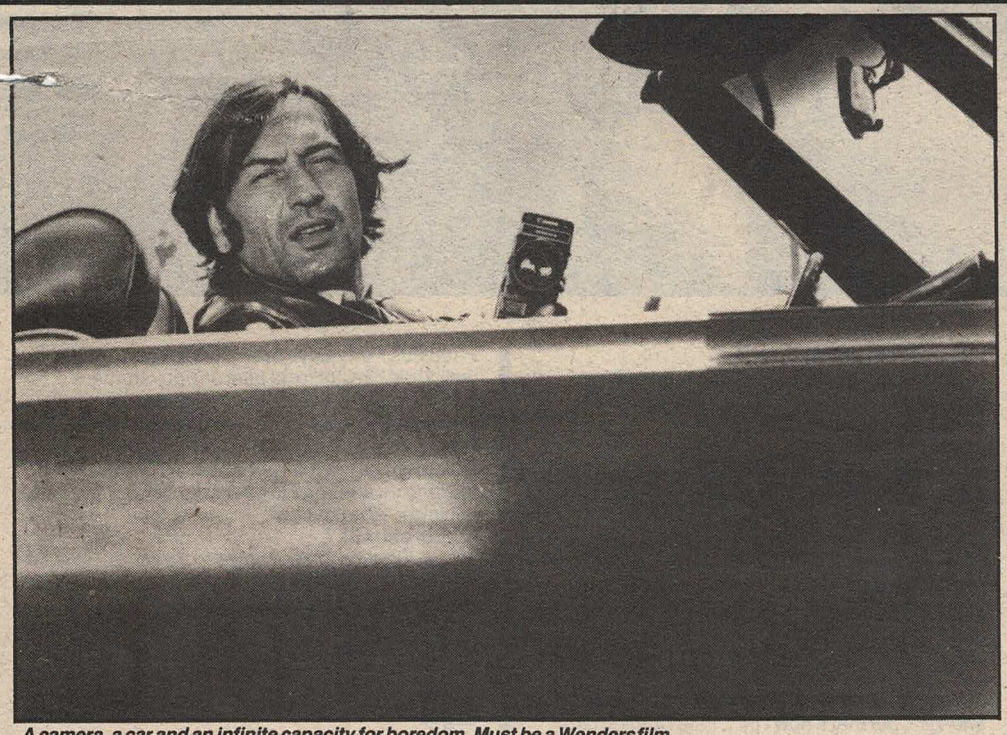
DIRECTOR: Michael Blakemore
STARRING: John Cleese, Michael Elphick, Nicola Pagett, Denis Quilley (Handmade)

SOMEWHERE IN the no-cinemagoer's-land between the sitcom spin-off and proper celluloid independence wander features like *Privates On Parade.* Even more awkward is the way Michael Blakemore's peculiar film swims the murky waters of tragi-comedy, petulantly hints at surrealism and finally tries to run up its own backside in a painful denouement. Make no mistake, this is a genuine curio.

Peter Nichols' stage original about a pathetic Singapore garrison concert party, all but destroyed by their profiteering Sarn't-Major, has the dry flavour of strychnine about it, humour poisoned by the callousness of inhuman nature. It emerged as a disturbing descendant of *Events While Guarding The Bofors Gun,* bile-bitter comedy.

Blakemore sees that, but his probably unavoidable course of playing it for camp laughs undoes the inevitability of Nichols' idea of tradegy. By filling the troupe with absurdist naifs like Denis Quilley's rampantly gay Captain Dennis, Joe Melia's lugubrious Len and John Cleese's religious maniac of a Major — characters mockingly set adrift in a sinking Empire ripe for opportunist pillaging — Nichols set a task beyond feasible directional skill, of making this cruel little pantomime sad and funny and pungent and fantastic by even turns. And holding it all cleanly together. Blakemore hasn't made it, and he admits as much with the silly rigmarole of the 'It's only a movie' coda to the film proper.

The unsettling swerves of heart finally undermine everything. There are touching reflections on homosexual sadness matched so violently with abandoned camp posturing that bewilderment is all one feels. Similarly, harsh pathos is aligned with meticulously



A camera, a car and an infinite capacity for boredom. Must be a Wenders film.

WENDERS' WEARY WAY

The State Of Things

DIRECTOR: Wim Wenders
STARRING: Sam Fuller, Patrick Bauchau, Rebecca Pauly, Viva, Allen Gooritz, Roger Corman (Artificial Eye)

TWENTY YEARS after Godard's *Le Mépris (Contempt),* the noted German director Wim Wenders decides it is time to "make a movie about movie-making". Propitious moment, you might think...if you're a fan of *Kings Of The Road, Hammett,* etc. It might be obvious to some that Wenders is a slight and rather pretentious film-maker whose only *métier* is obfuscating clichés, but I suppose this objection must go by the board.

The State Of Things is a black and white film whose situation vaguely parallels Godard's own "movie about movie-making". A film called *The Survivors* is being shot in a deserted seaside hotel near Lisbon; it is a remake of Allan Dwan's *The Most Dangerous Man Alive.* Where Godard cast Fritz Lang as a director, Wenders uses Sam Fuller, already a veteran of two of his films, as the cameraman Joe Corby. (The casting of cult directors like Fuller in small, tangential roles is hardly original — Godard himself gave Fuller his first cameo in *Pierrot Le Fou.)*

Corby tells the young German director Friedrich (Patrick Bauchau) that they've used up all their film and the production comes to a halt. They await the return of the film's producer with further funds. *The State Of Things* then proceeds to observe the various members of cast and crew as they wait to resume filming. In diverse ways they try to survive, to "live without stories" (while we spectate on their narrative-less limbo.)

For Godard, *Le Mépris* — which is about the making of a film about Ulysses — was "the story of castaways of the western world, survivors of the shipwreck of modernity who, like the heroes of Verne and Stevenson, one day reach a mysterious island, whose mystery is the inexorable lack of mystery, of truth, that is to say ..."

Wenders, not being as intelligent as Godard, beats around the dilemma of truth/fiction and attempts to make the lack of mystery look mysterious. Heavily stressing the fact that, because the movie has stopped, we as audience are being denied the comfort of a "story", he bombards us with mini-aphorisms which reduce filmic self-awareness to the level of an idiot's primer: "stories only exist in stories," muses Friedrich, "life without stories isn't worth living," says Anna, and Gordon, the producer, caps the series with the impressive "cinema's not about life going by ..."

What does Godard say? "*Le Mépris* proves in 149 shots that in the cinema as in life there is no secret, nothing to elucidate, merely the need to live — and to make films."

The limbo of Wenders' non-narrative — he smugly calls it "the last B-picture", thus joining the rank of similarly spurious "lasts" such as Bogdanovich *(The Last Picture Show)* and Hopper *(The Last Movie,* no less) — winds us through the disconnected lives of the "characters" with an air of resigned fidelity to the "truth" of the offscreen universe. Everyone does something to keep occupied: drawing, reading, practising an instrument. Joan (Rebecca Pauly) tapes herself playing the violin, Kate (Viva of Warhol fame) sends letters on cassettes, Joe slumbers to a tape that announces the time every ten seconds — each in his or her enclosed room, practising nothing as something. The writer Dennis is an insomniac clutching a bottle of Southern Comfort; he tells Friedrich that making movies "is....suicide". In a nice touch, as he is played by Paul Getty III, we later discover he has put up most of the money for the film.

Joe returns to Hollywood where his wife has died. Shortly after, Friedrich follows, in search of Gordon. A stilted cameo from Roger Corman (as Gordon's lawyer) informs us that he is in some trouble with loan sharks. Friedrich locates Gordon (Allen Gooritz, so good in *The Conversation)* in a motor camper and they drive all night around LA exchanging such mundanities as Gordon's "WE'RE the survivors" Come the light of dawn they step out of the camper to say goodbye and are promptly shot. End.

Wenders has pompously claimed that *The State Of Things* concludes a kind of "American tetralogy", suggesting that it was in *The American Friend* that he first "broached the crisis in European-American references and relations". It is revealing that the word "references" comes into his mouth before the word "relations". Unable to "broach" a single relation between two characters in *The State Of Things,* Wenders makes up for the film's absurdly hackneyed dialogue with a string of cinematic references whose meticulous regularity quickly becomes unbearable.

The best thing about *The State Of Things* is its opening, the long excerpt from *The Survivors* itself, in which a small band of survivors from a nuclear holocaust are trying to avoid melting. Like the best 60's sci-fi *(Outer Limits, Twilight Zone)* — "life is in colour but black and white is more realistic", says Fuller — *The Survivors* is impressive on a level of purely visual rather than narrative drama. The shot in which one of the women sings her child to sleep through a bizarre fallout mask that completely obscures her face is great cinema.

The State Of Things is dated — a pallid emulation of early Godard/Resnais without any of the patience or concentration which allows the abstractive dialogues of *Le Mépris* or *Muriel* to engage us in the "drama" of art. Where Godard demonstrated the truth that there is no truth, that all is fiction anyway, Wenders thinks that "the impossibility of fiction", ie. boredom, reality, time passing, is some ineffable mystery. But I'll leave you with one of Friedrich's blinding *apercu* that "a movie's not like a prefab house — it has a life of its own." Let's drink to that!

Barney Hoskyns

PORTRAIT

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

"THERE'S A wonderful joke I worked out for *Death Race 2000,*" relates its director Paul Bartel, whose new film *Eating Raoul* has just opened. "Towards the end of the picture there's Mary Woronov (one of Warhol's *Chelsea Girls*) as Calamity Jane with her foot hard on the pedal coming to a fork in the road. Down one fork she sees a blind pregnant nun on a bicycle, wobbling from side to side with her white stick in front of her.

"Calamity quickly calculates the points she'd score for running her down and realises it must be too good to be true. It's just got to a trap. So she takes the other fork, which is clear. And she's immediately blown up!

"But Roger (Corman, the producer) wouldn't let me shoot it," mourns Bartel. "He thought people might be offended."

"Hup, two, three, four. . ." Cleese goes body-popping.

staged slapstick — and this is no Chaplinesque fable — which leaves a distinctly odd aftertaste.

Of course, an audience used to the soft-bellied antics of the asinine *It Ain't 'Alf Hot Mum* isn't going to find this much more pointed play on a parallel situation very palatable. Despite the presence of Cleese's splendid mugging — as well as an accomplished set of turns by reliable British pros like Michael Elphick and Nicola Pagett — I predict that *Privates On Parade* will struggle to find even the institutionalised cult audience of the likes of *Fawlty Towers.* Handmade deserve better for tackling a difficult option but it seems likely that their stablemate picture, Richard Loncraine's *The Missionary,* is going to be more successful in every way. File under slightly interesting failure.

Richard Cook

OF A PERVERT

Even the drive-in sleaze king of the Bs, it seems, has his limits. Not so Bartel, whose *Eating Raoul* is a sick, though modest, comedy about a middle class couple, the Blands (Bartel and Mary Woronov), beset by certain problems: lack of capital (needed to open their dream country restaurant), and a clique of rich, vice-ridden, all-night partying swingers who occupy their apartment block. They chance upon a convenient answer when Mr. Bland accidentally kills one rabid swinger while pulling him off his wife...

The comedy centres on the pair luring unsuspecting deviates to their flat by posing as a dominatrix couple and then dispatching them with a

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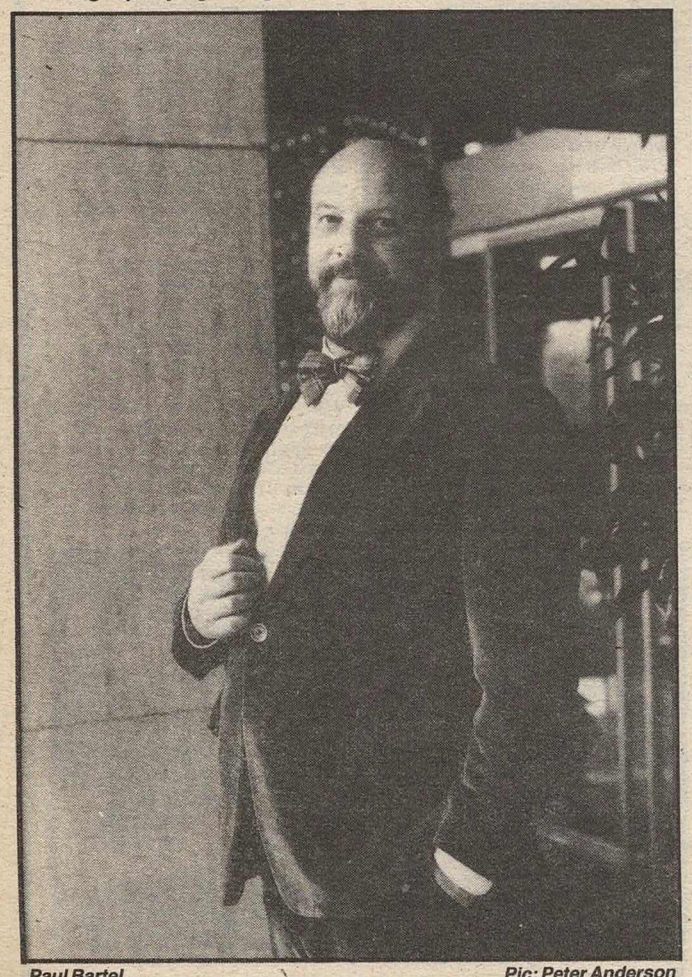

Paul Bartel *Pic: Peter Anderson*

Next Week In NME

SPEAR OF DESTINY

Just how sharp is Kirk Brandon's new band? And what's the point? We ask a few blunt questions.

EINTRURZENDE NEUBARTEN

Or, Bohn in Berlin, part 1006. The group's name means "Collapsing New Buildings". Is that why they use pneumatic drills on stage? And when they play, do they bring the house down? Just a sample of the way-out, wacky Teutonic humour to be found in this important interview.

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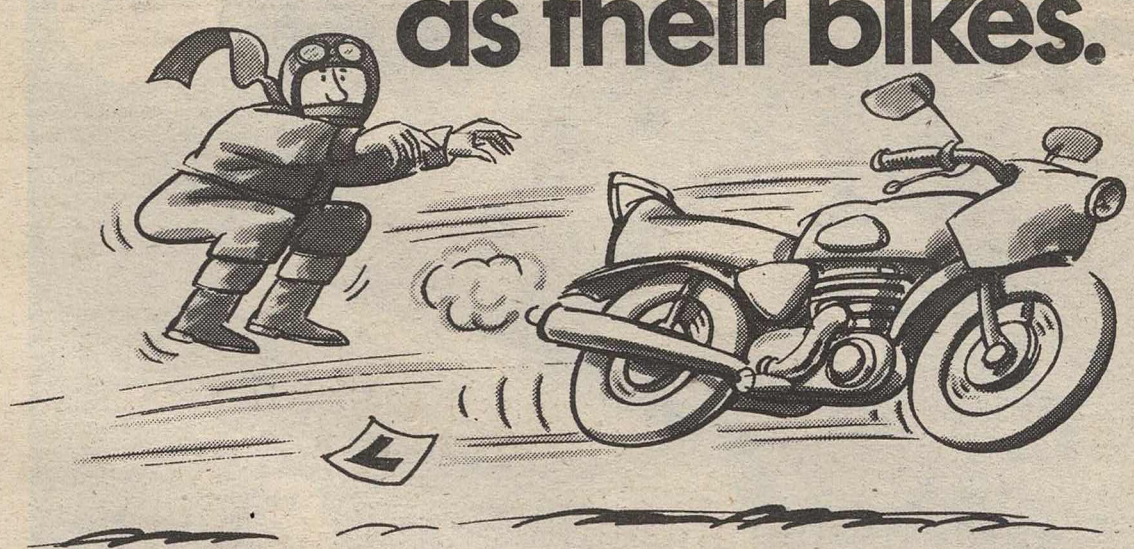

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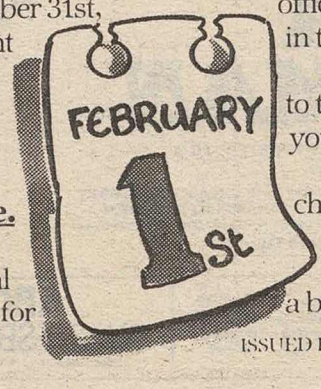

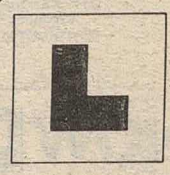

ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT

BARTEL

FROM PAGE 21

frying pan. Despite its exploitative subject potential, it is exceptionally mild-mannered in tone. "Ealing transposed to LA's seamy sexual underworld," clarifies Bartel. It is neither explicit nor nasty. The Blands are too nice to tolerate anything untowardly — other than murder, of course.

"The film wouldn't work if people didn't sympathise with the Blands," conjectures Bartel. "The fact they're criminally insane doesn't prevent me from liking them."

Then, people are usually fond of their babies, specially when they present so difficult a birth. Bartel, who for the purposes of promotion has simulated the modesty and dress sense of the Bland fellow he portrays, has nursed this one through on broken promises from his erstwhile mentor Roger Corman's, mortgaged property and loans from his parents. As a graduate of Corman's, for whom he has directed *Private Parts* and *Death Race 2000* and acted in others, he's used to shoestrings and tight deadlines.

Eating Raoul must — and does — succeed on its ingenuity and funny script. It sets its budget limitations to work for it. Cheap film stock dictates a yellowy, washed-out colour. Its location shooting in a friend's apartment ensures its authentic '50s feel.

"When I saw my friend's apartment, it occurred to me that the '50s atmosphere, the ugly, clunky, awkward look of that '50s *modern* stuff, was reflected in the attitude and state of mind of the characters," remarks Bartel. "Place that alongside the sexual repression people grew up with in the '50s. Both Mary and I grew up being taught that sex was bad. When you find out it's not true and everybody's been fucking all over the place you feel you've been a victim of a conspiracy, that your nearest and dearest have lied to you about the basic nature of life and the world. That's the condition of Paul and Mary that the movie is trying to satirise."

Without pushing its points, *Eating Raoul* jibes at the mores of the American moneyed classes.

"There are things I feel strongly about, but the message shouldn't be upfront. It should be an aftertaste!"

So what's likely to linger?

"The idea that sexuality is so abhorrent it justifies murder," Bartel smiles with an ambivalent relish that would do Vincent Price proud. "And if it doesn't, add the profit motive — the combinations of the two justify murder...I mean, it's a gross exaggeration, but it's intended to provoke some thoughts in the States about the American penchant for violence, finding a violent solution to problems. The sort of thing we do to Guatemala."

A SCENE YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T LIKE TO SEE BUT WON'T GET THE CHANCE TO, ANYWAY

"It's from *Private Parts*, my first movie proper, which was distributed in a terribly mutilated form in Britain. It's about a young girl, first experiencing puberty, who runs away from home and takes refuge in a sinister hotel in downtown LA. She is spied upon by a transsexual psychopath . . .the key scene is one where you see the psychopath in bed with a transparent plastic dummy full of warm water and a photograph of the girl attached to its head. He gets all excited, but instead of penetrating the doll he pulls out a hypodermic needle full of blood and stabs it between the legs, injecting it spasmodically so you see the blood mixing with the water. It's a very effective scene, but it was cut.

"Don't get me wrong, though," he concludes. *"Private Parts* is no lost masterpiece."

Bartel and Woronov

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ON THE BOX

THURSDAY JANUARY 27

10cc At Wembley. Getting the worst over with first. Notice that, in the interests of accurate trade description, the programmes have left off the world "live". **(C4)**

40 Minutes: Something To Do With Video. Not a helpful *Blue Peter* type guide on how to convert your machine into a nuclear warhead, but a tame listing on tried and tested uses: watching movies, video games, job training. Perhaps they should've devoted the whole 40 minutes to exposing the sinister vigilante tactics of North London film company Private Eye, who spend their days filming prostitues round Kings Cross for the local tenants' associations. What with every community programme currently giving airtime to vice, kerb crawlers can't move these days for fear of running down cameramen. **(BBC2)**

Bob Newhart. The funniest soliloquist since Stanley Holloway treads water in a soapy sitcom. Here's hoping his wit don't drown. **(ITV)**

Lou Grant. At last it can be revealed: Phil McNeill's secret mission on leaving the *NME* was to take over from Edward Asner as News Editor on the LA *Trib*, Ed being deemed too politically unsound to continue the series after his outspoken comments on American foreign policy. **(ITV)**

Special Treatment (Directed by Goran Paskaljevic 1980). Sort of *Lost Weekend* down at *The Cuckoos Nest.* Very dark, intermittently funny comedy about a wonder cure for alcoholism; the director takes the drunken state as a suitable opportunity to shoot off about the Yugoslav condition. **(C4)**

FRIDAY JANUARY 28

The Tube. Beginning Thin Lizzy's Long Goodbye. Say hello to barbie doll Pat Benatar. **(C4)**

No Problem! Potential comedy about black radio pirate wasted. **(C4)**

Reggae Sunsplash. With Steel Pulse, Chalice, Big Youth, The Blue Riddim Band, Eeek-A-Mouse and poet Mutabaruka ranting 'De System Is A Fraud'. **(C4)**

Jazz On Four. Featuring veteran bandleader John Dankworth and a second appearance of Art Blakely. **(C4)**

Casanova's Big Night (Norman Z. McLeod). Hope-ful forced farce, with Bob masquerading as Vincent Price, in turn masquerading as Casanova. For once Fellini's version is funnier. **(ITV)**

SATURDAY JANUARY 29

Sight and Sound In Concert. Still sighing — on and on after all these years UB40 wallow in the misery and depression of unemployment by dint of dwelling on it. Not so much realist as determinedly defeatist. Happy viewing, kids. **(BBC2)**

American Football. Chess translated into physical jerks (thanks, Andy). The American Football League final **(ITV)** today is followed by Nicky Horne's Superbowl preview tomorrow. **(C4).** A must for Kerouac fans.

The Hitler Gang (John Farrow 1944) and **Memories Of Berlin: The Twilight of Weimar (Gary Conklin 1979).** Scarcely a week goes by without a new wartime anniversary to celebrate. As you doubtless know this year marks the 50th since Hitler's rise to power in January '33, which is good enough reason for reliving the two decades of the 1000 year Reich if ever there was one, yes? *The Hitler Gang* is a propanganda period piece made a year before the end of the war and consequently before the extent of Nazi atrocity was fully gauged. Not that it took much guessing at this late stage, but. . .Lord knows, nobody ought to want to forget, let alone forgive, but how about some new light on the subject? **C4** would've done better repeating Syerberg's extraordinary, penetrating *Hitler — A Film From Germany*. At least Conklin's Berlin documentary probes beneath the decadent facade of the city done to death since Isherwood and *Cabaret*, concentrating instead on Berlin as catalyst to the greatest art output of this century; taking in everything from Brecht to Brooks to the Bauhaus. Promises to be the programme of the week **(C4)**

Gastank. With Godley and Creme, Andy Fairweather Low, Ronnie Scott and Maggie Bell. **(C4)**

The Avengers. Noting the hording capacity for trivial facts of you '60s-o-philes, did you know that the *Avengers*' German title *Schirm, Charm Und Melone* translates as *Umbrella, Charm and Bowler Hat?* Somehow doesn't sound so good in English. **(C4)**

The Glass Key (Stuart Heisler 1942). Alan Ladd superb as amoral, angelic henchman of shady politician Brian Donlevy out to prove his boss's innocence of a rival killing. Based on Dashiel Hammett novel. **(C4)**

Aces High (Jack Gold 1976). WWI dogfighting and Royal Flying Corps in-fighting featuring Malcolm McDowell, the most disappointing dog who would be star of the British film industry. **(BBC1)**

SUNDAY JANUARY 30

The Oppermans. BBC2's contribution to the 1933 *Machtangreifung* (seizure of power) celebration is this imported two-part drama based on exiled German writer Lion Feuchtwanger's novel about a Jewish family which disastrously misjudges Hitler's rising popularity. Part two tomorrow.

Alfred Hitchcock Presents: Mr Blanchard's Secret. The latest '60s series revived by **C4,** worthwhile if only for The Master's intros and denouements. **(C4)**

MONDAY JANUARY 31

The Guru (James Ivory 1969). Ivory is probably trying to forget this '60s curio, starring Michael York as a pop star who goes to India to learn sitar and discover the meaning of life. Instead he finds another '60s also-ran in Rita Tushingham. **(Thames)**

Riverside. The artworld continues to indulge the world's best looking bricklayer Mick Karn's pretensions. Anything that is played slow is not automatically sensitive, but Ballet Rambert's choreographer Michael Ho apparently thinks otherwise. Also includes Animal Magic and one of Buck's Fizz. **(BBC2)**

I Love Lucy. I wouldn't list this, but for Richard Widmark's special guest appearance.

The Comic Strip Presents: Summer School. In which the Strip strip down to bearskins and flints for a holiday course in Iron Age living. **(C4)**

Whatever You Want. With compere Keith Allen, Patrick Fitzgerald and Jah Wobble. **(C4)**

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 1

The Addams Family. Gomez goes to Washington. **(C4)**

Boys From The Blackstuff. Yosser's Story. How one man nutted the world and knocked himself cold. **(BBC1)**

At Long Last Love (Peter Bogdanovich 1975). Bogdanovich is to '30s Hollywood what Martin Fry is to '60s pop, except more nostalgic and not so good. 16 Cole Porter tunes deserve better. **(C4)**

Invaders From Mars (William Cameron Menzies 1953). Martians invade America, only to decide it's not worth having. **(BBC2)**

Arena goes *I-D* for a day and tells you why you wear your hair the way you do, be it up down, shaggy or shaved. With typical BBC reserve it stops short of recommending a barber where you can get a haircut for less than a £1. **(BBC2)**

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 2

The Comedian (John Frankenheimer 1957). Second *Playhouse 90* revival, this one featuring Mickey Rooney, whose rubbery mask lugubriously charts a clowns decline. **(C4)**

Visions. Chris Petit no doubt waxing reverential about German director Wim Wenders. For a less polite view — and one infinitely more suited to Wender's present state of things — read Barney Hoskyns elsewhere in this issue. **(C4)**

Mel Torme, Mickey Rooney and Kim Hunter in* The Comedian *(C4 Wednesday).

Robert Benton *Pic: Peter Anderson*

THE INVISIBLE MAN

"Movies matter, not directors," says Robert Benton, maker of *Kramer Vs Kramer*, *The Late Show* and the recent *Still Of The Night*. Richard Cook sees right through this most transparent of directors.

I MET Robert Benton the day after *Superman*, which he helped to script, had had its first television screening. Did he watch it?

"Nope, I watched *Five Easy Pieces* instead. I make a practice of not seeing any pictures I've done after they've been released because there's nothing I can do about them any more and I'm not curious about them. Once a picture's done all I can see are the mistakes."

He thinks over the film-maker's problems with a professorial amusement, talking in a slow Texan roll as though sucking a lozenge, voice emanating from a frank white beard surmounted with big functional spectacles. Art designer, screenwriter, Oscar-winning director (for *Kramer Vs Kramer*), Robert Benton loves the work of the movies.

He disclaims most of the credit for *Superman's* rather deft script, being enlisted for a little late elaboration.

"I could never *direct* a picture like that!" he whispers, aghast at my suggestion. "You have to be *extraordinary* to do that! I took my son to the sets and they had three different ones working at once with a car to take the director from set to set. You have to be something of a genius to work like that!".

Are there too many writer-directors in Hollywood?

"Absolutely," he grins. "Sergio Leone told me how the Mexican government had asked him to form a committee with Fellini and Bertolucci to look at the work of young film-makers to promote the film industry there. And Fellini said — are you crazy? Those are the kind of people we should be killing!

"No, there should be more people working. The more there are the more interesting it is. Lucas and Spielberg have made the industry much more interesting now and *all* the new writers and directors help in that way."

Benton takes care with his own films to bring an audience along with him. *Still Of The Night* is only his fourth picture as a director and its skilled recut of the psychological thriller, tailored to exceptional character interplay, measures up splendidly to the high standards of its predecessors *(Bad Company, The Late Show* and *Kramer)*.

"It's a film I wanted to make after *Kramer*, something as different from that as I could do — something as dark and cold and distant as *Kramer* was light and warm and intimate. There are things in this film which are as personal as anything in *Kramer* but because it's a genre film most people tend to look at it as an exercise in style. Once you categorise a picture people tend not to look at the underside.

"That's why genre pictures used to be so popular with American directors, because it was like mythology — they were able to tell a story that everyone basically knew the beginning, middle and end of. They had those rules and they could do things *within* them that were very personal. *Rear Window* or *Vertigo* are very personal, dark, *bleak* features but that can be hidden in a certain kind of way by their genre."

In a sense, *Still Of The Night* tempts and teases its own genre by sewing in classic image references from pictures like *Vertigo, Rear Window*...

"That's true. But those references exist in a context which I would like to think is very personal. This picture couldn't exist unless those pictures and *Saboteur* had been made. But these characters are very different from, say, Hitchcock characters. They're much more locked inside their own neuroses. All Roy Scheider's fears are, until the end, inside his head — they're like my fears of being in a dark room.

"I don't think I'm a great storyteller. I'm much more interested in characters. In this picture there's probably less characterisation and more of an attempt at telling a story. In most movies, most characters have explained themselves fully by the end. In this one I wanted a character who remained essentially enigmatic, even at the end, and it was the hardest writing I've ever tried. It was like trying to write a cubist painting where pieces aren't joined by normal logic but have a kind of consistency."

Did he find a difference working with major league stars like Streep, Scheider and Hoffman and (undeservedly) less prestigious figures like Lily Tomlin and Art Carney, both in the wonderful *Late Show?*

"Meryl I knew from Broadway; Roy I've known for ten years, we're neighbours in New York. Dustin I knew slightly from our children going to the same nursery school. It's like working with friends. I was more scared of working with Art and Lily because they're so good. I mean, I'd be terrified to work with Cary Grant or Robert Mitchum! The idea of *directing* Orson Welles is beyond comprehension!"

Was there a lot of pressure on him to repeat the successful *Kramer* formula?

"Absolutely," he nods sagely. "I read a script once a month that's essentially a variation on it — this or that aspect of marriage or divorce. It was getting claustrophobic for me.

"If I could do *The Late Show 2* tomorrow, I'd do it. I already have the ending. But I don't want to do another *Kramer*. That story and those characters completed themselves. Sooner or later I'll do another version of *Still Of The Night* because there's something in it I haven't figured out yet."

What's his policy on the personal touch in the mainstream film?

"You don't have the personal touch unless you want it. If you struggle to be personal you become self-conscious. The personal film is done by someone who can't help letting part of themselves intrude on the picture. Hitchcock didn't set out to make things personal but he intruded into his work. It's a gift, not something you get a choice about. It causes you a lot of problems!"

Robert Benton is no *auteur* — he has a close bond with his audiences — and it is finally with directors of his calibre that the future health of the cinema rests, the persuasive humane insight and the pinpricking of staple frameworks.

"The enormous amount of access that will be opened is going to need a lot to fill it up. There will always be theatrical movies and there'll be pictures like Altman's *Jimmy Dean,* done for $800,000, small films which will be allowed to exist better than they have for a long time. But they won't come from the big studios because they're dying as a real force."

Won't the audience be spread too thinly over all this product?

"Well, pictures will be allowed to survive *on* a thin audience as they can't do now. There'll always be an *ET* which wipes everything else out. When I watched *Five Easy Pieces* last night I thought — a wonderful movie like that can't even be *made* now! It's too risky.

"You know, the more pictures cost, the *less* risky they are because they become more conservative. The period we're in now is a period of 'classic' cinema — like *An Officer And A Gentleman,* a beautiful film but one that could have been made in the '40s. You don't get American films out of the mainstream now and you can't have a *thriving* art form without experiments. You have to *fail* sometimes to move forward — and when every failure costs $30 million you can't afford to fail so often."

Still Of The Night cost a paltry $10 million, and Benton reckons that was too high. His next project is a Depression-era drama set in Texas which sounds very much one from the heart. How important, I innocently query, is he to the movies?

"Not at all!" is the genial disavowal. "If I disappear tomorrow, I disappear. None of the people making movies matter — it just matters that they keep on coming."

Let's hear it for Robert Benton, gentleman and movie-maker!

The Late Show

Kramer Vs Kramer

Still Of The Night

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TAWDRY LATEN

by Chris Bohn photo Anton Corbijn

IMITATION OF life or bigger than life?

When Marc Almond and David Ball breeze into their record company's press office for this meeting, they're immediately swept up in the sort of flurry of activity that threatens to take them away from the trivialities, consuming desires and magnificent obsessions their songs describe so well.

Just off the train from Leeds, they've already met one BBC engagement and Marc has hardly set foot inside the door before he's been whisked away for a telephone interview with *Smash Hits.*

Dave takes it all in his long, measured stride and seems far more comfortable holding court alone than he did on our first encounter — 18 months ago in a *Top Of The Pops* dressing room on the occasion of their 'Tainted Love' number one.

Maybe it's because he's shaved off that silly moustache. Anyway, his present confidence is matched by his improved appearance. Where before he played the slow witted stooge to Marc's mercurial lead, demeaningly dressing down to the part in white tux and dicey dickie-bow, looking like a down-at-heel variety club organist, he's finally recognised his own handsome qualities and shed the seedy trapping for melting black leather.

The sound of Soft Cell songs has taken a similar upswing. From the quivering mess and quavering vulnerability of the patchy first LP, 'Non Stop Erotic Cabaret' they've metamorphosed to the better shaped, rousing 'The Art Of Falling Apart'.

The change hasn't been sudden, as anybody who has followed the loving care and consideration with which the pair have reworked their best songs would have noted. Compare the 12" of 'Say Hello Wave Goodbye' and 'Bedsitter' to the shakey blueprints, or the radical revisings on the 'Non Stop Exotic Dancing' disco mini LP and you'll see what I mean.

The consummate 'Tainted Love' aside, the appeal of their early records was the joy in their naive assumption that they were capable of making *real records!* — getting things right by getting it all wrong. It seemed as if Dave was literally translating the human flaws, through which Marc focused the perversions of desire, into a Soho ambience, thereby leaving them open to dismissal (or worse, blank praise) as camp.

It made it too easy for detractors to deny the heart and massive sadness pulsing through Soft Cell. Since then Dave has worked up a lush, expansive synthesis of excitable soul orchestration and melodramatic melancholy that is extraordinarily well suited to the tawdry excellence of Marc Almond's words and vocals.

There is nothing in modern music to compare with the emotional wounds, the technicolour gashes of 'The Art Of Falling Apart'. The only accurate comparison I can think of is with the films of the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder, especially on *Lola In A Year Of Thirteen Moons.* Like Fassbinder, Soft Cell can be raw, slobbish, effusive, lurid, funny, kitschy, banal, brilliant and *right* all at once.

TWENTY MINUTES later, Marc Almond has finished his five minute phone call to *Smash Hits.* What did he have to say to them for 20 minutes.

"Oh nothing, ha! Ha! Ha!"

So they got what they wanted.

Marc Almond is a very accommodating interview. Still eager and nervously chatty, apt to punctuate rushed sentences with machine gun chuckles, he has bounced back remarkably well from an impossibly busy year that saw him record an intermittently inspired solo LP under the name Marc And The Mambas, two songs with Psychic Television, as well as Soft Cell singles and 'The Art Of Falling Apart'.

Add to that the pressures of trying to follow up the American success of 'Tainted Love', and it's no wonder that by the end of '82 he was left worn out and depressed.

What with Dave also talking about a solo LP and recording with Cabaret Voltaire, the jackals couldn't wait for the announcement of Soft Cell packing it all in.

Fortunately they were denied that sour pleasure.

With 'The Art Of Falling Apart' behind them, it's obvious that the pair are better matched than ever and seem even less likely to succumb to outside pressures.

"The more people try to get us to do something, the less likely we are to do it," asserts Marc contrarily, citing American record company pleas to consolidate the 'Tainted Love' hit with tours and appearances. Soft Cell, however, learn from experience.

"We did two TV shows in America," recalls Marc. "One was a chat show thing with Merv Griffin, which was bizarre. Before then 'Tainted Love' was just a record, it was there, people weren't really behind it at all.

"We were only known through a cult following in bigger cities, like Chicago, New York and LA. But as to the Midwest and the redneck areas etc, etc... well, I thought, what must they think watching us on The Merv Griffin Show? HA! HA! HA! That probably put them right off! We'll probably never get a successful record in America ever again!"

He's exaggerating for effect, of course. 'Non Stop Erotic Cabaret' joined The Human League's 'Dare' in the US albums 100. Like The Human League, they acknowledge that for every barrier a first hit breaks, another is erected. As to how they'll go about doing it again, they don't know. But one thing's for sure, they won't sell themselves short to achieve it.

"In America they followed up with 'What'," says Marc," which I think was a mistake. Not only in America, but in this country, too. It's the one single that we've released — and we've released a lot — which was not totally true to ourselves. It should have stayed as an extra on the dance mix album, as it was intended to be. It shouldn't have been a single for the simple reason that it was very commercial and poppy, and we don't like to do the obvious.

"Allowing it to be released, I felt, was like a moment of weakness, a lesson learnt on our part, which is not to give in in moments of weakness at all!"

Soft Cell have always been harder than the rest. Don't be deceived by appearances.

BOHN: THERE came a point where the flow of sleaze people associated with Soft Cell threatened to drown you.

Marc Almond: But we never set out with such a concept to write about *sleaze.* Yet people throw the word sleaze at us in a very nudge, nudge sort of way. I like to write about the dirt, sure, the things that are maybe to be avoided. But the dirt I write about is a kind of glamour. A cracked, faded glamour.

That's my obsession if I've got one — glamour on the turn, the cracks, the tarnish, the faults and the impurities. It's not sleaze, nudge, nudge,...

The problem is people aren't believing you.

Marc: But I can only put my case. I can't ram it down people's throats, yelling, you have to believe me! As far as I'm concerned, I do what I do. It's me! I can only put out myself. Whatever my obsession or my feeling about a certain subject, I can only develop through and from that. I can only write what is personal to *me,* what I feel about.

Sleaze as such is very much part of the past. But mistakes linger on longer than successes. For instance when the Soft Cell video comes out, it'll bring it all back — the 'Sex Dwarf' saga. (You'll recall the gutter press fuss regarding the aforesaid recording, which crossed The Texas Chainsaw Massacre with mock porn.

Marc: Ah, but it's not going to have 'Sex Dwarf' on it. It made its point, it did its thing, it caused a reaction where it should have done, and now it's better that it should just remain as a legend. People might buy the video because they want that song. And that's all the more reason not to give it to them! *(Laughs)*

Anyway, new songs, like 'Numbers' (so named after a John Rechy novel) seem to be getting closer to the core of what you're writing about, the despair beneath that cracked glamour.

Marc: Yeah. In 'Numbers' it's like how you can almost lose your soul via disregard for the humans with whom you're having sex. It's searching for something, searching for love, by having sex with lots of people, but, in doing so, losing contact... you keep on looking, it goes on and on, faceless figures and faceless people, and you never find what it is you're looking for. Then you realise that you are possibly one of someone else's faceless figures.

We're going to release it as a single, even though it doesn't scream out as the most obvious single on the LP. Which is why we've had a lot of problems with Phonogram about it.

Why I want it released, though, is because I like what it says. I like its subject matter. I'd feel good if that one's a success rather than one of the more obvious singles on the album. It's a little dicey perhaps, but I hope people will think about it, what's there. I think those who've heard it feel some sort of affinity with it...

Aren't you wary of laying yourself open, in both senses of the term?

Marc: It's exciting! Because we're Soft Cell, Radio One will at least give us a hearing, so we can take a chance by not putting out the obvious single. I just don't understand this need for the obvious all the time. So what if you fail? That's just incentive to build again! So what if a record gets to number 15 instead of number 5?

It seems to matter so much to some people to get to the top every time, but really it doesn't matter that much at all. I don't know whether it's a desperate greed that drives these people, or a desperate fling for five minutes of stardom. But, like, five minutes of stardom means another 65 years of emptiness. Haw. Haw.

Do you see this as being a long term career, then?

Marc: I suppose I'm concerned. Like other people I want to carry on doing things. Creativity is my reason and Dave's reason for being involved. So if in years to come there probably won't be a Soft Cell, there will be me and Dave involved in something. So long as we're working with people who are doing interesting things — and people do want to work with us, which I think is good — it must mean something. To me a career is just keeping active, being able to carry on working. It's not raking in the bank notes.

I mean, who wants to be Pink Floyd? How depressing to be someone like that! Better to build and slip, slip and build so long as you carry on. But where do you go from being Pink Floyd?

The Human League's professed ambition is to make a 'Dark Side Of The Moon'.

Marc: I think that's sad, because if anybody could break down barriers, turn people's heads, it's them. They're much more stable than we are. God, they could really surprise everybody. I don't mean in terms of outrage; I just mean in terms of doing something a little different. People will listen to them because they're The Human League. I mean, *use* the name! Use it! You don't have to do things that will change the world. Just do a little bit.

I think it's sad to want to be the Pink Floyd. It's the *want* to be in that safe position which is sad, to be in that safe situation of sitting and rotting by a swimming pool in LA. Urgh! LA! The saddest, most plastic fantasy city! People there think they've found it.

And what have they found? They're like knee deep in cocaine, rotting by swimming pools. I prefer New York, because it's sort of more real. It's noisy and dirty, a rat race of people struggling for their five minutes, but at least it's alive. LA is like everybody has been given a sedative!

Dave Ball: Yeah, cocaine.

Marc: Ha ha! A glamorous anaesthetic. I read this book called *They Thirst* which was about vampires taking over LA...

Dave: Huh, a true story...

Marc:... Which summed up LA for me. People crawling out of the gutter carrying people off!

TALKING ABOUT vampires, isn't 'Martin' (on the accompanying 12" to "The Art Of Falling Apart') uncomfortably close to the George Romero film of the same name?

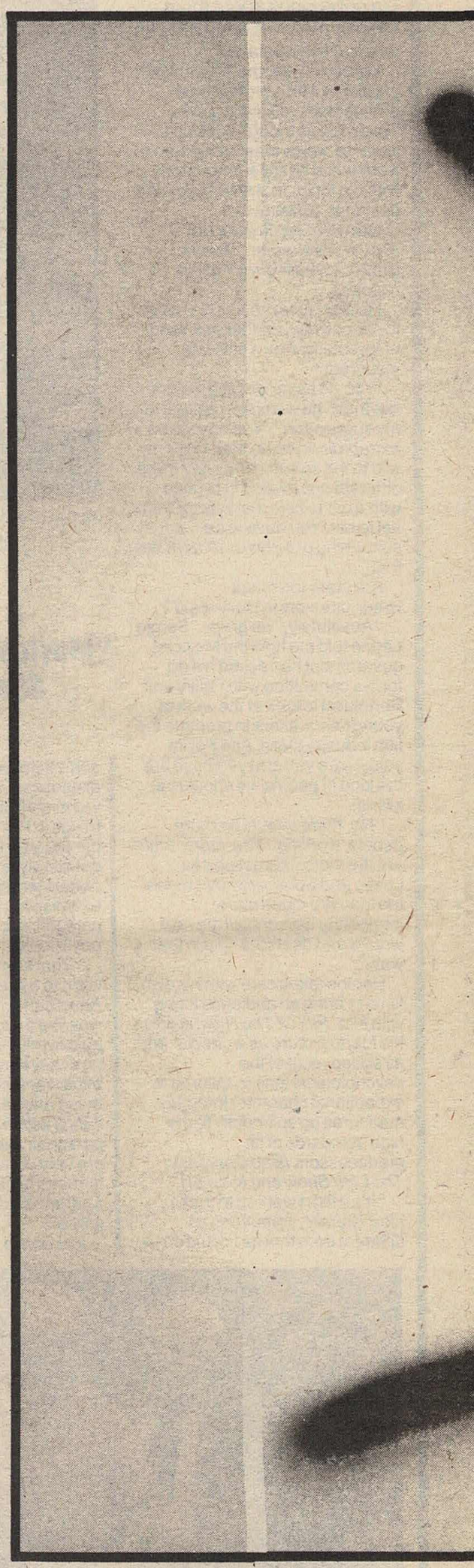
Marc: Yes! 'Martin' is one of our very oldest numbers. It might be a direct nick, but it's also a tribute to that film and director George Romero. I think that film is great, his most underated, all about this poor boy who doesn't know whether he is a vampire or not, growing up in an industrial city, Pittsburgh, in total loneliness.

Why the Jimi Hendrix medley on the other side?

Marc: Well a) we really like them and b) they sum up that whole time, that whole feel, the confusion. Imagine Jimi Hendrix doing 'Purple Haze' on *The Lulu Show!* And also, because Hendrix is like sacred ground — *sacred, sacred ground* — and sacred ground is there to be walked on. The more sacred the ground the more you should walk on it.

Dave: Yeah, and the heavier the boots...

Marc: And the very idea of oft Cell — "an electro duo" — covering a Jimi Hendrix number will annoy purists. Ha Ha Ha! But more importantly, people who might have thought, urgh! Jimi Hendrix might think differently because we're doing them and go on to hear what the originals sound like. They might take it farther. It's just another bridge between different things.



Here's looking at you. Marc and David almost see eye to e

Your solo project as Marc And The Mambas reintroduced the idea of song interpretators as opposed to simply taking the cheap way out of covering somebody else's work.

Marc: I love doing other people's songs, putting a sample of myself into something somebody else has done. It's unfortunate that "cover version" has become such a dirty term in a way, but that's because people have been abusing it. They want to cover the totally obvious, because it's a tried and tested way of getting a top ten hit. But if you're covering someone else's words, you should obviously feel some affinity with it, have some respect for it.

It's also part of the process of unnarrowing you, making you aware of and open to other people's ideas. Then if you can take a segment from it, or the feel of it, you can make it your own as well. It's nice to think

Soft Cell and the art of the Che

NIGHT WEEPIES

eye

we've done Jimi Hendrix song in a different way to him, like 'Purple Haze', which we've done so totally different that it's ours as well now, in a way.

The Mambas' slowing down of Scott Walker's 'Big Louise' (already a funereal paced elegy for a dead transvestite) was a brave move.

Marc: 'Big Louise' said a lot of what I feel. Yet I couldn't have written a song in those words, in that form. There's a lot of me in there. I don't mean in the character described, but in Walker's *observation*, the feel he had for the person. His version was very sad, but grand at the same time. I just wanted to take it away from that context and put it in a womb, make it more personal to me, by slowing it right down...

WHAT WITH the Mambas project, your working with Psychic Television, Dave trying to get together with Suicide's Alan Vega and, in the meantime, working with Cabaret Voltaire, weren't you afraid of dispersing power focus, to use PTV's vernacular, losing sight of Soft Cell's goals?

Dave: The opposite! Apart from anything else, working with other people restablishes you as an individual, not just as the other half of Soft Cell, which is too binding...

Marc: It proves you're not just some stupid little twit with no ideas... We don't want to be put in a bag at all. When Phonogram heard I'd been working with Psychic TV, they said, That is the most damaging move you can ever do to your career. You might as well count on it that you've ruined your career.

I said, sorry, as far as I'm concerned it's like another step, I can't see it that way at all. How do those people think?

Dave: They don't!

Nevertheless (the Some Bizzare connection aside) people were surprised that you and Psychic TV should be working together, what with your opposing reputations for softness and hardness.

Marc: People say Oh, it's really weird isn't it? You working with Genesis P-Orridge. But it's not at all. People assume I'm some sort of fool and wonder how come I'm working with some big intellectual person like Genesis. They think I can't communicate with him or something, which isn't true. We discuss things! As well as me learning from him he learns a bit from me for what he's doing.

Were you recruited by the Psychic Youth?

Marc: I don't agree with all the philosophies, but I know Gen and what he's trying to say. Again, it's down to people being honest about themselves.

That's what's written about in the song we did together, called 'Guiltless'. Being guiltless about life, being open about your feelings, even if, as they often are, they are the very taboo things in life. These things shouldn't be taboo, because they're only human nature, but...I don't agree with all the things, but what is important is P.T.V. want to break down barriers, which is important, because there shouldn't be any barriers there in the first place...I think 'Guiltless' is one of the best things I've done.

ALL IN ALL you crammed a lot in last year, taking into account the inevitable promotional work you were obliged to undertake to break Soft Cell in America, Weren't you afraid the dulling routine was tugging you away from the things that really matters?

Marc: Last year should have been a high, an enjoyable year for us, but I was depressed for most of it. It was a year in which people tried to treat us as a conveyor belt product: churn-em-up, squeeze-out-the-hits and throw'em-away syndrome.

You have to fight against that, to retain your integrity about the way you approach things, you have to know whether you can sit down at the end of the day and decide whether it was really you who was insulting somebody or not, because that's how you are and not because you're being forced to do something that isn't you. You have to fight it, to say no, otherwise you lose your soul, your personality.

You can lose so much, the bits of trivia, the experiences that go into making what you are. That's why we don't go on endless tours. Who can really do that?

Dave: You've got to write from the point of view of a normal person, otherwise you end up writing about hotel rooms, or from the point of view of a touring musician.

Marc: In that sense we've never made all the right moves we could have made to be rich and famous. People have said that if we did this we would have sold more records. But that is not important because without being yourself you have nothing left to write about anyway. I'm not interested in prostituting myself.

Just living a private life, doing ordinary things, is really important to me and I don't want to be separated from that. I don't want to be on a pedestal. I want to be amongst, around and involved with things that are going on that make up life. The popstar syndrome isn't what I want at all. Then you're just an empty vessel, a face, a lump of flesh. I hate such disrespect...

While Marc was out selling Soft Cell, where were you Dave? In the studio writing?

Dave: In the end I had to say if you don't give me time in the studio then you're going to have to do the music yourself, because I can't experiment with sounds in an airport lounge.

Like, Marc was saying about last year being pretty

CONTINUES PAGE 45

eap Song

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LPs

LINX LEGACY

LINX

The Last Linx *(Chrysalis)*

SO *THAT* was romance? For a group who paved the way for British soul acts like Junior Giscombe and Imagination to puncture the pop charts, the Linx legacy is largely a tale of what might have been.

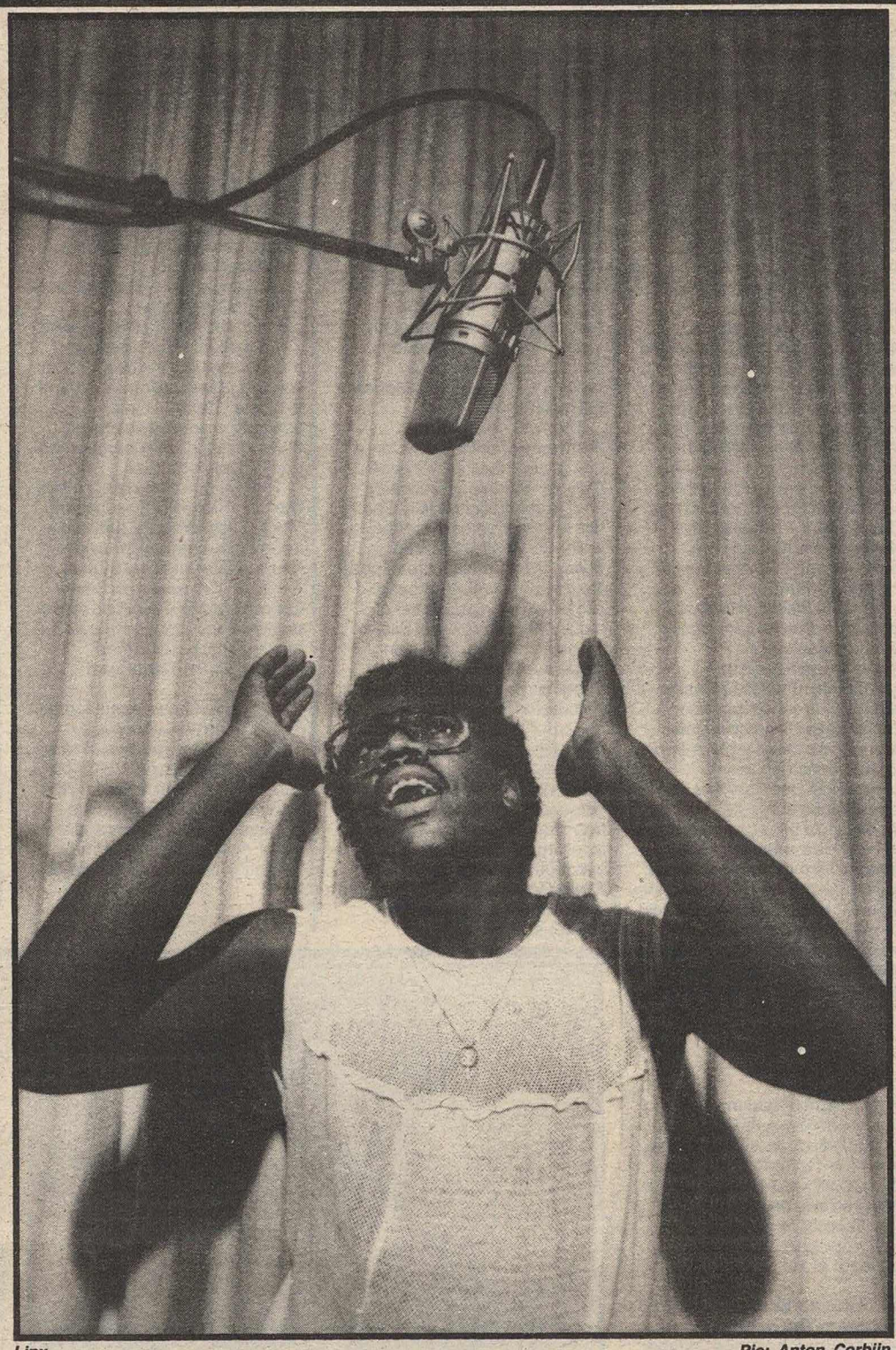
Linx were billed as the band to change the face of homegrown soul and with the release of their first single 'You're Lying' in 1980, singer David Grant and bassman Peter 'Sketch' Martin seemed to have smashed the restrictive 'Britfunk' mould that initially hatched them. For starters, these boys were not the usual faceless mannequins in satin suits, but two sharp young North London cookies. And then there was the music, not the customary pallid disco imitation but a potent soul/pop hybrid that they tagged funk 'n' roll and marketed as if it were white rock music.

In the two LPs that followed, Linx certainly had some fine moments, but they never went quite far enough. Sometimes they seemed almost scared to stray too far from their soulboy roots. The music was well played and produced by Bob Carter, the lyrics often hard and humorous, but only occasionally did the end result live up to the underlying concepts: Linx were always a great interview, but only rarely did they bear the hallmark of a truly great band. Harsh but true.

This shabbily-packaged compilation ties up the loose ends of the Linx career while giving Chrysalis one last chance to squeeze a few shekels out of the duo. The seven tracks are all already available, although one or two are slightly remixed — 'American' remixes of course. The style runs through routine soft-focus swingle soul ('Together We Can Shine'), poignant social observation ('Urban Refugee', about the riots) and the bittersweet brilliance of the band's two best singles ('Intuition' and 'Romance'), but the ultimate conclusion can only be that Linx never did completely fulfil their massive potential and in retrospect the split was hardly a great surprise.

But with the sturdy Sketch now dedicated to fashioning a harder sound with new sidekick Junior and dapper Dave busy sharpening both his songwriting talent as a solo performer and his production skills as a master mixologist, it should prove more rewarding to track future developments than dwell too long on the Linx that lingers on this LP. That particular romance is over.

Adrian Thrills



Linx — *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

Yellowman and Eek A Mouse — *Illustration: Ian Wright*

VARIOUS ARTISTS

A Deejay Explosion — Inna Dance Hall Style *(Heartbeat US Imp)*

Jonjo Presents A Live Session With Aces International *(Greensleeves)*

CASSETTES FEATURING the ranks of Jamaica's DJs, recorded live on sound systems like Jack Ruby Hi Fi, Stereophonic or Jahlove, have long been in circulation in the reggae community and after the release of Yellowman's less than adequate 'Live at Aces' LP these two albums have followed in quick succession.

Promised as the first in a series of dance hall recordings, 'A Dee Jay Explosion' offers fourteen tracks neatly packaged and recorded by Gussie Clark at sessions held by Gemini Disco at Kingston's Skateland Roller Disco.

The opening side boasts five cuts of 'Pass The Coche' with Eek-A-Mouse and Welton Irie well on the case, whereas side two opens with a succession of Studio One and Treasure Isle dubs followed by 'nuff version of 'Shank I Shek'. Toyan, Lee Van Cleef, Kojak, Jazbo... they're all there except Yellowman, but if you want his singalong style then Brigadier Jerry's 'Ghetto Style' whips together 'Coward Of The County' with 'In The Ghetto'.

The Gemini set suffers from the dubs being too far back in the mix and a total absence of crowd response, forcing you to pump up your Hi-Fi to wild levels to create any kind of atmosphere. If you own a dansette forget it.

Jonjo Lawes' session is a different ball game and what a relief it is not to hear one DJ rabbiting away over ten dull Radics rhythm tracks. 'Live On Aces International' is above all LIVE. It's rough 'n' tough and exemplary of the current genres in toasting. It comes complete with scratches on the dub plates, dedications galore and a crowd that bawls its approval at every possible moment.

Eek-A-Mouse, six feet six inches tall and "the only mouse that can sing right now" generates a wild response every time he opens his mouth to zap them with his unique combination of "chinese style" warbling and dread tales.

Only Yellowman can match the Mouse and there's no doubt that the man can chat! In combination with his sparring partner Fathead he bounces into his rendition of Olivia Newton John's 'Physical', adding lashings of 'Wife and Sweetheart' and 'Tu Sheng Peng'.

Settle, Settle!! This set is positively entertaining but must be played loud. Flash it and see.

Paul Bradshaw

ART'S BETTER MOVES

ARTHUR ALEXANDER

A Shot Of Rhythm And Soul *(Ace)*

THIS IS a welcome and important collection bringing together for the first time on one LP all the famous and not so famous songs recorded by Arthur Alexander in the early '60s.

Alexander is one of the characters who has got passed over in the revision of pop history through his Alabama — piney-woods-black-boy-plays-country style was an absorption of many influences and still sounds sharp and daisy fresh some 20 years later.

Chuck Berry sparked off something of a vision when he wrote *"They're really rockin' in Boston, Philadelphia PA, deep heart of Texas and down in Frisco Bay"*. The more you uncover about Southern Soul, the more the image of clusters of hot house local recording scenes pulsating with energy and charged with emotion comes to life.

The music wasn't made to break mass markets or cater for fashion trends and sounded more natural, more specialised than most of what is churned out on the modern day conveyer belt. It could sell enough to 'break' on the local market and was produced as an integral part of the community — adding spice to their leisure, making their work more bearable, illustrating the loves and heartbreaks in a way that was both moving and accessible. It was in the best sense closer to the heart and soul, created out of real needs and desires.

All these qualities are present and correct in Arthur Alexander's work — from the sadness and regret of 'Go Home Girl' to the joyous 'Pretty Girls Everywhere', which could have been tailor-made for early Marvin Gaye. There's the standout performance judiciously picked up by The Beatles and The Stones — 'Anna' and 'You Better Move On' respectively.

His other records may not have had the commercial success but still ploughed a deep rich furrow through soul, blues, pop and country. All hallmarked by an understated and expressive voice, some great, simple instantly memorable but never forgotten tunes — and though half of them may have been recorded in a warehouse lined with egg crates they're still performed and executed with genuine love and care.

This LP includes rarities like 'Sally Sue Brown' and 'The Girl That Radiates The Charm' (his first two recordings), 'Dream Girl' which crosses over into the pop ballad area, the bitter protest and wailing harp blues of 'Black Night' (young George Ivan Morrison was no stranger to this one, I reckon) but 'You Better Move On' is *the* one — a Latin brushed melody over which he delivers a truly passionate outpouring of emotion.

Arthur Alexander faded away, suffered lengthy bouts of illness, reportedly had an argument with a lot of acid and spent some time in the clink on a manslaughter charge. But he left behind a legacy of music, great, great music. For a long time it's been unavailable and neglected but now the folks at Chiswick / Ace in a continuing series of stylish and tasteful reissues have brought it right back where it belongs.

Sometimes, don't you feel lucky?

Gavin Martin

S.O.S. BAND

S.O.S. III *(Tabu)*

NEW YORK SKYY

Skyyjammer *(Epic)*

CHAKA KHAN

Chaka Khan *(Warner Bros)*

RICHARD 'DIMPLES' FIELDS

Give Everybody Some! *(Epic)*

TWO CREWS, two solo artistes, SOS and Skyy occupy the amorphous middle ground between Clinton and Kool — no coke psychosis on the one hand, no specific commercial formula on the other. SOS had an exultant monster with 'Take Your Time (Do It Right)' in 1980 rewrote it to no avail, and two years on find themselves placed with Ricky Sylvers of Solar. Sylvers has spring-cleaned the sound but sacrificed something of its early charm. The album feels very much of a cosmetic operation. 'High Hopes' is strong but, coincidentally, the only cut not written by anyone involved with the album. 'Can't Get Enough' (written by *Charmaine* Sylvers) is very hack Xerox of the last five Kool and the Gang hits 'Groovin' is likely to appeal to fans of Shakatak and Rodney Franklin, and there's not much else to be said.

Skyy come from Brooklyn, rising from the ashes of Brass Construction and BT Express. It's a dry, hard, compact sound, somewhat lacking in feel and sensuality. 'Freak Outta' is bad Rick James, 'Skyyjammer' itself is a duff take on 'Celebration', and the two ballads are sickly and tedious. Marginally better things occur when leader Sol Roberts drops out of the limelight. Drummer Tommy McConnell's 'Let Love Shine' makes for a strong single with a great mellow, sexy beat, while ex-B Construction Randy Muller (who wrote the v bitchen 'Call Me') has two loose workouts on 'Won't You Be Mine' and 'Miracle'. Overall though, the sound just isn't fresh or alive enough. Skyy call it "sharp" and "snappy", but unless they deliver another 'Call Me' I don't get the point.

'Chaka Khan' — another ominous eponymous title — is a great disappointment after the rough, passionate 'What' cha Gonna Do For Me'. 'What'cha' was one of the few mainstream soul albums that didn't feel like a "session" but this does. Despite immaculate triple-tracked vocals soaring over faultless, anonymous playing, plus a "decent" batch of material, it's a wholly predictable affair. 'Twisted' was a rather fine song from the Quick's 'Fascinating Rhythm' LP but here, like everything else, it's been killed by over-arrangement, Michael Jackson's 'Got To Be There' becomes a listless wail. It's significant enough that Chaka and producer Arif Mardin have composed nothing on this album — last time they co-wrote the incredible 'I Know You, I Love You'.

Richard 'Dimples' Fields has a heavenly tremor of a voice. One of last year's most delicate delights was his 'If it Ain't One Thing'. On following up the scent, the album 'Mr Look So Good' proved to be smooth, sensual, and sardonic. Which is why 'Give Everybody Some!', like 'Chaka Khan', comes as a letdown. From the louche skank of 'People Treat Ya Funky' to the drab commemoration of 'You Send Me', Fields is transparently playing it safe. Unlike 'Mr Look''s spirited Jackie Wilson tribute (or even the tremulous serenade of The Moonglows' 'Sincerely') 'You Send Me' only evokes the greatness of Sam Cooke by default. If 'You Shouldn't Have Made It So Good' has a beautifully bittersweet bridge before hitting its lame chorus, later in the song Fields shows just how hollow he is by bursting into a mock flurry of tears. Shame.

Barney Hoskyns

PALE GEMS AND STREET GAMES

JAZZ
BY RICHARD COOK

A SMALL group format can write freedom and constriction with the same hand: for a player like **Chet Baker** it can wring the most sensitive utterance from a technique that is about the smallest gesture, the broken outline.

'This Is Always' (Steeplechase) is a second helping from a Montmartre club date, the trumpeter supported only by bassist Nils Pedersen and guitarist Chuck Raney; and like most of Baker's prolific output of late there is an atmosphere of nakedness that defies detached listening. You find yourself rooting for a struggling man. On 'House Of Jade', a typically puzzling Wayne Shorter theme, it seems he's almost defeated until there is a sudden bursting of the tension with a startling ascendant flurry. It's such a charge it almost hurts.

There's a brilliant reworking of 'Love For Sale' with near telepathic interplay wrought from original ideas of swing, Baker unreeling new melodies like a man genuinely inspired. There is also his voice, a pliant whisper touched by a wounded vibrato, caressing the ballad slopes of the title song and following it with a trumpet solo that chases the same caring breeze. A pale gem of a date.

Lee Konitz, who had a splendid live set with Chet issued on India Navigation last year, is a man of similar temperament but different method. Hence 'Duo' (MPS), another live recital with frequent collaborator **Martial Solal,** has the same bare wires degree of nuance without the painful crucifixion of tenderness. The strength — whether on a blues, a standard or a pure improvisation — comes from a mature wisdom.

Solal is a pianist of fantastic technique given to outrageous flights of breakneck correspondence, great flat-handed rumbles or teasing pirouettes around his partner; Konitz plays the most elegant, feathery alto imaginable, a limber sound to mask a piercing intelligence. Over this fleet little group of miniatures it's captivating. I think Lee must share some of his associate's Gallic humour, for there's a trace of the belly laugh here and there, like the finale to 'Just A Blues' — cheekily inventive, dashingly witty.

To recede into the very marrow of jazz improvisation we need to turn to another duo, **Don Cherry and Ed Blackwell.** 'El Corazon' (ECM) is a dozen snatches of song, tunes remembered from running streams, melodies hummed out of street games; ancient folk echoes, modern dance steps; mysterious tappings, sombre invocations for the quick and the dead.

There is nothing of the throwaway, faintly foolish tone that marked their earlier duets ('Mu' on Affinity): in 'Solidarity' and 'Arabian Nightingale' Cherry has written themes of similar weight to Monk's 'Bemsha Swing', given a lissom reading at the beginning. His trumpet is allowed full rein as a spear of melancholy in 'Voice Of Silence', his piano sounds more than respectable and he joins his drumming companion on percussion for a joyous tribal dance in 'Makondi'. The world opens and closes to the sound of such music.

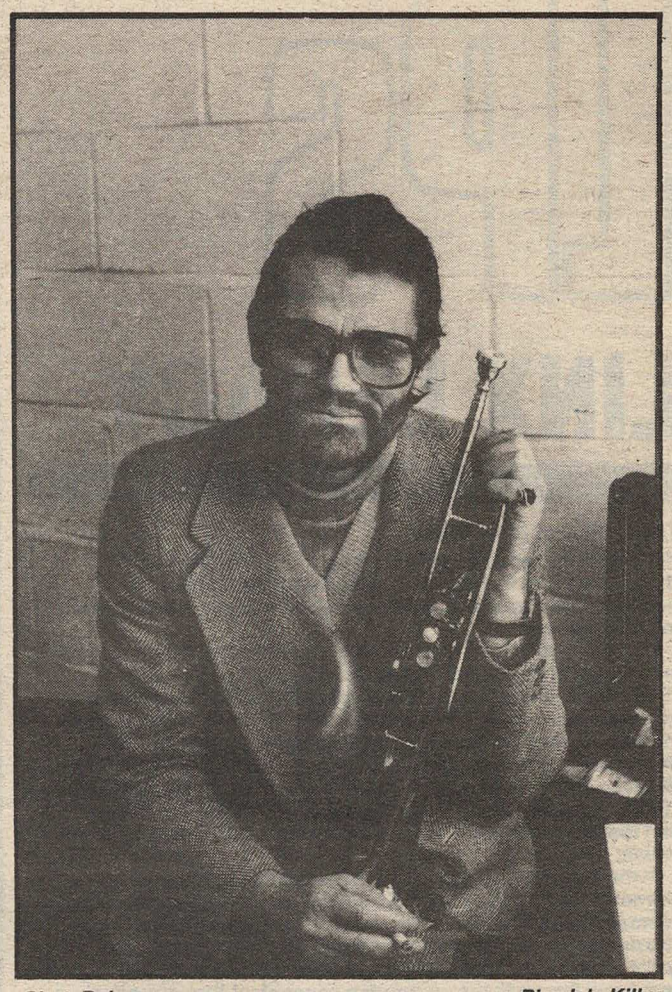
It shouldn't be thought that the personal touch is limited to such free areas. If anything the writing for a large group, where a full spectrum of sound can be harnessed to one man's thoughts, is even more figurative of individual notions.

Two rare albums by the West Coast pianist/arranger **Marty Paich** have been reissued by Discovery (imports, but easily available) and the misleadingly-titled 'The New York Scene' is a particularly pleasurable dip into the breakers. Ten excellent show tunes are transformed into the fluent accents of the Californian style of that time (1959) — buzzy, sparking ensembles blending down into long cool draughts and gently rippling colours.

The lustrous choruses of tunes like 'Too Close For Comfort' and 'It's All Right With Me' are made into singing shafts of brass and reeds, driven into gear by the terrific rhythm section of Scott LaFaro and Mel Lewis and made quirkily unique by the curious gentlemanly passion that hallmarked the West Coast school.

Or try 'I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face' for a thoroughly individual ballad reading, Jimmy Giuffre's clarinet and Art Pepper's alto tender without falling into the lachrymose. Expert solos are scattered like tiny jewels and the usual 'clinical' tag is obliterated by the sheer exuberance the players find.

Richard Cook



Chet Baker *Pic Jak Kilby*

JAH WOBBLE

Jah Wobble's Bedroom Album *(Logo)*

GENERALLY, IT is considered to be the height of bad manners to criticise people for what they do in their bedrooms. Jah Wobble, as befits his position as a highly idiosyncratic man-about-music, has apparently spent a considerable amount of time in solitary confinement in *his* bedroom producing an album of fairly sinister and exotic mood music. It draws heavily on lessons learnt from Holgar Czukay — both through their collaborative work and through Wobble's studies of Czukay's work with Can — but which ends up sounding more reminiscent of semi-early Pink Floyd.

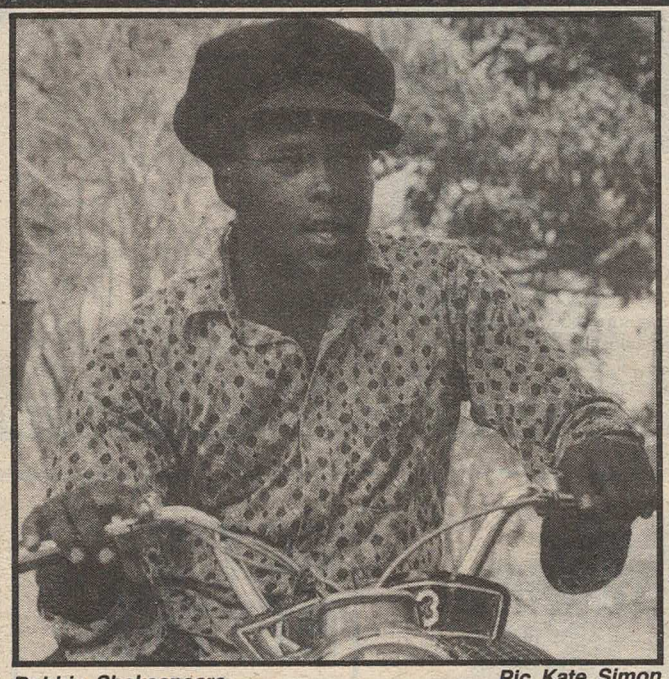
Wobble's only collaborator on 'Jah Wobble's Bedroom Album' is guitarist Animal. He played with Wobble in The Human Condition and is credited as co-writer of four of the tunes. Maybe this solitude contributed heavily to the general atmosphere of depression and foreboding. The tunes have titles like 'Concentration Camp' and 'Journey To Death' and are weighted towards numb, toneless vocals, lyrics about death, misery and madness aided by the pattering, dronelike textures from synthesisers and wind instruments.

The frequent allusions to foreign parts and touches of modern exoticism seem to be there for their Menace Quotient, rather than — as is more frequent these days — as an indication of exciting possibilities available outside the constricting reals of Western rationalism. In its own way, the resulting effect is similar to that produced by Pink Floyd on one occasion when they sang the line *"I was standing by the Nile"* to the accompaniment of a bit of frenzied guitar-bashing, which suggested that the Nile had now been relocated to flow past the back door of the Marquee.

Similarly, Wobble uses both his impeccable sources and his undoubted expertise as multi-instrumentalist and engineer-producer to end up with work only a few notches above the meanderings of miserable dial-a-bands like Tears For Fears.

If bedrooms are for anything, they're for having either a rest or some genuine contact with other living beings (at the very least, a good time). Wobble seems to be getting rather depressed in his — which is more than something of a shame.

Charles Shaar Murray



Robbie Shakespeare *Pic Kate Simon*

CHARGE!

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Well Charge *(Rough Trade/Channel One)*

THE IDENTITY of most reggae music still derives as much from its producer and studio as from the particular artist whose name sits beneath the title in question, giving collections like this two track cassette — culled from the output of the celebrated Channel One studio — the chance to become ready-made chapters of reggae history.

'Well Charge' goes most of the way to despatching this awesome obligation, and for £3.99 offers an impressive array of classic cuts.

Channel One boasted one of the most influential and, at first, most individual studio sounds of the Jamaican '70s. Bossed by producer Ernie Lee Hookim, the studio soon acquired the services of the fledgling rhythmic forcefield of teenage bassie Robbie Shakespeare and drummer Sly Dunbar into its redoubtable Revolutionaries house band, which also boasted talents like guitarist Chinna Smith and reedsman Tommy McCook.

The clean cutting sound of Channel One mixes and the stepping, inventive rhythms conjured by The Revolutionaries were at the forefront of the surge of change that swept through Jamaican music in the early to mid '70s.

Titles like 'Right Time' by The Mighty Diamonds, then in the first flush of national success, and 'Fade Away' by the visionary Junior Byles charted out new moods and feelings, while countless British reggae bands can to this day be heard trying to emulate the stately progress of a Sly Dunbar drum pattern and the chiming of Ansell Collins' keyboards and Chinna Smith's guitar.

The Channel One style slipped easily between uptempo rockers rhythms and fierce dubs on the one hand, and the sweet harmony singing of artists like Pat Kelly and The Jays on the other. Cuts like 'My Girl' from Kelly (for whom Sam Cooke remains the paragon) and The Jays' reworking of The Impressions' 'Queen Majesty' are testimony to the way reggae carried on and maintained the '60s soul tradition, shaming the saccharine slackness of the Lovers Rock scene which aped the romanticism without their commitment.

There are plenty of other similarly inclined sweetmeats here, including The Bold One's compelling 'Dry Up Your Tears' (featuring one of the few vibraphone rhythms in reggae), though the speaker-shaking dub antics of The Revolutionaries go without representation, and their super-duper smash of '76, 'MPLA' is likewise ignored. DJ fans hoping to catch some early Trinity or Clint Eastwood stand-out talk-ins will be similarly disappointed.

The excellence of the selction is otherwise hard to dispute, though the presence of Johnny Osbourne's 'Kiss Somebody' strikes a jarring '80s note, and shows the way many reggae mixes have latterly relied on a noisy clumsiness to achieve their effect.

Neil Spencer

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Live In Concert *(A Paranoid Plastics Cassette)*

"The bad jazz that a cat blows wails long after he's cut out" — ('Willie The Shake')

LUCKILY FOR the reputation of the Wiggiest White Messiah, Richard 'Lord' Buckley, the same goes for the good jazz. The cassette's insert card endows the comedian with that good ole showbiz decoration, 'The Legendary', which means one of two things: the cat's a) dead or b) croaking fast. Buckley is dead — has been since November 1960. Since the term 'legendary' has been recycled to Point Platitude, he deserves even more to acclaim his genius.

Buckley sleazed his way as a stand-up comic through dance marathons in the 1930s, via Vegas and Chicago until hitting New York where the likes of Lenny Bruce would be goggling wonderstruck in the wings.

Buckley was lurching on the brink of fame when the police uncovered a handy 17-year old drugs charge and refused him a cabaret licence. He died 10 days later of a heart attack prompted by a lifetime's wallowing in a princely array of narcotica exotica.

Buckley was white with a rotten case of 'The Hipster's Hang-up' (Albert Goldman) viz. He wanted to be black. Lived for the black man's world of music/language/soul/high spirits. . .his audiences were a blend of nocturnal scum o' the streets, jazz musicians, hipsters & hepsters, all of them glorying in his Church Of The Living Swing.

His stage persona clashed exhilaratingly with his Scat Gospel: British Colonial white pith helmet, waxed 'tash and an air of pompous instruction. Then, M'Lords and Ladies, grmph! He'd unbend, wheeze and holler, growl and wail in purest ghettoese. He loved an epic tale.

Take Jesus of Nazareth, or 'The Nazz', as Buckley tenderly christened him.

"Nah, The Nazz and his buddies was goofin' down the boulevard one day when they came across this little cat wit' the bent frame. An' The Nazz say 'Wa's da matter wit' choo, baby?' An' the little cat say, 'Mah frame is bent, Nazz!"

There were Buckley-fied versions of heroic standards — Shakespeare ('Willie The Shake'), Vasco Da Gama ('The Gasser'), and even a gibbering Khrushchev fantasy ('The H-Bomb'). Buckley performed like a freeform Billy Graham, rapturous seances raunching through the joys of Living.

Unacclimatised ears will have to concentrate on his inspired raps to decipher the patter. However, his unfettered snatching at words and exclamations soon evolves into an impressionistic esperanto of zups and yowls structured as a call-and-response jazz solo. Religion and dissipation have never known such togetherness.

These recordings were taken shortly before his death, the only available aural documentation of his live performances. Also included are 'God's Own Drunk', 'The Black Cross', 'H.M. The Policeman' and an anecdote called 'The Horse's Mouth' which embodies Buckley's key to L-I-F-E in more ways than one.

A dying acquintance was trollied into hospital (". . .but that cat's still swingin'. . .") to be met by a nun bent on salvation.

" 'Mr Jimson, at a serious time like this, shouldn't we laugh a little less and pray a little more?' 'Hrmph. . .it's all the same to me, ma'am grmph. . .' And he flips out."

Buckley was proud of him.

Cath Carroll

Adele Bertai. *Pic Joe Stevens*

NOIR HEAT

ADELE BERTEI

Vortex — The Motion Picture Soundtrack *(Neutral)*

ONE THING I'm looking forward to in '83 is Adele Bertei recording the pop masterpiece she just might be capable of.

This soundtrack album of the film *Vortex* is written mainly by Bertei and the film's directors, Beth and Scott B. The instrumental music is very smart movie mood music, real B-movie detective film type stuff that conjures up visions of dark neon-stabbed streets, furtive footsteps and all the usual sorts of *noir*ish menace. It's archetypal but also different, playing some intriguing tricks with the genre.

But the real joy spot is Bertei's one short and sweet vocal contribution, called 'Once In A Lifetime'. It's a homage to '60's girl group pop, lovingly crafted and sung with moving sincerity. A little gem of a song.

I always knew the young reprobate had it in her. Bertei has always been special, whether it was as an actress or fronting a band (she made The Bloods much more than just another rock band).

Bertei has usually come on with a tough chic pose, but 'Once In A Lifetime' announces a more delicate side of her personality. 'Vortex' as a whole indicates Bertei's musical talent is really multifaceted, as the instrumental music she's worked on here is cunningly arranged and carefully thought out. Some of it actually makes me want to see the film it accompanies — a soundtrack album can't do better than that.

The other highlight here is 'Black Box Disco', a chilling romp illuminated by snatches of dialogue from another Beth and Scott B film, *Black Box*. The theme is psychic torture and mind control, with the voices of Lydia Lunch and Bob Mason as the incongruous embodiments of the Brain Police. The music shimmies with eerie touches mixed into a basic dance rhythm. It would make a great disco single.

There's also a short atmosphere piece by Lydia Lunch called 'Grey Death' that pretty much follows the lines you'd expect — moody and bad-tempered.

The album gets excellent help from its supporting players, especially Richard Edson (who plays with Konk and Sonic Youth) on trumpet and percussion, and some restrained and fitting performances on saxophone by John Lurie.

Richard Grabel

DAVID BOWIE

Rare *(RCA)*

NEITHER RARE nor particularly well done, the latest Bowie collection of alternative cuts, outtakes, live run throughs, flipsides and flops is hardly likely to endear RCA to their presently estranged, contractless breadwinner.

The familiarity of material unearthed won't satisfy collectors much either. If they really wanted to please Bowie bores, the compliers (Italian, incidentally) would've dug up truffles like a version of Brel's 'My Death' — a regular in his '72 sets — a studio 'All The Young Dudes' or even the Cher TV medley.

Instead the paucity of new or unfamiliar songs only confirms Bowie's non-prolific nature. His output has always been lean and well considered, meaning there's not a lot left over, and that which has been is often for good reason.

The anonymous mineral water jingle 'Crystal Japan' that closes this LP doesn't warrant resurrecting, and unless you're Italian or German, 'Ragazzo Solo Ragazza Sola' ('Space Oddity') and 'Helden' ('Heroes') won't mean much to you. Some might have missed the 'Hunky Dory' outtake 'Velvet Goldmine' when it first appeared on the '75 reissue of 'Space Oddity' — a hilarious hankering after Bolan's teen market. The '71 single 'Holy Holy' on the other hand is a less innocent embracing of hedonism.

Elsewhere 'Panic In Detroit' is retrod, live circa '74, shortly before Bowie's soul approximation period, covered here by the shortened single version of 'Young Americans' and the disco revitalisation of 'John I'm Only Dancing (Again)'.

Only three interpretrations suggest a Bowie collection I'd like to hear: Bowie singing Berry's 'Round And Round' (albeit badly), Brel's 'Amsterdam' (not much better) and Brecht / Weill's 'The Alabama Song'.

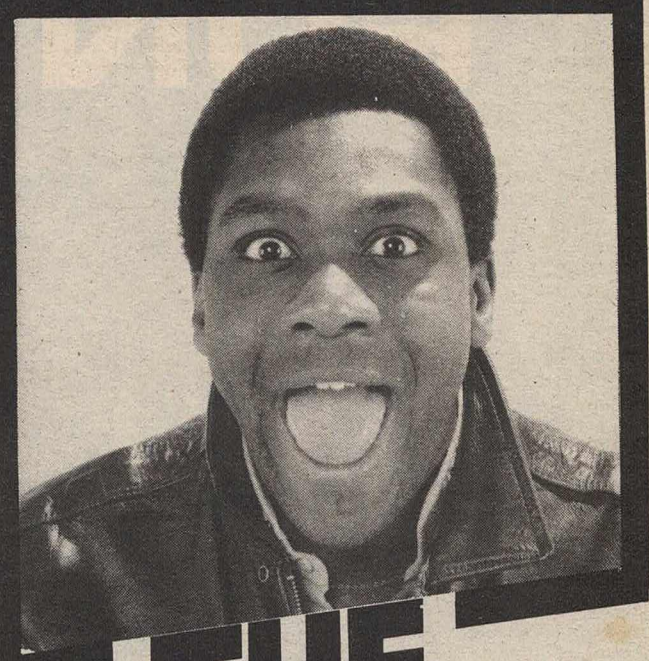
The last named is horrendously if adventurously reshaped to overstate the narrator's desperate stagger from one drunken binge to the next.

Where Weill matched the march of Brecht's whores to a whirling jazz tune, Bowie and Visconti's arrangement has them furiously bouncing off walls in a style better suited to the *"Wham bam thank you mam"* of Bowie's most Brechtian song 'Suffragette City' than the Sodomite gaiety of the original.

But for all its miscued frenzy, Bowie's soaring ambition and breathtaking risky rereading serves as a valid reminder that nothing, not even Brecht, is sacred, and further, that there's more life in the dead than there is in Bacharach and David. All you squirts out there — Pale Fountains, Everything But The Girl etc — take note.

Chris Bohn

PHIL McINTYRE
BY ARRANGEMENT WITH
ROBERT LUFF
ANNOUNCES



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ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE	FEB 4
PLYMOUTH POLY	FEB 5
BANGOR UNI	FEB 8
ABERYSTWYTH UNI	FEB 9
CARDIFF UNI	FEB 11
BRISTOL POLY	FEB 12
PRESTON POLY	FEB 14
LANCASTER UNI	FEB 15
HULL UNI	FEB 16
UNI OF EAST ANGLIA	FEB 17
YORK UNI	FEB 18
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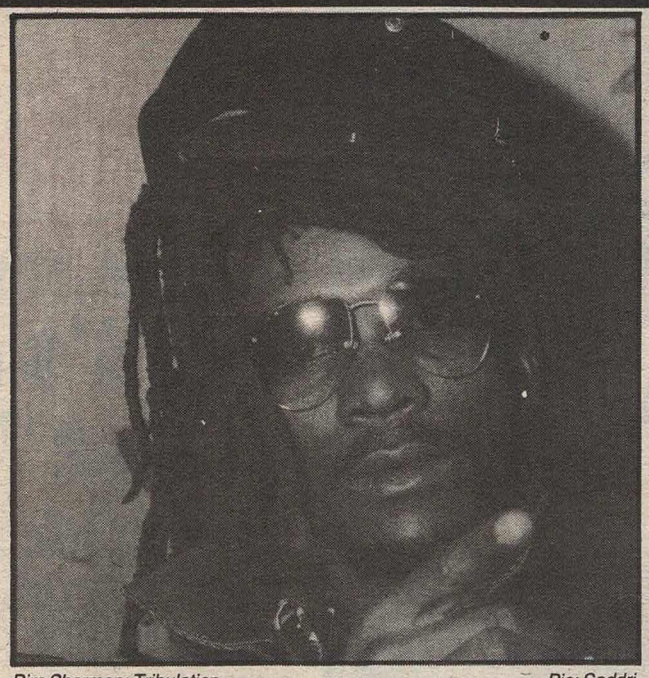
Chrysalis

DISCOMIXING

LATEST 12" discomix titles released include: **Peter Ranking & General Lucky,** 'Be Cool' (Matumbi — MR 005) — produced by J "Boogie" Grant; **Wayne Jarrett & Silver Fox,** 'Greedy Girl' (Warlord — WLD 01) — produced by Hyman "Papa Life" Wright; **Nicodemus,** 'Wake Up Little Suzie' (Claypot — CP 002) — produced by V Blake; **Bobby Culture,** 'Funky Reggae Party' c/w 'Counterfeit' (Claypot — CP 004) — produced by V Blake; **Rags & Riches,** 'If Loving Jah Is Wrong' and **Trinity,** 'Pan Coutie' c/w **Lady Ann,** 'Let Off' (September — SEP 003) — produced by Trinity and Jah Woosh; **Bim Sherman,** 'Tribulation' c/w 'Some Day' (September — SEP 004) — produced by Jah Woosh; **Welton Irie,** 'No 27' c/w Ringo, 'Mr Wong' (Black & White) — produced by Carlton Patterson; **Don Evans,** 'Lately I Found Out' c/w **Carlton Livingstone,** 'Ain't Gonna Fight' (JB — JBD 004) — produced by Winston Riley; **Louie Lepke,** 'Back Off' c/w 'Can't Stop The Rastaman' (Music Works — MWRT 1298) — produced by Gussie Clarke; **David Miller,** 'Swing & Dine Dance All The Time' c/w **Peter Honeygale,** 'Slipping Away' (LGR — 001) — arranged by Sir Lloyd; **Trevor Hartley** with harmony by **Black Stones,** 'Pack Your Things And Go' (Tanga — LAC 001) — produced by L Clarke and R Hanson; **Pablo Gad,** 'Meet Me On The Corner' (CDJ — 001) — self produced; and two from **Ranking Devon,** 'Feeling Of Love' c/w 'Stand By Me' and 'Short Supply' (Mighty Cloud — 001) — produced by G McLean and 'Trespassing' (Zodiac) — produced by Nat Rowe.



Bim Sherman: Tribulation *Pic: Saddri*

DJ EXPLOSION

THIS FRIDAY takes place Britain's first ever live recording dance when a DJ Explosion of nine London sounds congregate at the Dick Sheppard Youth Centre, Tulse Hill, SW2 — from 7pm until midnight — for a session to be recorded through Easy Street's mobile studio.

There will be two toasters apiece per sound, with a time limit of 30 minutes each session. In order of appearance are: **Champion** and **Sugar Dread** representing **Jamdown Rocker** at 7pm; **Styler** and **Colonel Flux** for **Sir Lloyd** at 7.30pm; **Tipper Ranks** and **General Slater** for **King Tubby's** at 8pm; **Ruby Ranks** and **Levi** for **Saxon International** at 8.30pm; **Keithy Dread** and **Little Andy** for **Hightous** at 9pm; **Dego Ranks** and **Partner** for **Stereograph** at 9.30pm; **Johnny Dollar** for **Nasty Rockers** at 10pm; **Pebbles** and **Duffus** for **Coxsone** at 10.30pm and **Welton Youth** and **Colonel Fluxie** for **Frontline** at 11pm.

Admission is £1.50.

Lloydie Coxsone *Pic: Tim Malyon*

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND reporting — flashing from a semi-frequency — when passion's trance is overpast. . .the new Wailing Souls album is issued this week on Shepherds Bush label Greensleeves and entitled 'Inchpinchers' (GREL 47). Recorded at Channel One and produced by Henry Lawes, the set resumes reflection on 'Mass Charley Ground' and 'Tom Sprang' among its ten titles. . .**if tenderness and truth could last or live**. . .up on Midnight Rock is a set from singjay stylist Triston Palmer illustrating the mores of 'Entertainment'. Produced by Jah Thomas, who also takes credit for composition of seven titles on the set, it also includes a version of Errol Dunkley's 'You're Gonna Need Me' plus two further adaptations . . .**whilst all wild feelings keep some mortal slumber, dark and deep**. . .meanwhile, sounds say that the Man himself is now working on a new LP at Easy Street studios in Bethnal Green, with Errol benefitting from the production of Messrs Sonny and Jackal. . .**I should not weep, I should not weep**. . .and up on the Dada label is the debut set from Afro-Carib septet Dambala, taking its title from the group's '70s hit 'Azania', and recorded in Holland. present line-up of the group is: Dada "Chukwuaka" Anyia,vocals, rhythm, lead, acoustic and bass guitar,blues harp, percussion; Eric "Gadite" Dodd, keyboards, harmony vocals; Dada "Abioroko" Davies, congos, harmony vocals, percussion; Kees Klavers, bass and lead guitar; Asher "Sweet Sugar", vocals and Byron Ly-Fook, drums, harmony vocals, percussion. . .

IT WERE ENOUGH TO FEEL. . .on Friday at St Hilda's East Community Centre, Bethnal Green, E2 — 9pm until 2am — live on stage Cruzial with supporting sounds by Sir George Hi-Fi. Tickets £2 on 01-729 2305 or £2.50 at the door. . .**to see thy soft eyes gazing tenderly**. . .Orchestra Jazira with Aldeoni E Amigos play a benefit for the Anti-Apartheid at ULU, Malet Street, WC1 Saturday night. Tickets in advance from AAM, 89 Charlotte Street, W1. Tel 01-580 5311. . .**and dream the rest**. . .calling all ravers to A Ranking Session to be held at 11 Seldon House, Seldon Road, Nunhead, SE15 on Saturday — from dusk till dawn — tune in to Tiffany and Saxon International. . .**and burn and be the secret food of fires unseen**. . .also on Saturday at the London Apollo Club, 375 High Road, Willesden, NW10 is a spectacular reggae, soul and lovers festival featuring Grove Master (reggae), Smokey (soul) and Prediction (lovers). Open from 9pm. . .**could thou but be what thou hast been**. . .next Wednesday (February 2) afternoon at 3pm Pack Jam for the Unemployed presents Coxsone sound system at Nettleford Hall, Norwood High Street, SE27. Creche provided. . .

AFTER THE SLUMBER OF THE YEAR. . .actor, playwright, poet Jimi Rand presents a new comedy for the over-7s depicting *Anansi The Spiderman* at the Unicorn Children's Theatre, Great Newport Street, London, W1. Performances are on January 29 and 30 and February 5, 6, 12, 13, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27. . .**the woodland violets reappear**. . .a conference on Racism in Schools is held this Saturday at County Hall, London, SE1 — 11am to 4.30pm. Organised by the Communist Party National Race Relations Committee, the event will be opened by writer Farrukh Dhondy. . .**all things revive in field or grove and sky and sea**. . .due out on CSA in mid-February is a new set from The Viceroys vocal group, a Linval Thompson production entitled 'Brethren And Sistren'. Currently issued by the same label is a latest Junior Brown discomix 'My Devotion'. . .**but two, which move and form all others — life and love**. . .finally, every Sunday evening — from 7.30 until 12.30 — at Valentinos, 144 Tottenham High Road, London, N15 rock to the sound of Sir Biggs. . .

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THE SIZEWELL INQUIRY

CEGB's claims "false", say FoE

AS AMERICAN churchmen take the floor to condemn both the use of nuclear weapons and various aspects of their country's 'defence' policy, (including the concept of nuclear deterrence), the Central Electricity Generating Board continues its expensive claims that the Pressurised Water Reactor proposed for Sizewell on the Suffolk coast would constitute "only an infinitesimally small" chance of disaster for the public.

"Though," admitted even its proponent Mr Roy Matthews (the CEGB's director of Health and Safety), "there is a theoretical chance of very substantial consequences indeed".

Indeed there would be — for the PWR, as everybody should now know, is the model of reactor responsible for the 1979 nuclear 'incident' at Three Mile Island.

The exact consequences of Three Mile Island will not be measurable for years and years, yet it was the catalyst which began to unite the American public in a greater and more determined opposition to nuclear proliferation and its potential horrors.

Partly as a consequence of American resistance, the Yank nuclear industry — in addition to the nuclear industry as a whole — is currently in "dire straits economically" say Sizewell's anti-PWR party, the Friends of the Earth.

FoE's Energy Campaign, which is battling the PWR on safety grounds, says that acceptance of the CEGB's proposals "would represent a highly significant step in the UK's energy policy because a), it would lock us into a pro-nuclear energy programme and b), it would represent the biggest single step in civil investment in this country so far".

Why do FoE feel it would be such an unwise — as well as unnecessary and prohibitively expensive — investment?

"We believe it to be a highly unsafe form of reactor," says spokesperson Renee Chudleigh. "And we believe the CEGB's claim that it can be made safer is false. That is the opinion of the team we assembled to examine the CEGB's proposals objectively and in detail. From all the documents they are presenting at the enquiry, we simply do not see how the CEGB *can* successfully make the PWR any safer."

An impressive selection of economists, researchers and politicians have been casting doubts and/or aspersions on the CEGB's evidence since the beginning of the enquiry, but even leading objectors were surprised when Lord Kearton (a member of the UK Atomic Energy Authority for over 25 years), Sir Denis Dobson (former Permanent Secretary to the Lord Chancellor), and lawyer Paul Sieghart announced the launch of a public appeal to raise £500,000 in further finances for the opposition to the Suffolk PWR.

The appeal was engineered by a Suffolk County councillor, Mr Edward Irving. Irving was "shocked" when he attended the first day of the Sizewell enquiry — appalled at the giant gap between the resources provided for the CEGB to present its case and the funds of objectors (many of whom were prevented from presenting their objections at all thanks to the government's 1982 decision not to finance them).

Irving felt that those objectors should be allowed to speak.

"The British system of justice depends on both sides having something approaching an equality of resources," he told the press.

Friends of the Earth responded immediately with thanks and encouragement. "We welcome any attempt to raise funds for the Sizewell enquiry's objectors," said new FoE chairman Des Wilson at a press conference last week. "We also welcome any attempt to raise public awareness of the paucity of the pro-PWR case."

Anyone wishing to make a contribution can contact the Sizewell Fighting Fund at 377 City Rd, London EC1.

MEANWHILE, the 'Dispatches From An Unofficial War Artist' exhibition of anti-nuclear photomontage by Peter Kennard is open for viewing in the main foyer of County Hall in London. The display of agitprop art in this venue is deliberate — it constitutes part of the Greater London Council's Peace Year 1983 campaign, and is open from 9am to 7pm weekdays until February 4.

The exhibition — which was approved by the GLC's Arts and Recreation Committee on January 12 — is one of a number of events planned by the GLC for their Peace Year, other activities are to include the Youth Music Festival reported in last week's *NME*, as well as additional open-air concerts, touring cabarets, and Council-sponsored film showings.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Montage by Peter Kennard

NEVER-SAY-DIE carpet campaigner Phil Collins is to continue his battle against a Northampton store which went bust.

Fighting Phil is to sue for the £136 he lost when the giant Eastern Carpets Ltd. crashed last year, even though he knows his victory may not bring him a penny.

"It's the principle of the thing," said the father-of-two from Lutterworth Road, Northampton. "I'll do it

Even chart-toppers have to watch those trifling hundreds. From the Northampton Mercury & Herald

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Record NEWS

The Enid do it all by post

THE ENID, who begin a massive tenth anniversary tour next month, have opened their own mail-order company. Object of the exercise is, to bypass middle men and wholesalers, and make their product cheaper and more accessible. They will have three brand new studio albums available from February 18, plus their entire back catalogue and all Enid merchandise. A spokesman said that, under the new policy, their material will never again be available in shops. Full details from The Enid at Claret Hall Farm, near Clare, Suffolk.

● **The Barracudas** are back with a re-shaped line-up and a new album. Chris Wilson (ex-Flamin' Groovies) and Empire (ex-TV Personalities and Robyn Hitchcock) have joined the nucleus of Robin Wills, Jeremy Gluck and Jim Dickson. Their album 'Mean Time' is already out in France, and UK release will be announced shortly.

● Rough Trade this week releases a 22-track compilation on cassette only titled 'Well Charge'. It features early '70s material, drawn from the catalogue of Jamaica's Channel 1 label — including **The Mighty Diamonds, Earth And Stones, Jays** and **The Revolutionaries.**

● **Michael Nyman,** the arranger of Sting's recent 'Spread A Little Happiness' hit, releases an album of his music from the film *The Draughtsman's Contract* on Charisma this week.

● **And Also The Trees,** who've built up a considerable reputation on the Midlands circuit, have released an album in both vinyl and cassette forms. It's available at just £1 (plus postage) from BPM Records, P.O. Box 40, Hounslow TW4 5DH.

● **Laughing Academy,** who pioneered the idea of video singles, release their third this week — titled 'Naked', it features three tracks. It's available from the group at B.R.A.W. Products, 74 High, Burntisland, Fife, Scotland — send £4.95 plus padded SAE. Alternatively, you can send 90p, plus a blank video-tape and padded SAE.

BELLE STARS DEBUT ALBUM

THE BELLE STARS have their debut album released by Stiff this weekend, with their name as its title. It includes their three previous hits — 'Iko Iko', 'The Clapping Song' and 'Mockingbird' — and well as their current single 'Sign Of The Times'. The girls are currently spending a week in the Far East — filming a commercial for a brand of Japanese beer! But they'll be back early next month for appearances on BBC's *Rock & Pop Awards* and Channel 4's *The Tube.*

● **The Lurkers** have their new single 'Frankenstein Again'/'One Man's Meat' issued by Midlands label Clay Records on February 4, and they start recording their debut album next month. On the same day and label, there's a 12-inch seven-track EP by **The Zanti Misfitz** titled 'Heroes Are Go', which should sell at a maximum £2.15. And **Discharge** are currently rehearsing with new guitarist Pooch Purtill for their Clay album, which will consist of one studio and one live side.

● New RCA signing **JoBoxers** have changed the title of their debut single, due out on February 4. It will now be 'Boxer Beat' and not, as previously announced, 'Johnny Friendly'.

● Survival Records release the LP 'Mind and Matter' containing nine tracks from six of their current artists — including **Drinking Electricity, Richard Bone** and **Do It.** The second side features 'Megamix', a sequence of four dance mixes edited together into a 17-minute dance extravaganza.

PHIL EVERLY & CLIFF RICHARD duet on the single 'She Means Nothing To Me', for Capitol release on February 7 — it was written by John David (bassist with Dave Edmunds' band) and produced by Stuart Colman. Mark Knopfler and Terry Williams of Dire Straits are among backing musicians, as is keyboards man Pete Wingfield. It's taken from Everly's upcoming album, details to follow shortly.

HAYSI FANTAYZEE, who scored heavily last year with their single 'John Wayne Is Big Leggy', will have their debut album 'Battle Hymns For Children Singing' released by Regard Records on February 4 — coinciding with the first birthday of the label, which is distributed through RCA.

ROCKY SHARPE & The Replays have signed to Polydor Records, and have their first single via that outlet released on February 4, coupling 'If You Wanna Be Happy' and 'If You Know How To Rock'n'Roll (You'll Never Be Alone)'. Singles from Polydor this weekend include 'Main Attraction' by Suzi Quatro, 'The Trouble With Me Is You' by Hank Marvin and 'Time' by Music For Pleasure.

MATCHBOX, just back from a sell-out tour of Yugoslavia, release a new single on the Magnet label this weekend titled 'I Want Out'. It features a guest appearance by Kirsty MacColl, who shares lead vocals with Graham Fenton, and the track was produced by the group's new bassist Brian Hodgson.

BILLY PRESTON & SYREETA, whose teaming initially resulted in the smash hit 'With You I'm Born Again', will have their latest duet 'A New Way To Say I Love You' released by Motown early next month. It will be packaged in a special Valentine's Day bag, complete with a "To and From" gift label.

FUN BOY THREE have their sixth single issued by Chrysalis this weekend, as a prelude to their UK tour opening in mid-February. The A-side is 'Tunnel Of Love', a track from their upcoming album, details of which will be announced next week. It's coupled with 'The Lunacy Legacy', an acapella version of their first hit 'The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum'. Also available as a 12-inch.

UB40, whose new single 'I've Got Mine' was reported last week, now announce a new album — their first live set. It was recorded during their Irish tour last year, and is released on their own Dep label (through Virgin) on February 18. Not surprisingly, it's called 'UB40 Live'.

DEPECHE MODE make their first 1983 assault on the charts with the single 'Get The Balance Right' / 'The Great Outdoors', for release next Monday (31). There's also a 12-inch version which features a combination mix of the A-side, plus the live track 'Tora, Tora, Tora' recorded at Hammersmith Odeon last October.

THE SAINTS have their fith album 'Out In The Jungle' issued by Flicknife Records this weekend, though it's their first UK release for three years. It's previously been available on import, but has now been remixed and re-cut. The Australian band, whose only remaining original member is Chris Bailey (vocals and guitar), are planning to tour Britain again in the near future.

CHRISTOPHER CROSS releases his long-awaited second album through WEA on February 11. Titled 'Another Page', it contains ten new self-penned songs — and among guest backing vocalists on the set are Michael McDonald, Carl Wilson, Don Henley, J.D. Souther and Art Garfunkel. A single from the LP 'All Right' / 'Long World' is issued this weekend and, as a bonus, the 12-inch format also contains his smash hit 'Arthur's Theme'.

FLEETWOOD MAC have a seven-inch picture disc of their current Warner Brothers single 'Oh Diane' now available. The A-side also features one of the band's best-known tracks 'Rhiannon' — and the coupling is 'This Chain', recently used as the theme for BBC-TV's *Grand Prix* series.

SHALAMAR's current album 'Friends' on Solar Records (through WEA) has now gone Platinum in the UK, having sold in excess of 300,000 copies in this country.

MICHAEL JACKSON has a second single lifted from his 'Thriller' album by Epic this week, titled 'Billie Jean'. And he'll be arriving in London in the next couple of months to work with Paul McCartney. There's also talk of his being involved in a Steven Spielberg movie in the future.

JOAN JETT is back in the studio after completing her massive 30-month world tour, comprising no less than 618 concerts. She's now recording her third album, which she is co-producing with Kenny Laguna and Richie Cordell. It's due out in the summer, and we can expect a further burst of live activity at that time.

PINSKI ZOO, now a six-piece with the addition of Kasimir-Karl Bingham (electric bass and voice) to their line-up, release their new album 'The City Can't Have It Back' on February 14. It's on Dug-Out Records, distributed by Rough Trade and available through The Cartel.

THE BEE GEES have signed to write and perform the original songs to be featured in the film *Staying Alive*, which has just started shooting in Los Angeles. It's the sequel to *Saturday Night Fever* and again stars John Travolta — it's being directed by Sylvester Stallone, who also co-produces with Robert Stigwood. A soundtrack album will coincide with the release of the movie later this year.

ELVIS PRESLEY's 'Jailhouse Rock'/'Treat Me Nice' was the first single to come straight into the UK charts at No.1 — that was 25 years ago this week. To mark the anniversary, RCA are releasing an exact replica, with its original black-and-silver label and singles bag, and original catalogue number. There's also a limited edition picture disc, on which the B-side is the previously unreleased 'Elvis Medley'.

THE REVILLOS have finally succeeded in releasing their new album 'Attack!', which they recorded last spring. It was originally due to be issued last June, but initially delayed by a personnel change, and subsequently by a dispute with the record company which led to a High Court injunction. But it's now in the shops on the Superville Records label of York.

Cherry Red hit LP sparks reissue glut

CHERRY RED are reissuing a batch of their albums, due to the interest generated by their 99p compilation LP 'Pillows and Prayers' following its No.1 success in the indie charts. The re-releases are all by artists featured on that hit album, and they are 'Eligible Bachelors' by *The Monochrome Set*; 'Contradictions' by *Thomas Leer*; 'A Distant Shore' by *Tracey Thorn*; 'Politicz' and 'Pointing The Finger' by *Kevin Coyne*; 'Before The Dream Faded' by *The Misunderstood*; 'Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty' by *Felt*; 'A Thriving And Happy Land' by *Five Or Six*; 'Photographs As Memories', 'Caught In A Flux' and 'Drumming The Beating Heart' by *Eyeless In Gaza*; 'Pigs On Purpose' by *The Nightingales*; and 'An Evening With *Quentin Crisp*'. An even larger batch of singles is also being reissued.

● **MAGNUM FORCE** have reduced the dealer price of their ten-inch import albums by 70p, the bulk of which should be passed on to the public, so creating a new mid-price line. Albums initially affected are by *Warren Smith, Gene Summers, Crazy Cavan, Charlie Gracie, Sonny Fisher* and *Freddie 'Fingers' Lee.*

● **Graffiti** is a new label launched this week by Rialto Records, concentrating on dance and disco music from Britain and the States. First release is the 12-incher 'Feelin Hot' by **Futura**, on licence from Rockin' & Reelin' Records of New York.

CLIMAX BLUES BAND, who've been based in the States for the past few years, re-surface in the UK next weekend on the Virgin label. Their first single via that outlet is 'Listen To The Night' / 'Church', for February 4 release. Both tracks are taken from their upcoming album 'Sample And Hold', due out shortly. They're currently engaged in a world tour through until July, but there's no immediate sign of any British dates.

● **Action Pact** have been quiet for some time, while seeking a new drummer. But they've now recruited a character who goes under the name of Grimly Fiendish, and they'll have a new single titled 'People' released by Fall Out Records next month.

● Singer-writer **Julia Downes** has her debut album 'Let Sleeping Dogs Lie' issued this weekend by Naive Records (through Spartan), containing 12 of her own songs. She's off to America next month, when she'll be co-writing material with Kim Carnes.

● **Kelly Groucett,** ELO's bassist, releases his first single on the Riva label on February 11. Titled 'Let The Kids Do It', it's being used as the theme music for Mike Mansfield's six-part Channel 4 series *Minipops*, which starts screening on February 8.

● Two Australian bands have releases scheduled by EMI. **The Little Heroes** have their single 'Young Hearts' out next Monday (31), followed on February 14 by their album 'Play By Numbers'. And the single 'Downhearted' by **Australian Crawl** is issued on February 7, with their LP 'Sons Of Beaches' set for the next week (14).

● **Janet Jackson** is the sister of Michael (and all the other Jacksons, for that matter). Her self-named debut album is issued by A&M on February 4, preceded this weekend by her single 'Come Give Your Love To Me'.

● Following the success of the Beet-Bop Club last year, the management has launched the Beet-Bop Platters label, aimed at discovering original talent outside the mainstreams of rock. First release on February 11 (through Stage One) is the debut album by **Gorp,** 'The Wild Walk Sideways'. Demo tapes are invited — send to the label, c/o IKF, 452 Fulham.

● Bath electronic duo **Naked Eyes** have their second single 'Voices In My Head' issued by EMI on January 31. It's taken from their debut album 'Burning Bridges', due out in March.

● **The Detroit Spinners** have their new single 'I'll Be Around'/ 'City Full Of Memories', produced by Thom Bell, released by Atlantic on February 4 in both 7" and 12" formats.

● **Gerry Cott,** who left The Boomtown Rats in 1981 to pursue a solo career, signed to Epic last autumn — and his debut single for the label is out this week, 'Ballad Of The Lone Ranger' / 'Just Like Anybody Else'.

Morrison's dozen

VAN MORRISON arrives back in the UK in March to play a series of a dozen major concerts, all but two of them divided between London and his hometown of Belfast. He last toured here a year ago, and — apart from one possible change — is expected to have the same backing band this time around.

He opens at Belfast Grand Opera House for four nights (March 9-12), then plays single shows at Brighton Centre (14) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (15), before climaxing in a six-night stint at London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (17-19 and 21-23).

Tickets are expected to be available from tomorrow (Friday) and the prices are £7.50 only (Belfast); £6.50, £5.50 and £4 (Brighton); £6.50 only (Bournemouth); and £7.50 and £6.50 (London).

As a prelude to his visit, Phonogram release a new Morrison single on February 11 titled 'Cry For Home'. The B-side is a live eight-minute version of 'Summertime In England', recorded in Belfast during his last UK tour. The 12-inch format carries a bonus track called 'All Saints Day'.

Gigs by Vibrators, Fad, Animal Nightlife, Alarm

THE VIBRATORS are going on the road, coinciding with the release of their first new album in four years — titled 'Guilty', it's out this week on Anagram Records and features 12 new songs, plus the recent single re-working of 'Baby, Baby' and the old stage favourite 'Jumpin' Jack Flash'. Dates so far confirmed are London Hammersmith Klub Foot (February 3), Loughton Corbett Theatre (5), Swindon Brunel Rooms (8), Brighton New Regent (10), Kingston Polytechnic (17), Middlesbrough Cavern (19), London Marquee Club (23), Birmingham New Factory (March 3) and London Chelsea College (5). Further dates are currently being finalised for the band, who comprise Knox (lead vocals and guitar), John Ellis (lead guitar), Pat Collier (bass) and Eddie (drums).

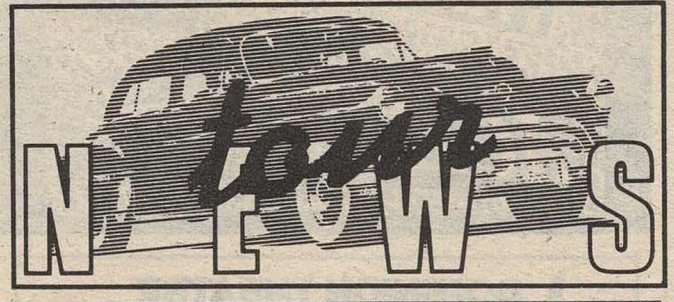
FAD GADGET finally hits the UK road next week, aiding promotion of his current single 'For Whom The Bells Toll', of which a 12-inch version has now been made available. Gigs so far set are Liverpool Pickwick's (February 1), Preston Warehouse (2), Glasgow Night Moves (3), Edinburgh University (4), Retford Porterhouse (5), Brighton Sherry's (7), Croydon Green Dragon (8), Nottingham Rock City (9), Manchester Hacienda Club (10) and London Victoria The Venue (16). More dates are at present being finalised, and details are likely next week.

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE — the nine-piece outfit fronted by Andy Polaris & The Animalettes (Chrysta and Leah) — have lined up a substantial UK tour to preview their upcoming new single 'Mighty Hands Of Love', due for CBS release on March 4. They play Hastings Down Town (tonight, Thursday), Hickstead Cinderella's (Friday), Bath University (Saturday), Leeds Warehouse (February 3), Sheffield Polytechnic (4), Newcastle Dingwalls (5), Glasgow Maestro's (6), Ravensbourne College (10), Reading University (11), Norwich East Anglia University (14), Coventry Warwick University (15), Manchester Hacienda Club (18), London Duke of York's Theatre (20), Dartford Flicks (24) and Canvey Island Goldmine (25), with more to be confirmed.

THE ALARM have lined up a number of dates to preview their second single for Illegal Records, due out in late February. They are special guests in the two farewell concerts by Stiff Little Fingers at Newcastle City Hall (February 5) and Glasgow Apollo (6), and have London dates in their own right at the Marquee Club (this Sunday and February 16), Chelsea College (12) and Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (18). A major nationwide tour will follow in March after the release of the single, which is 'The Stand'/'68 Guns' — it was produced by Mick Glossop, who has previously worked with The Skids, The Ruts, Gillan, UFO, Frank Zappa and, more recently, Southern Death Cult.

Lizzy split sparks ticket rush

THIN LIZZY have added four more shows to their farewell tour, as a result of the heavy ticket demand sparked by their split announcement. They play second nights at Birmingham Odeon (February 22) and Oxford Apollo (28), a third concert at London Hammersmith Odeon (March 11) and slot in a new date at Cardiff St. David's Hall (27). They also have a new single released on February 4 titled 'Cold Sweat' — it's taken from their album 'Thunder And Lightning', which follows a week later.



ALL-STAR U.S. OUTFIT DUE

BOBBY & THE MIDNITES are a group of star American musicians, of considerable renown. They comprise Bob Weir of The Grateful Dead, Bobby Cochran and Alphonso Johnson of Weather Report, Dave Garland and master drummer Billy Cobham. Currently in Europe recording a TV special, they're being brought to the UK next week to play just two dates — Sheffield Dingwalls (February 3, all tickets £3.50) and London Hammersmith Odeon (February 4, tickets £5.50 and £4.50). Promoters are Harvey Goldsmith and Peter Gross.

PETER, PAUL & MARY DATES

PETER, PAUL & MARY – of Leaving On A Jet Plane' fame – have reunited, and will be arriving on a jet plane for a series of concerts. They play Birmingham Odeon (March 12), Manchester Place (13), Edinburgh Playhouse (14), Southport New Theatre (16), London Royal Albert Hall (17) and Dublin Stadium (19). The visit is part of a European tour, starting next month, and tickets are on sale now.

Watts cooking

JOHN WATTS, best-known as leader of the now-defunct Fischer-Z, has put together a new six-piece band who are currently in rehearsal. His second solo album 'The Iceberg Model' is scheduled by EMI for release in March, and Watts is planning a major London show with the new band at that time, with provincial dates to follow. As a foretaste, a single culled from the LP — titled 'I Smelt Roses (In The Underground)' — is issued next Monday.

INCANTATION SET FOUR MORE

INCANTATION — who,as reported last week, will be presenting their South American pan-pipe music at London Dominion Theatre on March 1 — have now confirmed four provincial concerts to follow that date. They are at Worthing Assembly Rooms (March 2), Manchester Ashton Metro Theatre (3), York University (4) and Edinburgh Playhouse (5). Although this is the sum total of their March dates, Beggars Banquet revealed this week that a major tour is being lined up for the group in May.

WAINWRIGHT RETURNS FOR SPRING TOUR

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III, always a sell-out attraction in UK concert halls, returns here in the spring after a lenghty absence — due to his 18-month commitment playing the lead in the Broadway musical *Pumpboys And Dinets*. His arrival coincides with the release of a new album titled 'Fame & Wealth', self-produced in New York and featuring 12 new songs. with guest appearances by Richard Thompson and The Roches.

He opens at London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre on March 20, then goes off to the Irish Republic to play three shows (Galway, Cork and Dublin), picking up his UK schedule at Belfast Opera House (29), Reading Hexagon (31), Aldeburgh Snape Maltings (April 2), Cardiff St. David's Hall (3), Hayes Alfred Beck Centre (5), Dunstable Queensway Hall (7), Guildford Civic Hall (8), Glasgow Pavilion (10), Edinburgh Queens Hall (12), Inverness Eden Court (14), Nottingham Theatre Royal (21) and Manchester Royal Exchange (24).

Tickets for the London show are on sale now priced £4.50, £5 and £5.50, but arrangements vary elsewhere, and readers should contact the respective box-offices for details. Tour promoters are Asgard.

Eddy Grant to tour, Hackett benefit, Burdon London season, U2 two extra

EDDY GRANT is to tour Britain in mid-1983, his spokesman announced this week. UK dates will be part of a full European tour, taking in ten different countries, and running from early June to late July — exact details to follow later. Meanwhile, his album 'Walking On Sunshine' — which has been unavailable for the past two years — is being reissued by Ice Records (through RCA) on February 14.

STEVE HACKETT and "special guests" are playing a charity concert tomorrow (Friday) at Guildford Civic Hall — all tickets £4. It's in aid of the Tadworth Hospital for Children, which is threatened with imminent closure — and if this should happen at the end of this month, proceeds will then be diverted to the hospital to which the children are moved.

ROY HARPER BAND have added still more dates to their previously reported tour, which promotes their new album 'Work Of Heart' on Public Recordings. Latest gigs are at Durham University (February 1), Lancaster University (6), York University (8), Manchester UMIST (9), London Victoria The Venue (11), Birmingham Tower Ballroom (14) and Brighton Sussex University (16). A further batch is awaiting confirmation.

PETER HAMMILL, who hasn't been seen on the UK circuit for over a year, has been named as special guest on the upcoming Marillion tour — which, as reported last week, opens on March 15 and climaxes at London Hammersmith Odeon on April 17. He'll be accompanied by guitarist John Ellis, and will feature material from his current Naive Records album 'Enter K', which has already figured in the indie charts.

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT — whose 'Fat Man' single has had a lenghty spell at No.1 in the indie charts, as well as making a brief appearance in the national charts — are playing a handful of dates next month. They visit Liverpool Warehouse (February 17), Retford Porterhouse (18), Aylesbury Friars (19), London Charing Cross Heaven (21) and Newcastle Tiffany's (23). There's a chance that one or two more may be added.

CAMDEN JAZZ WEEK takes place as usual at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse, and the full line-up is: Gil Evans Orchestra and Benny Wallace Trio (March 14); Gil Evans Orchestra and Bobby Wellins Quartet (15); Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society and Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika (16); Lester Bowie Ensemble with Fontella Bass (17); Freddie Hubbard Quintet and S.O.H. (18); and Cecil Taylor Unit, Diane Mcintyre Dance Company and Howard Riley & Keith Tippet (19).

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS headline a show at the Acklam Hall in West London this Saturday (29) supported by Null & Void, Thinking Man's Alternative, Seven Sisters and Twelve Inch. It's been arranged by the group of under-21s known as The Yobz who organise their own gigs, aided by the North Kensington Amenity Trust and the Lancester Music Project.

ERIC BURDON is to make a rare appearance in London — and for a full week! He's at The Canteen in Covent Garden from Monday, February 28, to Saturday, March 5. The engagement is billed as "Eric Burdon Sings The Blues".

HINKLEY'S HEROES, the occasional band of all-star musicians who take their name from pianist Tim Hinkley, have three London gigs this weekend — at Camden Dingwalls (tonight, Thursday), Fulham Golden Lion (Friday) and Victoria The Venue (Saturday). As well as playing collectively, some of the members — including Henry McCullough, Bobby Tench and Mel Collins — will be showcasing their own material.

SHARK TABOO are playing six dates billed as "Seeds Of A Lunatic Tour", with all profits donated to the CND Movement. They are Farnham Art College (tonight, Thursday), Basingstoke Technical College (Friday), London Greenwich The Mitre (February 1), Coventry Polytechnic (5), Kingston Polytechnic with The Bluebells (8) and Exeter University (13). This follows the recent release of their debut single 'Crossfire' on Risque Records (through Pinnacle).

U2 have added another couple of shows to their upcoming UK tour, reported two weeks ago. They now have a new opening date at Dundee Caird Hall on February 26, and have slotted in Hanley Victoria Hall on March 4. Tickets at both venues are on sale now, priced £4 and £3.50.

AXE, the American hard rock five-piece from Florida, have been named as the support act on the UK tour in May by Iron Maiden — announced last week. Their debut album was released here in November by Atco (through WEA), and they are currently working on a follow-up set to be issued at the time of their arrival.

THE SWINGING LAURELS, now expanded to a six-piece, are set to return to live action after a lengthy absence — they've been booked as support act on the sell-out UK tour by Culture Club in March, and will then play a lengthy string of their own headliners. Their new single is 'Lonely Boy'/ Voice Of The Mountains', for release by WEA on February 25 — and the A-side features a guest vocal by a very well-known male singer, who has to remain anonymous for contractual reasons. The 12-inch version carries two extra tracks, 'Street Of A Thousand Bongoes' and '(Another) Lonely Boy'.

DAGABAND play Sunderland Polytechnic (February 5), Doncaster Romeo & Juliet (7), Sheffield Polytechnic (9), Leeds University (15), Bradford University (16), Manchester University (19), Hull Tiffany's (21), York University (24) and Oldham Romeo & Juliet (March 2) — these are as special guests in a nationwide roadshow being sponsored by Levi Strauss, and more are being added. The Chesterfield rock trio will be promoting their new single, featuring three of their stage favourites, released this weekend on the independent MHM label.

SARACEN return to the circuit next month, following a lay-off caused by singer Steve Bettney's throat problems. First confirmed gigs are Oxford Pennyfarthing (February 4), Bristol Granary (5), Runcorn Cherry Tree (9), Carlisle Creeps (23), Whitehaven Whitehouse Disco (24) and Glasgow Hardrock Cafe (25), with more being set.

SOLSTICE have acquired a new singer in 18-year-old Londoner Shelly Patt, who replaces the recently departed Sue Robinson. She made her live debut with the fast-rising band at London Marquee Club yesterday (Wednesday), and they return to the same venue for further headliners on February 22 and March 8, prior to opening a Scottish tour on March 12.

AZTEC CAMERA are due to open a major British tour at the beginning of March, to be followed by a European tour in the summer. Only trouble is, they are still seeking a young guitarist to join their existing line-up of Roddy Frame and Campbell Owens, and obviously this has now become a matter of urgency. Applications should be sent to the band c/o Rough Trade Records Promo Dept., 137 Blenheim Cresent, London W11 — or call (01) 727 6085.

EURYTHMICS are back in action with a string of dates on the Dingwalls circuit at Hull (February 16), Sheffield (17), Bristol (19) and Newcastle (24). And Jamaica's PRINCE FAR I plays the same network, visiting Newcastle (February 9), Sheffield (10), Liverpool (11) and Bristol (12). London dates for both acts will be announced shortly.

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Thursday 3 **Glasgow** Nightmoves
Friday 4 **Edinburgh** University
Saturday 5 **Retford** Porterhouse
Monday 7 **Brighton** Sherry's
Tuesday 8 **Croydon** Green Dragon
Wednesday 9 **Nottingham** Rock City
Thursday 10 **Manchester** Hacienda
Wednesday 16 **London** The Venue

FAC 51 THE HAÇIENDA

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THE CHAMELEONS
+ Foreign Press

Thursday 3rd February
SECTION 25
+ Swallow Tongue

Friday 4th February
52ND STREET
+ Smiths

Thursday 10th February
FAD GADGET

Friday 11th February
JOBOXERS

Wednesday 16th February
DIVINE

Friday 18th February
ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE

Wednesday 23rd February
CHINA CRISIS

Thursday 24th February
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INCANTATION

IN CONCERT

PLUS SUPPORT

Tuesday 1st March 8·00pm

Tickets from £3.50
AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

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Plus Special Guests

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SUN 17th APRIL 8.00 p.m.
Tickets £3.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081/2
Albemarle, Keith Prowse, LTB and Premier

LIVE BANDS — Mead Gould Promotions

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HAMMERSMITH ODEON
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Tickets £6.50 and £5.50 from Theatre Box Office 01-748 4081 and usual agents

THE TUNNEL

Thursday 27th January	T34 + Voede	Free (Special Filming)
Friday 28th January	THE K K KHAN BAND + Poor Boys Band	£1.00
Saturday 29th January	THE TIME DANCE + Sticky Sweets + King Kongg & The Empire States	£1.50
Tuesday 1st February	SHARK TABOO + Support	£1.50
Wednesday 2nd February	XERO + Sinner	£1.00

THE MITRE
338 TUNNEL AVE., GREENWICH SE10.
TEL: 858 0895
(200 yards southside Blackwall Tunnel)

MORE LIVE ADS ON PAGE 44

FLICKS DISCOTHEQUE

Kent Road, Dartford, Kent.

Modern Dance Night Every Thursday

Thursday 27th January	Thursday 3rd February
RED LIPSTIQUE & THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS	**THE TOY SHOP**

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MEL BUSH PRESENTS SKY

FEBRUARY

1st	MIDDLESBROUGH	Town Hall 0642-242561
2nd	NEWCASTLE	City Hall 0632-612606
3rd	EDINBURGH	Usher Hall 031-228-1155
4th	ABERDEEN	Capitol Theatre 0224-23141
6th	MANCHESTER	Palace Theatre 061-236-9922
7th	BLACKPOOL	Winter Gardens 0253-27787/6
8th	SHEFFIELD	City Hall 0742-735296
9th	HANLEY	Victoria Hall 0782-24641
11th	BIRMINGHAM	Odeon 021-643-6101
12th	NOTTINGHAM	Royal Concert Hall 0602-42328
13th	LEICESTER	De Montfort Hall 0533-544444
14th	BRISTOL	Colston Hall 0272-291768
15th	SWANSEA	Brangwyn Hall 0792-468321
16th	BOURNEMOUTH	Winter Gardens 0202-296646
17th	BRIGHTON	Dome Theatre 0273-682127
18th	HAMMERSMITH	Odeon 01-748 4081
19th	HAMMERSMITH	Odeon 01-748 4081
20th	HAMMERSMITH	Odeon 01-748 4081

NEW ALBUM & CASSETTE: SKY 5 LIVE to be released in January

ASGARD PRESENTS

VAN MORRISON

IN CONCERT

March **9, 10, 11, 12** – GRAND OPERA HOUSE – BELFAST
14 – CENTRE – BRIGHTON
15 – WINTERGARDEN – BOURNEMOUTH
17, 18, 19 21, 22, 23, – DOMINION THEATRE – LONDON

LONDON TICKETS ON SALE 10.30 am FRI 28 JAN

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nationwide GIG GUIDE

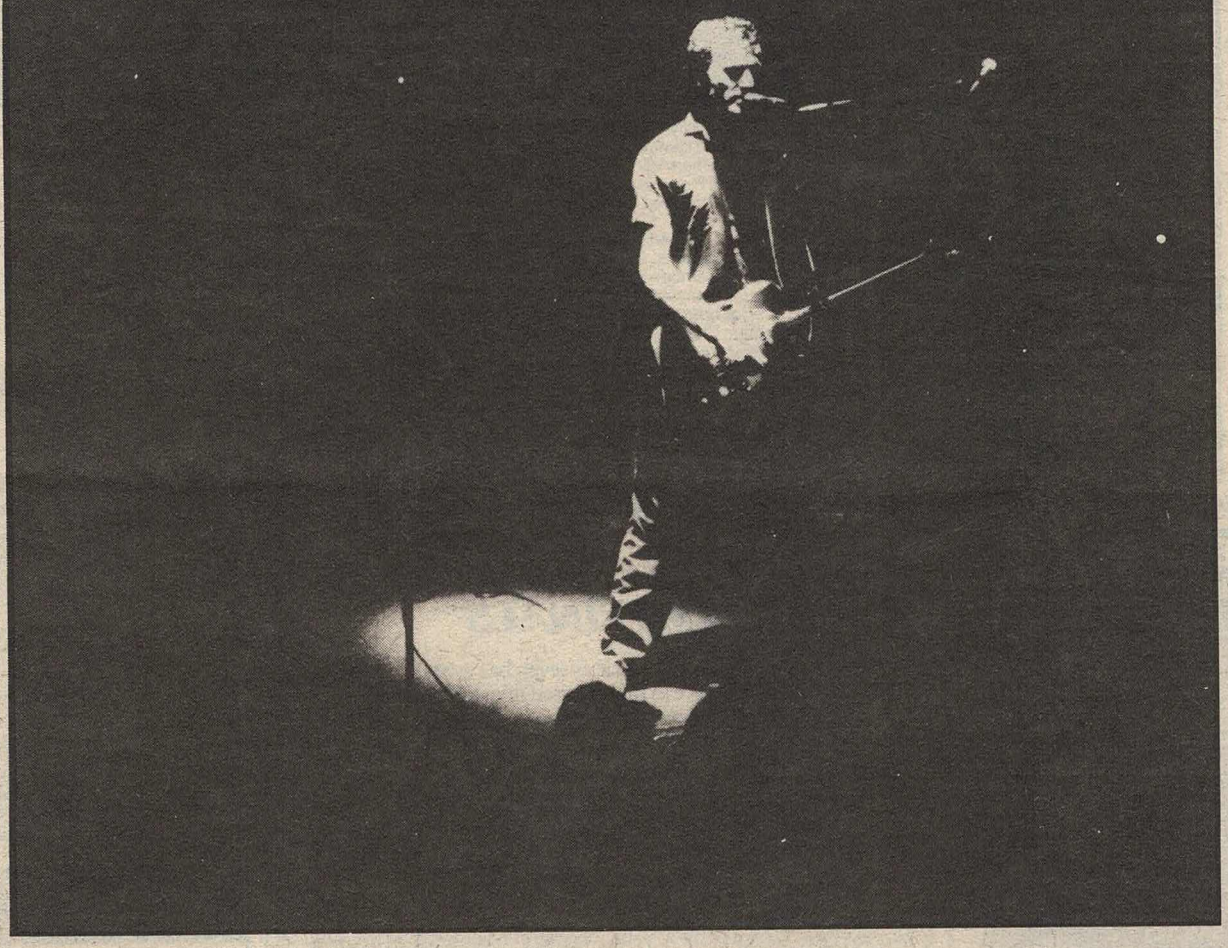
Stranglers — at full throttle!

THE STRANGLERS have been shrewd in choosing this particular time at which to kick off their latest UK tour, because they are currently enjoying their biggest chart boost since those 'Golden Brown' days a year ago, with both their single 'European Female' and album 'Feline' making considerable inroads. Hugh Cornwell — pictured here in sharp relief — and his colleagues begin their travels at Chippenham (Friday), St. Austell (Saturday), Poole (Sunday), Bristol (Monday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

In marked contrast, the week's other major new tour is by SKY, who support their fifth album by way of a month-long concert series starting in Middlesbrough on Tuesday ... Although an act of some stature, GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS' visit is little more than a mini-tour built around an important TV show, but . they're still playing a handful of dates from Friday (Blackpool) onwards ... Scottish outfit THE BLUEBELLS, having successfully brushed aside the name-change action brought by the Bluebell Girls of Paris, set out on their first UK headlining tour in Huddersfield on Wednesday ... And the same night sees the British debut of that remarkable character from the world of contemporary country music, DAVID ALLAN COE.

There are several significant one-off shows in London this week, with jazz giants GEORGE DUKE & STANLEY CLARKE at Hammersmith, and JOHN COOPER CLARKE playing the School of Economics the same evening (JCC is also in Manchester on Wednesday) ... A CERTAIN RATIO have their only date for the foreseeable future in Brixton on Sunday, while the ever-welcome JOHN CALE jets in for a show at The Venue on Monday ... And on Wednesday, THE COMMODORES — now minus Lionel Richie — play the first of two concerts at Hammersmith, their only UK dates in a short Euro-tour. Down in Guildford, STEVE HACKETT plays a one-off benefit on Friday.

A reminder that we'll gladly print details of your gig — providing you submit the information by post (no phone calls) and in sufficient time. The address to write to is Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5/7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG, and the deadline is first post on Wednesday in the week before publication — that's to say, ten days before the date which appears on the front of the issue in question.



thursday 27th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham (Harborne) The Junction: **The Pink Umbrellas/Active Restraint**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Ivan Chandler/I.C.Q.**
Bournemouth Academy: **The Watusi Bros.**
Bournemouth Midnite Express: **Amazulu**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Dome: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Brighton Jazz Club: **Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
Bristol Arnolfini Gallery: **Azimuth/Gordon Beck Nonet**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Kurtis Blow**
Bromsgrove The Hundred House: **Talking Pictures**
Camborne Tyack Hotel: **Tiny & The Pods**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **The Tremeloes (until Saturday)**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Pasadena Roof Orchestra**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Splash**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **The Support/Stricktly Rockers**
Dartford Flicks: **The Bollock Brothers/Red Lipstique**
Dundee Dance Factory: **Shark Taboo**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Short Bluesline**
Gloucester Crown & Anchor: **John Otway**
Gooderstone Village Hall: **Terrain**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Nicky Lewin Band**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Larry Miller Band**
Hayle The Penmare: **Traitors Gait**
Hull Dingwalls: **Roy Harper Band**
Hull Duke of Cumberland: **Mainsqueeze**
Kingston Polytechnic: **52nd Street/A.P.B.**
Leicester The Magazine: **Sparse**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Wilson Pickett**
Liverpool Left Bank Bistro: **Phil Battle & The Sensible Shoes/Crosstalk A/V**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool University: **Fault**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Reverb Brothers**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Manufactured Romance**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Sun**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Moving Hearts/Jah Wobble**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Hinkley's Heroes**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Roman Holiday**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The Bouncing Czechs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Outboys/Fall Out**
London Fulham King's Head: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at The Clarendon: **The Dancing Did/Under Two Flags/Yip Yip Coyote**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Milkshakes**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The NoGoodniks**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Dorothy Donegan (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Kenny Seratt/West Virginia**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sketch**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jools Holland**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The BushHotel: **Broadclaw & Clapperside/Akimbo/Sonia Pascall/Angels 1.5 & Horns Of Dilemma**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London S.E.5 Longfield Hall (3 pm): **The Redskins**
London University College: **The Impossible Dreamers**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Rhino Edwards/Graduate**
London Willesden Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Fortune/Strategy**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Swimming To France**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.2 School of Economics: **B.B.**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Sam Rivers Trio**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Joboxers**
Manchester Terets: **Red Sails**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Flying Pickets**
Newcastle City Hall: **Pat Benatar**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **The Pinkees**
Northampton White Elephant: **Precious Little Idols**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Chinatown**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **English Rogues**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubiliee Band**
Scunthorpe Baths Hall: **Room 101**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Tapper Zukie/The Warriors**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Dave Kelly Band**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **King**
St. Neots Stables Theatre: **New Burgundy Street Stompers/Jimmy Skidmore**
Stockport Smugglers: **The Inline**
Sunderland Le Metro: **The Toy Dolls**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Fifth Amendment**
Wokingham Angie's: **Illusionz**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 28th

Basingstoke Technical College: **Shark Taboo**
Bath Moles Club: **B.B.**
Birmingham (Harbone) The Junction: **Talking Pictures**
Birmingham Mermaid Hotel: **The Au Pairs**
Blackpool Opera House: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Bookham Youth & Community Centre: **Second Sight/Heard Of Terrapines**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **52nd Street**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Juvessance**
Brighton New Regent: **Liquorice Allsorts**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Warriors/Tapper Zukie**
Canvey Island Goldmine: **Amazulu**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **The Stranglers**
Colne Francs: **Amoetii Crii**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Neil Innes & Roger McGough**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Chuck Farley**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Anerley Park**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Active Restraint**
Edinburgh University: **The Higsons/Halcyon Daze**
Exeter University: **Desmond Dekker**
Feltham Football Club: **The Adicts/Action Pact**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Danglers**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Pendragon**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Steve Hackett**
Hanley The Place: **Cody**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Smart**
Hastings Unemployed Centre: **The Medway Poets**
Hull Dingwalls: **Joboxers**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Kurtis Blow**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Dave Kelly Band**
Liverpool Left Bank Bistro: **Patterns/The Green Cube**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Felt**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Liason/Chimeara**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G.B. Blues Co. with Root Jackson**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Motor Boys Motor/Killed In Action**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cobras/Stolen Pets**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doc K's Blues Band**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Disco Volante/The Other Man/By Wednesday**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lee Fardon**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The Breakfast Band**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Glenn Tilbrook/The Big Heat**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hinkley's Heroes**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Inmates/The Co-Stars**
London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **High Life International**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **PMT**
London Harlesden Ye Olde Crown: **A Bigger Splash**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Sun**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Colorado**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Masquerade**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Sam Rivers Trio/John Etheridge Trio**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Regents Park Bedford College: **The Impossible Dreamers**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **I.Q.**
London S.W.8 Patmore Youth Club (2.30pm): **Little Brother**
London Trent Park Middlesex Polytechnic: **Kabbala**
London University Union: **Maximum Joy/A.P.B./The Apollinaires**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Creamies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Partecs**
Manchester (Fallowfield) Owens Park: **Cavern**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Chameleons/Foreign Press**
Manchester Lamplight Club: **Special 20**
Manchester The Gallery: **Agency Music/Time Life**
Manchester University: **Lenny Henry**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Tony McPhee Band**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Wilson Pickett**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Music For Pleasure**
Northampton Black Lion: **Crosstalk A/V**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Nottingham Rushcliffe Leisure Centre: **Mainsqueeze**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Chinatown**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle Trio**
Reading University: **Farmers Boys**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Black Heart/Valerie Stenart/Ha Ha Spleen**
Retford Porterhouse: **Charge/Ritual**
Rochester Brewery Folk Club: **Michael Chapman & Rick Kemp**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Roy Harper Band**
Wentworth Rockingham Arms: **Roy Bailey**
Wokingham Angie's: **John Spencer Band**

saturday 29th

Aberystwyth University: **Jah Wobble/And Also The Trees**
Bath Moles Club: **Smart**
Bookham Youth & Community Centre: **The V.1's Eleate**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Gerry Hallom**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **The Ivory Coasters**
Brighton New Regent: **Greeting No. 4/Standard Issue**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Prince Hammer**
Bristol Granary: **Larry Miller Band**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Music For Pleasure**
Bury The Derby Hall: **The Flying Pickets**
Camborne Lowenac Hotel: **Billy Pryor**
Cambridge Burleigh Arms: **Amyl Dukes**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Abrasive Wheels/English Dogs/Self-Destruct**
Cardiff Students Union: **New Order**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colchester Essex University: **John Peel Roadshow**
Colchester St. Mary's Arts Centre: **Michael Chapman & Rick Kemp**
Colne Francs: **Ritual**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Paul Young & The Family**
Coventry Warwick University: **52nd Street**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Pencils**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Clockhouse/Some People Are Asleep**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Tony McPhee Band**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Solstice**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **The Thoughts/Cry Wolf/The Milkshakes**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Willie & The Poor Boys**
Hanley The Place: **Metropolis**
Hastings Unemployed Centre: **Cult Heroes/White Rabbits**
Hull Dingwalls: **Tapper Zukie/The Warriors**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Azimuth Gordon Beck Nonet**
Leicester University: **The Apollinaires**
Leysdown Stage 3: **Kurtis Blow**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Roy Harper Band**
Liverpool Left Bank Bistro: **Faction**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Virgin Dance/Rebel Da Fe**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The 45's/The Exceptions**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The El Trains**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ruby Turner Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Electric Guitars**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **A.P.B.**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Valdez**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Glenn Tilbrook/The Explosives**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Predators/Tony Clay Band**
London Fulham King's Head: **Sam Mitchell Blues Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **King Kurt**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **George Duke/Stanley Clarke/Jeffrey Osbourne**
London Hampstead New End Theatre: **Johnny M**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **The Breakfast Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Dave Alexander Trio**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Digby Fairweather Quintet**
London Portobello Rd. Acklam Hall: **The Impossible Dreamers/Null & Void/Thinking Man's Alternative/Twelve Inch**
London Putney Half Moon: **Kokomo**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Frankie Armstrong**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Steve Franklin**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Seething Wells/Nick Toczek/Angelika Joyce/Pete Murry/Ana & The Allsorts**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hinkley's Heroes**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **A Bigger Splash/Souls Valiant**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Nico & The Invisible Girls**
London W.C.2 School Of Economics: **John Cooper Clarke**
Loughborough University: **The Watusi Bros.**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Mainsqueeze**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Salford Jets/Belgique**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Joboxers**
Newcastle University: **The Higsons**
Nottingham Asylum: **Amazulu**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Vetos**
Reading University: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Wilson Pickett**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Icicle Works**
Sheffield University: **Lenny Henry**
Shoreham Community Centre: **Blackcat**
Southampton Crown Hotel: **The Press**
Stafford Gatehouse Theatre: **Moving Hearts/Cliff Aungier**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Stranglers**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **The Nashville Teens**
Swindon British Railway Ballroom: **007**
Totnes Civic Hall: **Desmond Dekker**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham's Angie's: **The Drivers**
Wolverhampton Queens Hotel: **Another Dream/Mafu Cage**

sunday 30th

Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Azimuth/Gordon Beck Nonet**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chesterfield Pomegranite: **Moving Hearts/Cliff Aungier**
Colne Francs: **Jazz Fusion**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Nolans**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Kokomo**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Benjamin Zephaniah/Claire Dowie/Lee Cornes**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Rock 'n' Roll All Stars**
Eastbourne Diplocks: **The Press**
Exeter University: **Music For Pleasure**
Falmouth Laughing Pirate: **Jack Russell & The Terriors**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Soldier**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Lane End Osbourne Arms: **Howard Jones**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Nightingales/Colenso Parade**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **A Certain Ratio/52nd Street/Five Or Six**

CONTINUES OVER

MORE GIG GUIDE

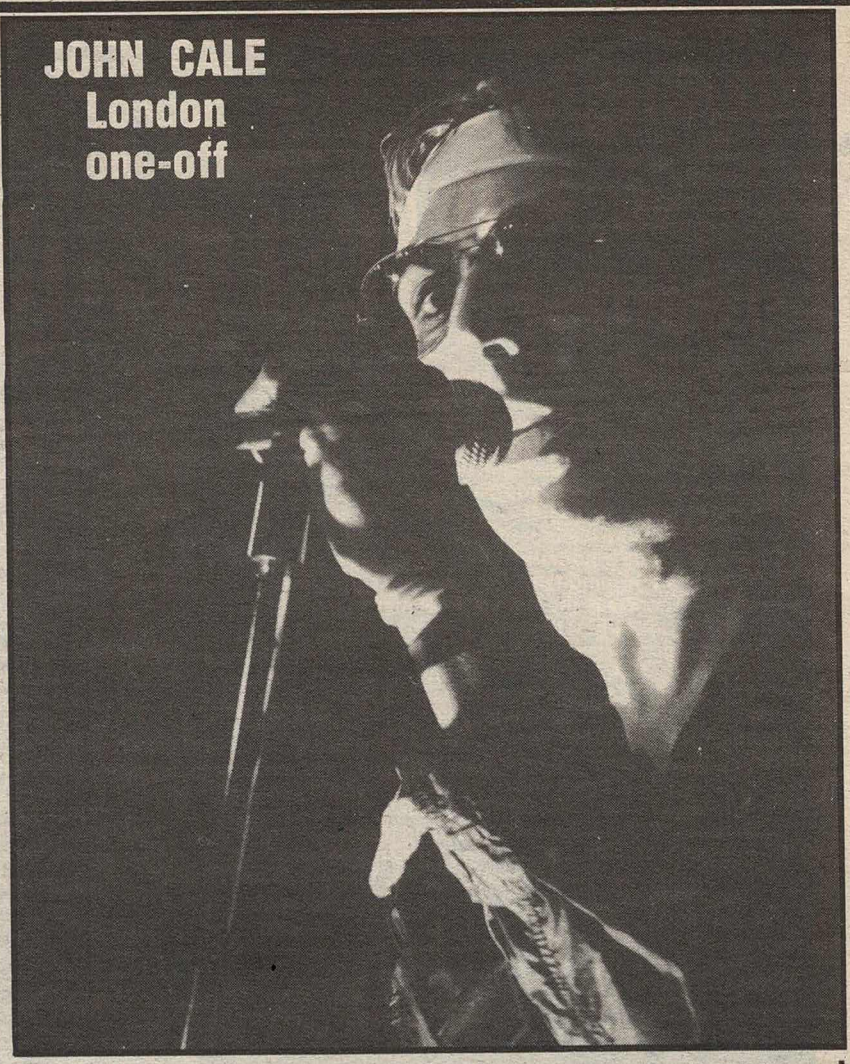
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Joeys/Ronnie Golden/Randolph The Remarkable/Tamzin Heatley**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Swamp Creatures**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sotto Voce/Spectrum**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Wilson Pickett**
London Finchley Torrington: **Kokomo**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Sun**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **The Scratch Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **A Scanner Darkly/Pulse**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Frankie Armstrong**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Steve Pheasant's Phab Phive (evening)**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Little John's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Little Sister**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **Radio Radio/Crime Of Passion/Tax Dodge**
London Trafalgar Square St. Martin's Crypt: **R. Cajun**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Horizon**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Hefty Jazz**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **K.K. Khan**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **B.B.**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Sam Kantz Blues Band**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Stranglers**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Johnny Silvo**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts/Test Pilots**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Sex Gang Children**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**

monday 31st

Bordan The Robin Hood: **Jo-Ann Kelly & Pete Emery/Sonny Black's Blues Band**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **The Nightingales/Colenso Parade**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Stranglers**
Canterbury Kent University: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Coventry Warwick University: **Azimuth/Gordon Beck Nonet**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Tec Morek**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Warrior**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Irish Centre: **Moving Hearts**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Airstrip One/Nathan Detroit's Sigh Of Relief/Head**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Dynamite Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **B.B./The Sines**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Joan Cunningham Quartet**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Rhino Edwards**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Nantuck Five Show**
London Fulham King's Head: **Isaac Guillory Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Bambi Kino/Double Shuffle**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Morgan Fisher & Lol Coxhill/Marion Urch/Godfrey & His Troupers**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Mike Garrick/Jackie Benar**
London Marquee Club: **Howard Jones**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **20th Century Blues/Kenny Shaw Quartet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Michael Chapman & Rick Kemp**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Lou Donaldson Quartet/Gonzalez (for two weeks)**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Limehouse**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Cale**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Eyes/Private Collection**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Margaret St) Xclusiv Club: **The Blue/Frame By Frame**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Juke**
Manchester The Gallery: **Sneak Preview**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Portsmouth Cambridge Hotel: **The Equalisers**
Southampton The Waterfront: **Laughter In The Garden**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**

tuesday 1st

Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Ballantine-Shaw Duo**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Cardiff University: **The Stranglers**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Street Cars**
Darlington Lucinda's: **Rules Of Croquet**
Dudley J.B.s Club: **The Applicators**



Hull Dingwalls: **Wilson Pickett**
Leeds Irish Centre: **Moving Hearts**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tokyo Olympics**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Symbolix**
London Camden Palace: **Killer Wales**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bonsai Forest**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Don Harper—Denny Wright Quartet**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Scarecrow/White Summer**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Shark Taboo**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Marquee Club: **Smart**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Discharge**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Victoria The Venue: **Eyeless In Gaza/The Go-Betweens**
London W.1 Dover Street Restaurant: **Diz & The Doormen**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Manchester The Gallery: **Demented Waving Brothers**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Sky**
Reading University: **Lenny Henry**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 2nd

Birmingham Odeon: **The Stranglers**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Croydon Cartoon: **Larry Miller Band**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Moving Hearts/Cliff Aungier**
Hitchin The Regal: **The Thompson Twins**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Bluebells**
Leamington Hinton's: **And Also The Trees**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Left Bank Bistro: **One Kiss The Ambition/Phil Battle & The Sensible Shoes/Andy Pike**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilson Pickett**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **King**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The Temperance Seven (until Friday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Natural Roots/Majestic**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basil's Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Commodores**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Paul Stevens**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Test Pilots**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
London Marquee Club: **Airstrip One**
London Norwood Nettlefold Hall (3pm): **Coxsonne Sound System**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **David Allan Coe**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ray Smith's Jazz Babies**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: ***Battle Of The Bands* semi-final with The Mighty Strypes/Sugar Ray Five/Anthem/Blase/Testcard F/Rikki & The Cufflinks/Venus In Furs**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Dali's Car/The Ras Messengers/Replaceable Hedz**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester The Gallery: **John Cooper Clarke/Tosh Ryan's Prime Time Suckers**
Rotherham Travellers Rest: **Fault**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Wingham Well Eight Bells: **English Rogues**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Lenny Henry**

WIMBLEDON THEATRE
The Broadway, Wimbledon, SW19
Monday 31st January 8.00p.m.
Exclusive Only Date
RICHARD THOMPSON BAND
+ SUPPORT
featuring **DAVE MATTACKS**, Simon Nicol, Dave Pegg (by kind permission of Jethro Tull) John Kirkpatrick, Pete Zorn
Tickets £4.50 and £3.50
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Access/Barclaycard welcome.

TDK BATTLE OF THE BANDS SEMI FINALS
Three great nights of live music as seven bands at each venue compete for a place in the televised finals this Spring.
LYCEUM, STRAND, WC2. Wednesday, February 2nd, 7.30.
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HULL COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION, COTTINGHAM ROAD. Thursday, February 3rd, 7.30.
Tickets £2 at door or from Gough & Davy and Sydney Scarborough.
BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY, EDGBASTON PARK ROAD.
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D.J's are Nick Kitchener + Paul Deville
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Thursday 27th January — £1.00
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Friday 28th January — £1.50
THE 45's
Saturday 29th January — £1.50
SAM MITCHELL'S BLUES BAND
Sunday 30th January — £2.00
TONY McPHEE'S BAND
Monday 31st January — £1.50
ISAAC GUILORY BAND
Tuesday 1st February — £1.00
LASLO AND THE LEOPARDS

PRESTON WAREHOUSE
St John's Place, 0772 53216
Wednesday Feb. 2nd
FAD GADGET
Open 8pm — On Stage 9.30pm
Tickets £2.50

JAN. 26 CANTERBURY★UNIV. OF KENT
JAN. 27 HASTINGS★DOWNTOWN SATURDAYS
JAN. 28 HICKSTEAD★CINDERELLA'S
JAN. 29 BATH★UNIVERSITY
FEB. 3 LEEDS★WAREHOUSE
FEB. 4 SHEFFIELD★POLYTECHNIC
FEB. 5 NEWCASTLE★DINGWALLS
FEB. 10 RAVENSBOURNE★COLLEGE
FEB. 11 READING★UNIVERSITY
FEB. 14 NORWICH★UNIV. OF E.ANGLIA
FEB. 15 COVENTRY★WARWICK UNIV.
FEB. 16 LIVERPOOL★THE STATE
FEB. 18 MANCHESTER★HACIENDA
FEB. 20 LONDON★DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE
FEB. 24 DARTFORD★FLICKS
FEB. 25 CANVEY ISLAND★GOLDMINE
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Forthcoming Single MIGHTY HANDS OF LOVE

Harvey Goldsmith and Capital Radio present
BOBBY & THE MIDNITES
featuring
Grateful Dead's BOB WEIR
BILLY COBHAM
Steppenwolf's BOBBY COCHRAN
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Weather Report's ALPHONSO JOHNSON
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRI. FEB. 4th 8.00 pm
Tickets from £4.50 from box office and usual agents.

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ADMISSION £1.50

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BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6
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BARNEY'S 50's DISCO
Friday 28th January — £1.50 (unwaged)
Women Only Nite
PMT + Guests
Saturday 29th January — 50p/£1
RAT & RODENT CLUB: KING KURT
Sunday 30th January — £1.00
A SCANNER DARKLY + Pulse
Monday 31st January — £1.00
MOTHERS OF PEARL + Double Shuffle
Tuesday 1st February — 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY
Real ale served 7.30—11.00pm

GREEN DRAGON CLUB
Tuesday 25th January
THE APPOLLINAIRES
Tuesday 1st February
JO BOXERS
Tuesday 8th February
FAD GADGET
Tuesday 15th February
WATUSSI BROTHERS
Members £2.00
Non-members £2.50
68 CROYDON HIGH STREET, CROYDON 01-688 8180

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THE 'SEEDS OF A LUNATIC' TOUR
Thursday 27th January — FARNHAM COLLEGE OF ART
Friday 28th January — BASINSTOKE TECH COLLEGE
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Saturday 5th February — COVENTRY POLYTECHNIC
Tuesday 8th February — KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC
Sunday 13th February — EXETER UNIVERSITY
Any profits from these dates will be donated to the CND movement

LIVE ADS

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Sunday 30th January **THE NIGHTINGALES + Collenso Parade**	Sunday 6th February **THE NEWTOWN NEUROTICS**
Thursday 3rd February **ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE**	Thursday 10th February **PRIDE**

LATE BAR 9-2a.m Sunday Gigs doors open 7.30p.m-10.30p.m.

LSE ENTS presents **JOHN COOPER CLARKE** + Support
Sat. 29th Jan. Doors open 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.00 on door
ROY HARPER BAND + TALL STORY
Fri. 4th Feb. Doors Open 7.30 pm
Tickets £2.00 Adv. £3.00 door
Tickets available from usual Box Offices or LSE Students Union, Houghton St. London WC2 Holborn Temple Tube
Enquiries 405 8594

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Tubes; Goodge St, Euston Square & Russell Square

THE Venue
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Doors Open 8.00 pm Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 27th January £2.50 **MUSIC FOR PLEASURE** + Persian Flowers + Flesh For Lulu	Monday 31st January £4.00 **JOHN CALE**
Friday 28th January £3.00 **ONLY AFTER DARK** + Auto Dafé	Tuesday 1st February £2.50 **EYELESS IN GAZA** + Honeymoon Killers
Saturday 29th January £3.50 **HINKLEY'S HEROES** Feat. Henry McCullough, Bobby Tench & Mel Collins + KK Khan	Wednesday 2nd February **Phone For Details**
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COMING SOON

Friday 11th February £3.50
ROY HARPER
+ TALL STORIES

Thursday 17th February £3.00
MISTY 'N' ROOTS

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Sundays 7.30-10.30

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Thursday 27th January **CROCODILE TEARS (Ex Cuddly Toys) + Blow Monkeys**	£1.50
Friday 28th January **THE CREAMIES + Masked Orchestra**	£1.50
Saturday 29th January **THE BIGGER SPLASH + Souls Valiant**	£1.50
Sunday 30th January **HORIZON + Grub Street**	£1.50
Monday 31st January **EYES + Private Collection**	£1.50
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Wednesday 2nd February **EDGE + Rhetoric**	£1.50

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Tel: 0602 412544
Open 8pm - 2am

Wednesday 2nd February £3.00 in adv.
EVELYN KING
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U F O
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Must be over 18 years of age
Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham - Re-Cords, Derby - Revolver, Mansfield - Pride, Newark - Record Shop, Grantham - Tracks, The Box Office, Lincoln - or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

FELTHAM FOOTBALL CLUB LONDON
Shakespeare Avenue
Friday 28th January
THE ADICTS + Action Pact
Friday 11th February
THE METEORS + Sunglasses After Dark
Feltham B.R. or Hattan Cross Tube Piccadilly Line
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01-751 2807 or 01-890 6979

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Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

ROMAN HOLIDAY
THU. 27 JAN. "Boppy, brand of sax & trumpet-fuelled jive music. everybody had fun."

Lee FARDON
FRI. 28. Singer/Songwriter/Guitarist. Echoes of Lou Reed & Springsteen, but he has more imagination & vitality than run-of-the-mill plagiarists. Recommended.

A.P.B
SAT. Aberdonian Punk/Funk band whose reputation is not confined to the N.East. Music's "Effective with a hard attack & lack of gloss... it hits you right in the feet"
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MON. B.B. BAND THE SINES
TUE. BONSAI FOREST
KING Technicolour Boot & Braces Boys from Coventry with their own-brand of Rock/Funk/Reggae.
WED 2 FEB.
HIGH SIERRA
THU. 3 FEB. Or Guns for Hire & Department S with different casting. Material is still refreshing out of synch with the everyday.

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
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DEKKA DANSE £3.50
SUNDAY 30
COMEDY & LUNACY NIGHT 7-11.30pm £3.50
MONDAY 31
AIRSTRIP ONE NATHAM DETROITS SIGH OF RELIEF HEAD £2.00
TUESDAY FEB 1ST
TOKYO OLYMPICS + SUPPORT £2.25
WEDNESDAY/THURSAY 2+3 FEBRUARY
TWO EXTRA SHOWS. FROM USA IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR
WILSON PICKETT
WITH HIS ALL AMERICAN 9 PIECE BAND
ADVANCE TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE 8pm-1am OR BY POSTAL APPLICATION TO THE CLUB £5.00
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DAVE KELLY BAND (EX-BLUES BAND) + THE ZODIACS £3.50
EAT & DRINK AT DINGWALLS BEFORE 10pm AND SAVE A FORTUNE

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R+B NIGHT
WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS £2.00
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PRINCE HAMMER £2.25
THURSDAY 3 FEB
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SUPPORTED BY TALL STORY £2.50
FRIDAY 4
TO BE ANNOUNCED!
SATURDAY 5
TALISMAN
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FROM USA BOBBY & THE MIDNITES
FEATURING:- BOB WEIR (GRATEFUL DEAD) ALPHONSO JOHNSON (WEATHER REPORT) DAVE GARLAND BILLY COBHAM BOBBY LOCHRAN (STEPPENWOLF) £3.50
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SATURDAY 5
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WEDNESDAY 2 FEB
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OUT NOW

LIVE!

KING OF KINGS

KING SUNNY ADE AND HIS AFRICAN BEATS

Lyceum, London

SUNNY ADE'S one-off show was a capital E Event. Touts plied their trade outside, whilst P.C. Plod made getting in with a ticket only slightly less difficult than getting in without. Once inside, assorted students, Westwood clones, rockbiz folk and a fair smattering of famous faces jostled at the bar. London's entire Nigerian population seemed to be there too, many arrayed in splendid robes such as worn by one lady where the fabric turned out, on closer inspection, to be printed with the Volvo insignia. This cultural cross-fertilisation symbolised the whole evening.

Without any support, the eighteen-piece King Sunny Ade and his African Beats hit the stage. And there they stayed for well over two hours, playing some of the most exhilarating yet subtle music heard in London for ages.

Interlocking layers of rhythmic patterns create a seamless loop which at one and the same time combines an unforced airy simplicity with a hugely complex range of inflection and texture. Against this background, voices, guitars and talking drums interact with each other to set up not just a call and response, but a whole conversation. Phrases are stated, repeated and improvised upon with relaxed fluidity and grace, yet never losing sight of the starting point.

The singers harmonise with warm and easy precision which complements the lilting, tangy guitars. The tunings differ from those in the European tradition, hence moods and nuances are evoked which have no direct familiar equivalent. More unexpected is how the steel guitar has been plucked from its customary role as accompaniment to 'Blue Hawaii' or country's hoedown/breakdown axis. Demola Adepoju has turned this most comical and sentimental of instruments into one of electrifying resonance and irrepressible playfulness.

We are melted by the warmth into a gently undulating sea of empathy and pleasure. Spicing this joy was a running joke whereby an immaculately clad, very jovial man would dance around on stage, literally pressing handfuls of banknotes onto each of the musicians before settling down to take pictures of the band and audience, grinning broadly throughout. Maybe he was the promoter.

Whoever he was, this whole scene did not detract one iota from the music because it was so in keeping with its spirit. Sunny Ade attests to the universality of the musical language. It may not say precisely the same thing to all people, but Sunny Ade's message of enjoyment and brotherly love is plain to anyone who has ears to hear.

But if tonight was a little short on the finesse so evident on the 'Juju Music' LP, it was only because the Lyceum's acoustics deaden quietly stated shadings and details. However the fruity opulence of this relic from Britain's imperial heyday provided a paradoxically appropriate setting for the triumphant acclamation of an African King.

Mat Snow

Sunny pix: Adrian Boot
Sunny graphix: Ian Wright

WHEN THE PEROXIDE FADES...

NICO

The Venue, Victoria

EVER SINCE The Rolling Stones surfaced to clean up with their T-shirts, stickers, security army, cherry-pickers-and-balloon extravaganza masquerading as continued musical creativity, I've been expecting God to interrupt *Top Of The Pops* with some urgent message to His children about worshipping false idols. And after an hour and a half of Nico Now, I'm gonna tune in every week until it happens.

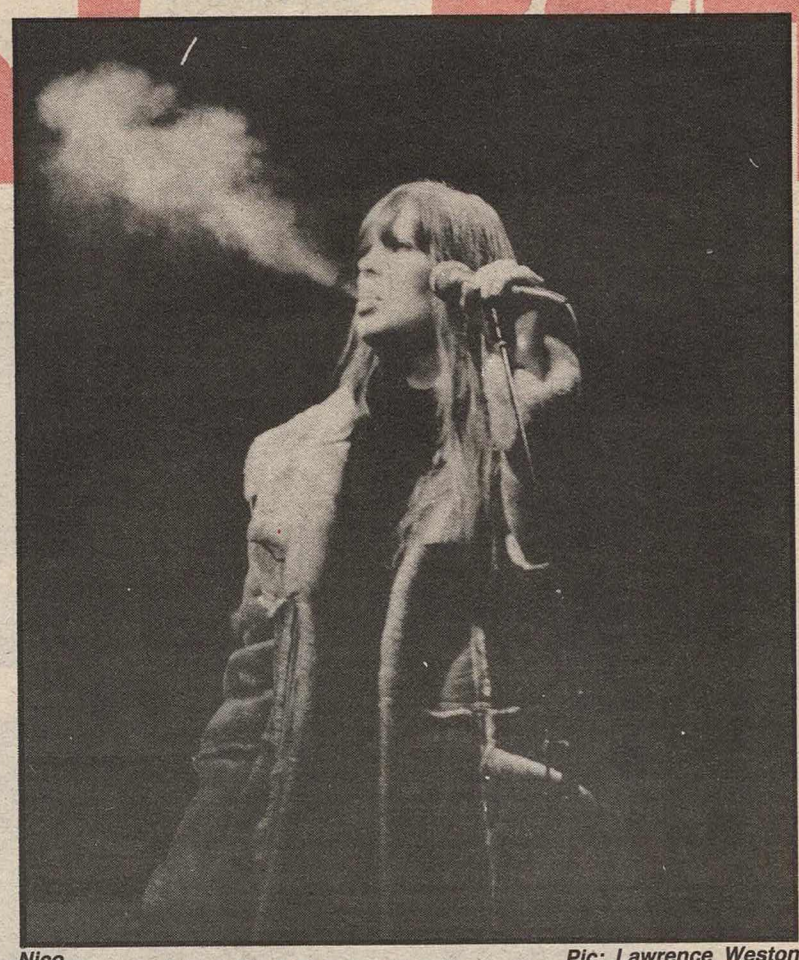
Few times I witnessed anything more bizarre than this concert. But in using the word "bizarre" I don't mean to imply that any of the mystery, perversity or 'haunting influence' commonly attributed to either the Velvets or Nico Then were present. I mean that there was something unbearably pathetic about a once-beautiful woman, now around 40, conducting a public search for some vestige of her former self, in front of a bunch of pretentious kids armed with guitars, sax and drumkit. Kids, one might add, incapable of handling even that basic bump-and-grind stripper music which was what Lou Reed wrote when he too was a youthful middle-class honky.

In this situation, every phrase Nico sang or mumbled took on an irony that might have been awful if it hadn't by now become so truly banal. There she stood, intoning 'All Tomorrow's Parties' in a voice an octave deeper but with no increase in its three-or-so note range — wearing her *own* "hand-me-down gown" of sheepskin coat, sloppy black polyester pantsuit and cowboy boots.

Some legend — all her nodding and grooving had nothing to do with the music and the music itself (always of course written by other people and always, of course, by men of: "This is a Lou Rheed sohng" or "This is a Bab Dylahn sohng") nothing to do with *its* original sound or intentions. One by one, the motley company blundered through those simple, churchy folksy tunes once rendered perverse by Nico's sliding delivery, deadpan dramatics and former hard white-blonde giant-German self. The only result was a messy, uninteresting demonstration of how sorry a sight vices from cough syrup to self-pity can produce in the flesh.

Before 'The End', I felt in all conscience I couldn't bear any more. But I couldn't help wondering about one chirpy Australian who'd confessed he didn't know much about Nico but was keen to catch a good concert during his holiday. "Is she like Toyah?" he kept asking. "She looked so much like Toyah on those posters".

Cynthia Rose



Nico — *Pic: Lawrence Weston*

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

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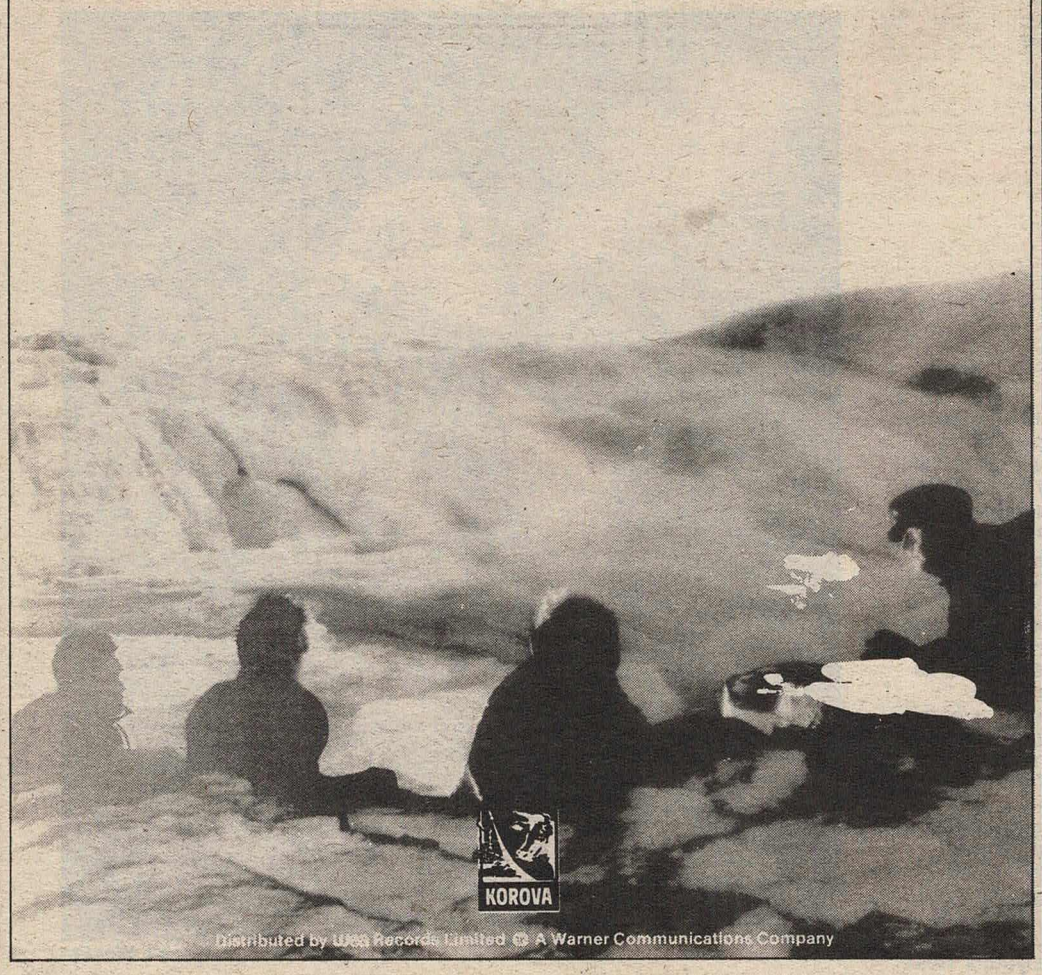
Buy the new 7" Single "THE CUTTER" And get a FREE CASSETTE Featuring: The original Bunnymen PEEL SESSION From 1979



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LOONEY!

JOHN OTWAY

Stoke-on-Trent Waggon And Horses

WHAT'S THE difference between an eccentric and an idiot? The short answer is money. The idiot will perform free of charge, usually before a captive audience on a bus or tube. The eccentric conducts a massive confidence trick, convincing people that not only is his act worth catching, it's worth paying money for. Question. Which category does John Otway perform under?

Otway has made his living by hawking his anarchic vision of entertainment, occasionally flirting with success, but more often enjoying status as a cult figure. (Note to new readers: for "cult" read "artistic but poverty-stricken".)

Presently engaged in a short series of low-key (off-key?) gigs, Otway finds himself playing in a pub patronised by the sort of collective mentality that still regards Styx as making a vital contribution to their cultural values. They like beer, hair, women, leather and decibels, all in large quantities. In short, it's a tailor-made Otway crowd.

Grabbing the crowd by its neck, he squawked his way through a tortuous rendition of 'House Of The Rising Sun' that bore all the heartfelt emotion of an express train derailing itself. What was the reaction? Rapture of course!

Otway's belief in himself as a value-for-money entertainer leaves no room for any doubts. Consumption of upwards of two pints of lager renders his anorexic puppet gyrations irresistibly amusing. Even the guy on keyboards is smiling, and he's heard it all before. Ah, the power of faith, or is it money?

I could do that, and better. So could you. So why don't we? Otway has cornered the innate fear of self-debasement and turned it into, if not an art form, at least an entertainment of sorts. With a knowing smile, a crafty leer, he's cleverly skating the thin line between idiocy, which is free, and eccentricity, which people pay for. Is it art? Is it fun? Is it worth it?

Hugo Vasta

LUMPY!

THE DOG MUSICIANS
THE KRAY BROTHERS

Manchester Hacienda

IT IS THE intention of the Hacienda, over the next few Fridays, to present what they consider to be the best of local acts ... a welcome change of policy on the Hacienda's part, showing an awareness of the expanding number of new young bands in Manchester.

The Kray Brothers were the first example of local 'talent', a word which we were seriously to question during their set, which consisted mainly of hammy versions of doo-wop standards such as 'Papa-Oom-Mow-Mow' and 'Stranded In The Jungle'. As they limped through a selection of freshly-slaughtered songs, the grace and eloquence of doo-wop was something which seemed, sadly, to elude the Krays. They appeared vulgar and clumsy.

The Kray Brothers are to doo-wop what Showaddywaddy are to rock'n'roll.

By the time The Dog Musicians arrived on stage, the audience were impatient and easily distracted. Without the prospect of a 'name' band to anticipate, and given the lack of intimacy in the barn-like Hacienda, the audience didn't seem particularly interested in The Dog Musicians — which is a pity, because their manic, amphetamine-crazed sound provides a perfect soundtrack for the frazzled nightclubbers of '83.

The Dog Musicians tumbled and bumped, their edgy comic-strip commentary being an eccentric synthesis of early Talking Heads in headlong collision with The Ramones. But tonight, the prickly, jumpy Dog Musicians managed only to irritate a lethargic audience who seemed rather glad when they'd gone away.

Liz Neer

LENTILS!

KING KURT

London College of Printing, Elephant and Castle

A FLOUR bomb comes sailing out of the audience and thumps down at my feet, spattering me with its contents. The fellow standing next to me grabs a fire extinguisher and turns it onto the mock-fight melee of a crowd while a line of 'bouncers' front the stage, keeping back the more effusive types. Heads bob, feet bop and faces messily smile, Smeggy Vocalist laughs ... another successful King Kurt gig.

This band have built up quite a cock-a-hoop scene around themselves; playing an almost desperate version of hoodlum swing rockabilly and attracting a large, very drunken collection of people with sillier than silly-billy haircuts. Despite the lunacy however, the tension is often acute, with various macho crews plagueing the dancefloor. Luckily, though, all potential violence is dissipated into fun through the rolling beat and cheeky frolics. Where, say, a Meteors crowd might throw glasses, this lot hurl custard pies.

With a hey and a ho and away we go as King Kurt crunch their way through a lame-brained set of un-traditional schlockabilly. The songs are decidedly more frantic and frenetic than is usual in these matters and even standards like 'The Way I Walk' and 'Mack The Knife' are given the Kurt pulsed-up, waltzed-down treatment. Tee-hee singer Smeggy spoils things though when he tries to continue the mood during his between number chats; quips like "Nuke Greenham" are obviously unnecessary, and definitely not wanted.

Numb-skull rock indeed.

Richard North

HAGAR THE WOMB
LOOK MUMMY CLOWNS

Pied Bull, Islington

THE ANARCHO-PUNK carnival plunders on, avoiding the twin pits of bankruptcy and 'more committed than thou' attitudes while evolving its cheap and accessible ethos. Tonight's camp is in aid of the Animal Liberation Front, with the hard core out in force to see the newer bands and wave the flag.

Onstage the tattered and mohicaned frontman chides his equally well-dressed audience as Look Mummy Clowns launch into yet another vibrant melody. Sparks of powerful musical inspiration shower the excited crowd as unremitting fanzine peddlars vie for your attention.

***"I don't wanna be today's Miss World,"* comes the cry from Hagar The Womb's twin female vocalists, leaving blustering leaflets discarded in the anticipation of their brash feminist brand of kitsch'n'cliche. Formerly in the vanguard of the Can't Play Won't Care brigade, their appealing fallabout optimism has survived the metamorphosis into sprightly, early Slits type melodies, and the crowd dances its approval.**

They are bright and light-heartedly serious, grasping the whole unashamed spirit which stops these affairs being merely alternative party political broadcasts.

As they finish and the site is cleared, everything seems somehow happier.

Tony D

CROWN OF THORNS

The Venue, Victoria

THE TARDIS landed in Victoria ast week. Out from its curious and cavernous corridors stepped Crown Of Thorns — all the way from Barnet. And you *know* they're demanding to be taken seriously, with respect, understanding, commitment, belief, lah di dah ad infinitum. Few smiles and no jokes. Certainly no funny ones. But then that's not what they're about.

To a signature tune of 'Guns In The Name Of God' these urban guerillas in shaggy battledress and uniformly clipped haircuts moaned and howled over a cacophonous soundtrack that would have done Ron Grainer proud.

Like a Hawkwind for the '80s they stood proud-erect, arms outstretched, casting shadows over the massive, flickering black and white backdrop, as smoke billowed over them from the wings. Led by singer Steve Soer, a young man whose relationship with the mike-stand compensates for the fact that he now leaves the bass playing to Ty Holden, Crown Of Thorns wallowed through a deadly intent medley of industrial hymns which find their roots in Factory and their split ends at the nape of Kirk Brandon's Westworld.

The Flying-V guitar is alternately flanged or phased to ensure its total instrumental disguise, the drums are rumbled in true Kenny Morris stylee, and everyone in the building grimaces in mock agony.

Offering no more than a mock challenge, a false sense of responsibility and self-respect, Crown Of Thorns suffocate in their own worthiness.

Simon F

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HEADING:				

ropey...well, I was having problems, too, problems at home, as it were. There were various hang ups of all sorts and I think all of that comes out on the new album. I felt that after we finished the album I'd gotten something of my chest. It's always more difficult when you're using abstracts like sound rather than something vocal. But some of the aggression in it was me trying to get it all out.

Was it a case of you venting your growing cynicism towards the record business on the world at large?

Dave: I don't think our attitudes have hardened in that way. It's just that we're making our ideas come across more forcefully, that's all. It's got something to do with the power of things, which was, for me, always lacking in our earlier stuff. Then nothing came out at you. The thing that drew people to it was probably the tunes and the fact it was so vulnerable. Which it still is.

But we're more confident in the way we go about things now. We trust ourselves in the studios a bit more, rather than relying on more experienced people. So, this second LP is the first thing I'm really satisfied with. I see it as a turning point, it's starting to creep into the areas I really want to be involved in. I'm much more confident about our material now than I've ever been since we started...

FROM PAGE 25

Soft Cell

WHICH ISN'T to place production values above all. Or perfection above revealing flaws.

Dave: The mistakes emphasise the things that aren't mistakes...

Marc: You need human error. You need to be human. We say the faults, the bare threads, are as important as the things that happen in the right places...

I get criticised for singing notes out of tune or for going out of key. Well, as far as I'm concerned I just sing what is true to me. It's not about getting notes in the right place every time. The techniique is not what interests us at all. At the moment it's, like, sedate everyone with this gloss, this wash, this totally over-produced *nothing*, you know? But that bit of grime — it's important!

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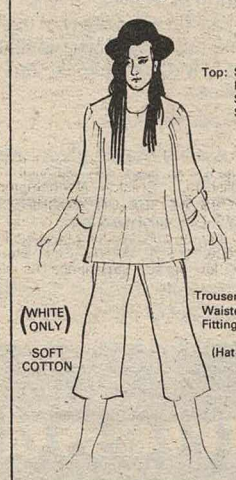

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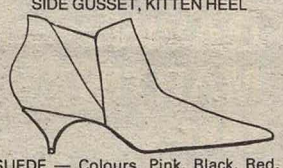

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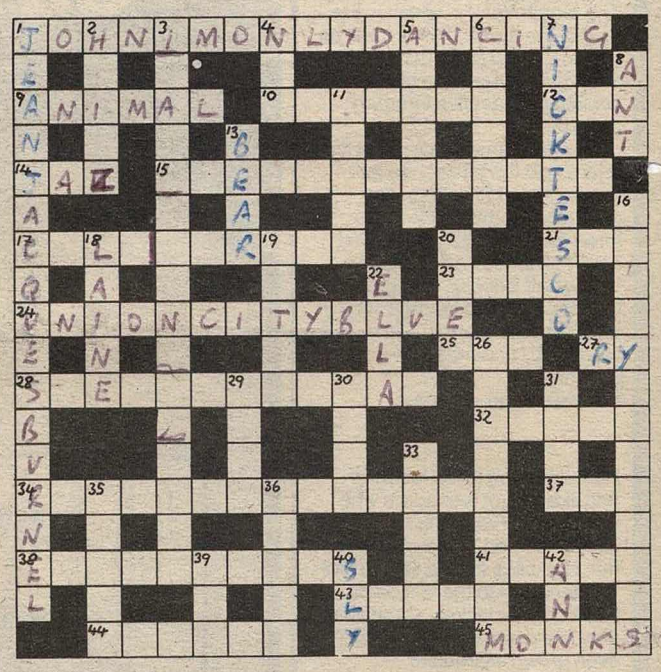
CLUES ACROSS

1 1972 hit, which charted again in 1979 this time with two new versions of the same song (4-2-4-7)
9 The sort of beast who joins the Anti-Nowhere League (6)
10 Johnny —, of 'Black Superman' and 'Zaire' fame (7)
12 See 6D
14 A musical sound which Killing Joke lost for a while (3)
15 O, he fart at thee, confounded for they are no longer, forsooth (7-2-4)
17 John Lennon number — song of the not-so-hot gobbler (4-6)
21 Ask how a type of music can be rewritten (3)
23 Connection between Soft Cell and T. Rex (4)
24 Blondie single taken from 'Eat To The Beat' (5-4-4)
25 Old King Cole, who's a very dead soul (3)
27 Nothing else fits so it's the old favourite — Mr Cooder (2)
28 *"Put on a gown that touches the ground,"* a snippet from a song which broke the 'Underground' sound in 1967 (3-5-4)
32+31D US band who had jazzy instrumental hit with 'Morning Dance' (3-5-4)
34 Starcher in drag, perhaps, this gaffer of the poseur's night haunts (7-7)
37 War Crimes that bring out that something extra Special (3)
38+16D Buzzocks single from the time when it was chic to be one of Snow White's dwarfs (10-5-8)
41 *"I'm so young and you're so old, this my darling I've been told."* Great stuff from a 1957 number one (5)
43 See 5D
44 Band who had runway success with 'Airport' (6)
45 And from the same era, 'Nice Legs, Shame About The Boat Race' duo (5)



CLUES DOWN

1 Strangler with a touch of the Calais and Bolougne (4-7-6)
2 British, or German perhaps, vocalist of the Cochrane tribute number 'Just Like Eddie' (5)
3 Rezillos track which doubled as an A-side with 'I Wanna Be Your Man' (1-4-5-2-4)
4+26D 1980 Elvis Costello single (3-9)
5+43A Yell for Alan, in a way that gives you a Billy Joel song (3-3-5)
6+12A Suzi Quatro number one (3-3-3)
7 He sounds more like a shoplifter than a Member (4-5)
8 Creature no longer under Adam's feet (3)
11 See 19D
13 Beast from the Strangler's cage (4)
16 See 38A
18 Denny does one in the street (5)
19+11D '60s songstress who suffered a lengthy T.V. interview with B.A. Robertson when Annabella walked off set (5-5)
20 Andy Fairweather Low's farewell at the corner (4)
22 Mrs Fitzgerald? (4)
26 See 4D
29 The Supreme Being of Deep Purple, as was (4)
30 'He's A —', recent Bee Gees single (4)
31 See 32A
33 '— Yourself', Jacksons single (5)
35 Clapton, Bruce, Baker (5)
36 'Shot By Both —', Magazine single (5)
39 Initially the Canadian band who gave us 'You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet' (1-1-1)
40 Wily member of the Family Stone (3)
42 Miss Lennox? (3)

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
ACROSS: 1 Philip, 5 Voices, 9 Elephant Man, 11 Eva, 12 Sex Gang Children, 17 G(ary) G(litter), 18 Amour, 21 And, 22 Slammer, 24 See 38 Across, 25 See 8 Down, 28 BB 29 Cre(ole), 31 So, 32 Saxon, 33 DC, 35 Serial, 37 Allen, 38 + 24A Buffalo Gals, 40 Tintin, 42 Al, 43 Yoko Ono, 44 Stack.

DOWN: 1 Press Gang, 2 Ice, 3 Plain, 4 Aztec, 6 Own, 7 Clearwater, 8 + 25A Stained Sheets, 10 Adi, 13 EC, 14 Girls, 15 Gram, 16 Lurch, 19 Mental, 20 O(liver) R(eed), 22 SLF, 23 Mob, 25 Shogun, 26 EC (Clapton), 27 Ted (Nugent), 28 Born To, 30 Tracy, 31 See, 32 Say No, 34 Clock, 35 Silk, 36 La-la, 38 Big, 39 Fat, 41 In.

If EMI intend to stop all record rental firms hiring out EMI product just in case the customers are taping the records before returning them, I take it they also intend to halt the sale of all cassette recorders, as their main use is to tape music; I take it also that EMI have now ceased to manufacture the blank cassettes onto which records might be copied and that the HMV Shop will no longer be permitted to sell blank tapes.

No, I thought not. One law for EMI, another for the rest of us?
Michael Sandy, Luton.
That's right — John Reid.

I am 22, an avid fan of *Boys From The Blackstuff,* and live in Mitcham where I work as a mobile DJ. I read Andrew Tyler 'Gis A Break' article (Jan 15) with interest but not always in agreement. When I read that actor Bernard Hill was totally opposed to people making records about Yosser Hughes, I though he must be barmy.

If he is really queueing up at the Catford dole office, surely it would be better for him to cash in on the popularity of the TV character he portrays in the BBC's brilliant five part series. He should be making personal appearances, wearing his Yosser Hughes outfit to open supermarkets and helping to promote the numerous *BFTBS* singles that record companies are sticking out.

Last week, for example, I received four singles dedicated to Yosser Hughes including a belated copy of 'Smack Him In The Mouth Yosser' which is the best of the bunch. I think it will be a hit in at least five EEC countries, will sell five million copies and earn five Grammy awards.

I'd write a longer letter, but I'm heading to the off-licence for some cans of Pils. Then I'm gonna get drunk and listen to three more *BFTBS* singles that have just landed on my mat — 'Blackstuff Boogie', 'Loggo's Lament' and 'Old George Died In His Pyjamas'. Care to join me? If you don't, I understand — goodnight.
Peter Kerrigan, Mitcham.

I am an unemployed labourer and like a lot of teenagers who watch *Boys From The Blackstuff,* I am a devoted Yosser Hughes fan. Needless to say, I dress like Yosser down to the last detail — black donkey jacket, sweat shirt, dirty jeans and hobnail boots. I've even grown a Groucho moustache.

I just had to write telling you that not all rock fans agree with Alan Bleasedale's horrendous remarks concerning 'Gis-A-Job' by The Blackstuff Lads. Okay, so the group made a record using Yosser's 'Gissa Job' without the author's permission — so what? I don't understand the copyright laws, but that doesn't make the single a piece of shit.

I love the single, if for no other reason than the repetitive lyrics and tight production. The Blackstuff Lads are one of the best new rock bands around today.
Benny Hawkins (no relation to the dozy Crossroads *character), Middx.*
So just who is missing the point? *BFTBS* was a fine emotive television series and Yosser Hughes one of the most powerful character creations ever to appear on the box. Surely to reduce either to the catchphrase 'Gis A Job' undermines the full depth and significance of the plays. Tossy groups like The Blackstuff Lads would deservedly be on the dole if they didn't have the momentum created by Bleasdale and Hill to grasp at. No wonder the two gents are pissed off — GM.

Poor little alienated white boys! Tears For Fears, that is. Since when was popular music supposed to be miserable? Joy Division showed that it's possible to write songs about pain and depression without wallowing in self pity. I used to think Ray Lowry et al were pissing in the wind, but Lowry's phrase to describe the Cure 'Grammar-school angst' ought to be stamped in red letters on all records by TFF, Culture Club, China Crisis and others of that ilk. Personally I blame it all on Japan.

Whatever happened to the journalists who understand this sort of thing; people like Monty Smiff, CSM or Danny Baker. Stored away until people feel like leaping about again, I suppose.

One small suggestion: when you go home tonight play 'Suffer The Children" and then 'Spiral Scratch'. See what I mean.
Mark Shetton, Cambridge

I don't know about 'leaping about', when last seen Monty and Danny were the sole links in a chain surrounding a nuclear base, after years of failing to get right around the ever expanding Andy Gill. And as for Joy Division — you are aware of the rather drastic limits Ian Curtis went to to stop wallowing in self pity, aren't you? — GM.

I can't help thinking that if Tony Blackburn likes pirate radio, there must be something wrong with it.

All this talk of service for the community makes it sound a little like an audio health food shop. Worthy and boring like the John Peel programme.

I'm all for black people getting their fair share of the airwaves, but what about us black/yellow/white/bohemians, don't we deserve a beat alternative to the middle classness of the legal stations. My favourite station would go from Dylan to Otis Redding and Barbara Dickson to Bruce Springsteen with, dare I say it, readings from Kerouac in between.
Kerouac fan, Torquay.
PS Following Monty Smith's 'Alfred Hitchcock — The Man and his movies' can we look forward to Jack Kerouac — 'The Man and his Moves'?

Hardly, the only moves Kerouac ever made were round the block to cash his mum's monthly cheques before returning to his garret to rewrite his boyfriend's travel notes — GM.

Thought I'd drop you a line after seeing your report on pirate radio last week.

An *'NME* Airwaves Assault Course', eh? Well, I can only comment on the stations that I listen to and pick up from where I live.

First of all the article was out of date, several of the 'London stations' no longer exist. Radio Zodiac, for instance, made their closedown broadcast back in October 1982.

The 'Dial' rundown is also inaccurate, several of the stations do not operate on the frequencies shown and in other cases the hours shown are wrong.

The cartoon strip is exactly what most pirate stations find embarrassing, the "Yo-ho ho Jolly Roger" image may be fine for a few ego trippers but for the majority — dedicated people trying to provide real alternatives and quality programming — it is an insult.

Also, why no mention of Phoenix Radio on Saturday mornings (7-11 pm 90.2 mhz FM)? Its music format falls between John Peel-Dave Jensen although they play a great variety of product that neither will touch or seem slow to pick up on. They play demos and make strenuous efforts to involve people in various aspects of 'the biz' whether it be small labels, gigs and events or selling self financed product.
Geoff Smart, Sidcup, Kent.

I'd like to compliment you on the informative article on 'Pirate' radio. I have just set up a free radio station in the London area transmitting between 7 and 10 on Tuesdays (92.4 mhz VHF). We started for several reasons — we feel that the greater number of stations there are, then there is a greater chance of legalisation due to increased pressure on the goverrrnment.

The UK broadcasting system is far behind that of other countries. 'Daytime' radio is a complete waste of time as far as I'm concerned — continually churning out the same commercial sounds and it's not until the evening that we get near 'listenable' radio.

If legalisation is brought about there will undoubtedbly be a boom in the music business as more small-time bands are given airplay. Unless we progress in the field of radio broadcasting the present music scene will stagnate.

What I would like to see happening is the establishment of music stations catering for one particular type of music and other community style stations giving greater access to the public to express their ideas to an audience. I am confident that some form of legalisation will evolve, as the practicality of the form of broadcasting we present is more fully recognized by the authorities.
Ross Trovone, Surrey.

Firstly it's inevitable given the haphazard nature of 'pirate' broadcasting that frequencies and stations should be constantly changing. I think the last thing we want is to foster the jolly roger or 'health shop' aspect of pirate radio. Some of the best music, news and views come from 'official' radio — Alexis Korner and The World Service for instance. But there's still lots of room for more style and taste on the airwaves and at least the pirates are showing the means aren't so hard to get hold of, if anyone out there wants to follow their lead — GM.

Gasbag: man's best friend

GAVIN MARTIN takes a dive into reader's letters

Send your letters to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

Illustration: Robert Mason

Paul Morley's successful attempt to produce the most uninteresting article ever (his Deiter Meier interview) is notable for containing, firstly the longest ever question from an interviewer ("You bring the random reason of the European art attitude")... blah,blah, blah and secondly for printing a photograph of the ghastliest visage in the world (for the fourth week running!) and thirdly for including what is quite possibly the most boring and pretentious sentence ever printed — "Duchamp congratulated Tinguely on being funny and said humour was a thing of great dignity."

We can take Mr Morley's scribblings only so long as somewhere amidst his verbiage are squeezed at least a few words from someone in whom we may have a vestige of interest. When the interviewee is a middle aged kraut of absolutely no interest to anyone at all it is hardly surprising that the resulting article is bilious tripe.
The Dustbin, Valley Parade.

Aha but you responded and *that's* what Paul likes to hear — GM.
Tinguely — that's the feeling I get when I hear 'Poison Arrow' — PM.

You'll be pleased to know I've cancelled my subscription to 'Zipper' .. that pic of Deiter Meier (Yello) did it ... What a hunk ... More please!
Guggi Gayboy.
Are you sure you weren't looking at the pic of Paul? — GM.

There it was, a new has-been hero on *TOTP.* It was embarrasing to watch 'Wild Man' Wylie perform his little croon: I remember the *NME* saying and I quote, "Go out and buy the single so we can watch this nut on *TOTP.*" Cor! I've seen more lunacy in our local lellipop lady f'r Christ sake. He was so bad I burnt the Wah album. Just desserts Wylie. Seven minutes in the moonlight.
Mr Deliberate, Birmingham.

I am heartily sick of talentless wimps like Mark E Smith making snide remarks about my favourite group, ie the very wonderful Haircut 100. These people just don't appreciate good music, so why do you allow them to speak? Anyway I think they're just jealous of sexy Nick Heyward's good looks. Never mind Nicky you still know how to beckon 'em. Geddit!! You can borrow my favourite shirt anytime.
Claire, West Dulwich.
You're sure you mean *shirt?* — GM.

Can I be the first to say how much I like the new type face? Please, please print this letter in your new-look bag as it will make my day!
Steve Wood, Solihull.
Always happy to oblige — GM.

Poor little alienated white boys! Tears For Fears, that is. Since when music was popular music supposed to be miserable? Joy Division showed that it's possible to write songs about pain and depression without wallowing in self pity. I used to think Ray Lowry et al were pissing in the wind, but Lowry's phrase to describe the Cure 'Grammar-school angst' ought to be stamped in red letters on all records by TFF, Culture Club, China Crisis and others of that ilk. Personally I blame it all on Japan.

Teenagers record the traditional music of the Lela festival, held each new year by the Bali people of Cameroon in West Africa, and play it back in the bars and clubs through the rest of the year. Photographer Malcolm Green spent three and a half years in Cameroon and an exhibition of his work, 'A Photographer In Africa', will be on show at Camerawork, 121 Roman Rd, London E2 from Feb 1 — 26 (Tuesdays - Fridays 11 - 6, Saturdays 12 - 6) with special discussions on Feb 1,2 and 3 at 7pm. For details, ring Camerawork at 01-980 6256. Sorry, but we don't know where he got that hat....

Whatever happened to the journalists who understand this sort of thing; people like Monty Smiff, CSM or Danny Baker. Stored away until people feel like leaping about again, I suppose.

One small suggestion: when you go home tonight play 'Suffer The Children" and then 'Spiral Scratch'. See what I mean.

Mark Shetton, Cambridge

I don't know about 'leaping about', when last seen Monty and Danny were the sole links in a chain surrounding a nuclear base, after years of failing to get right around teh ever expanding Andy Gill. And as for Joy Division — you are aware of the rather drastic limits Ian Curtis went to to stop wallowing in self pity, aren't you? — GM.

I noted with curiosity the recent article on John Coltrane. I was quite interested in the piece but wondered how many of your present readers would actually know who or what Coltrane was. And even if they were able to listen to his recordings, would he then mean any more to them.

There is no coverage of jazz in the *NME* and only a few years ago the word was like the plague. Now it seems smart to drop names like Coltrane, Sun Ra, Coleman and Ayler etc.

I know Richard Cook bravely ventures into these frontiers and he obviously pushes the music that interests him. It just seems out of context with the current *NME*. How come there are glorious reviews for people like Steve Lacy and Cecil Taylor when no proper jazz coverage exists. At the same time *NME* deliberately ignores a large chunk of 'rock's rich tapestry' which probably has more affinity to its readers than a lot of weird old jazzers playing 'out of tune'. How do you justify this glaring hypocrisy.

Jas Sherry, Glasgow.

Rubbish, mate. some of the best writing in *NME* over the past few years — various Angus Mackinnon and Brian Case articles spring to mind — has been in the 'jazz' field. I don't see the need to introduce a jazz buff's ghetto when — as with Richard's Coltrane piece and Andy's Sun Ra article — the music and the musicians can be written about in a way that is both stimulating and informative — GM.

T-ZERS

PICTURE THE SCENE. A wet and windy winter's afternoon in the heart of the city. Up on the third floor, a dot sits drowsily at the *T-Zers* desk. A neon light buzzes up above and a lonely ant crawls noisily across a sheet of bare copy paper. The only other sound is that of the daydreaming dot humming happily to itself... rum tum tum ... rubbily tubbily tum ... piddily diddily bum ... rum tum tum ... hoffy snoffy boo ... doggy doggy doo ... loopy loopy loo ...

Suddenly the simple-minded serenity is shattered by one almighty crash and an ear-shattering scream of horror from the depths of the *T-Zer* bunker...

"AAAAARRRGH! BEEJEEZUS! WHAT THE ...?"

The dot cowers in fear behind the keys of a dusty typewriter, emerging slowly after what seems an eternity. The sight that greets a pair of bleary eyes strikes terror into his tiny heart. A big brown *T-Zers* bag has been unceremoniously dumped on the desk and the shady figure of a man with a hat emblazoned **'Ed'** is stomping off into the distance. It had been fully seven years since someone had last so much as *moved* in the *NME* office on a Monday afternoon, but the tiny, rancid, insignificant little dot behind that typewriter now knew that his time had come. For the first time in seven years of idle thumb-twidling, he was going to have to do some work.

That work would demand a multitude of skills, one of which entailed thinking up some wild and whacky intro to the *T-Zers* column. There had been many a good 'un in the past. He remembers particularly fondly the one about the piece of wood (*NME*, July 10, 1982). Then there was the one about the lump of cheese (*NME*, December 11, 1982).

Now he was going to have to do likewise. He was going to have to think up an intro to *T-Zers*. His brains were racked but to no avail. The rest of the column would be dead easy once he had that intro, but it just wouldn't come. So what, gentle reader, was he to do? What, you may ask, did he in fact do? He shot himself there and then. Dead. That's what he did. These are the remnants of the column left by that sad, insignificant little dot...

THE JAM have split! Yes it is now official and can be revealed to a shocked rock world that the band that re-defined the term 'new wave' over a glorious musical history covering seven albums and 18 singles have finally decided to call it a day. The obits, eulogies and tributes will no doubt already be pouring in from all corners of the pop cosmos, but we here at the *T-Zers* desk are looking further afield with the news that ex-Jam cohorts **Rick Buckler** and **Bruce Foxton** have already formed separate groups...

Bruce's beat combo, containing ex-**Vapors Dave Fenton** and **Steve Smith,** have secured themselves a publishing deal with Polydor and are about to sign with Chrysalis. Buckler, meantime, has reportedly formed a heavy metal group with one **Jimmy Edwards** on vocals. Astute Jam followers may care to recall that Mr Edwards released a ballad version of 'In The City' about two years ago. Then again they might not...

As for the unsung third member of The Jam, one master **Weller,** his Respond record label gets off the ground soon with releases from **Tracie,** the girl who appeared with The Jam for 'Beat Surrender' on *Top Of The Pops,* **The Questions** and **Vaughn Toulouse.** Titles of the miesterwerks are 'The House That Jack Built' (Tracie), 'Someone's Got To Lose' (Questions) and 'Fickle Public Speaking' (Vaughn). Paul himself is also talking of opening a club for the under-18s with a free glass of water for all members...

Those of you still waiting for *The Hunger* with **David Bowie,** hold not thine breath. The producers of the film, upon viewing the final cut, discovered they had something of a porn problem with some of the steamy lesbian scenes of **Catherine Deneuve** and **Susan Sarandon.** Some cuts are to be made before the flick goes in front of the censors...

Tim Rice, the wordsmith behind *Jesus Christ Super Star,* is to team up with **Abba** for a play about the world chess title tussle between **Boris Spassky** (USSR) and **Bobby Fisher** (USA). Neat idea that, the sort of thing that **Monty Smith** might have come up with in a moment of inspiration...

Quote of the week comes from **Johnny Cougar,** who delivered an emotion-charged speech to a nationwide TV audience after receiving an American music biz award. Quoth he, "uh, thanks, what can I say? I'm an idiot". You said it John...

The Switch, channel four's follow-on to *The Tube,* to be presented by young, gifted and black **Yvonne** and 'hit man' **Graham Fletcher.** Rumour has it that *NME* and **Alan Marke** may also appear. *The Tube,* meanwhile, have finally got round to showing their *NME* profile. You can catch a glimpse of all your fave humble hacks at work on this Friday's prog. And we sincerely hope you enjoy it. We'll all be watching *Grange Hill* on t'other side....

Peter Gabriel has taken to wearing a headset instead of a microphone for all live work. This, of course, leaves his hands free to shake with his audience and receive bankruptcy supeonas from WOMAD...

Wheelings and dealings dept: **The Belle Stars** have flown to Japan to film a beer advert..., **Sting** sings backing vocals on the next **Jools Holland** single... **Funboys, Madness** and **Bluebells** this week finished their new videos ... **Marine Girls** had to turn down the chance to support on the Funboys' first tour due to college commitments... **Pete Shelley's** new **Rushent**-produced album is near completion...

MUSICAL YOUTH have completed a new video with gnarled oldster **Don Letts.** To do so, they flew themselves out to JA, sparing little expense, apart from the fact that they all travel as half-fare kids...

Hard times? **Duran Duran** harpsicord wizard **John Taylor** spotted buying cutlery from Chelsea's famed Reject Shop. And we always had him pinned as a Habitat man...

Show of the century, for this week anyhow, was **Sunny Ade's** Lyceum shindig. Millions were turned away at the door, some from as far afield as Sun's humble Nigerian homestead...

B Movie, the only *Some Bizzare* band that **Chris Bohn** wouldn't have touched with a Rhineland boatman's bargepole, have finally split from the world's most unsuccessful svengali **Stevo.** They were last sighted heading for a week's residency at an Israeli kibbutz. Who knows, they might even bump into **Blue Zoo,** who this week embarked on a seven day tour of that same state...

Compilations in the grotty gothic punk pipeline include 'The Whip' featuring, among others, **Sex Gang Children,** and an un-named (as yet) elpee from the boys from the black hole, **the Batcave,** boasting tracks from the likes of **The Specimen** and **Sudden Death Cult** as the national press have taken to calling them...

Under Two Flags walked out of their Rock Garden gig last Tuesday after the major part of their audience was turned away by a less than helpful doorman. The odd mohican, a couple of bleached barnets and the usual smattering of punk leather apparently now constitute a severe violation of the venue's new 'Dress code'...

The Bollock Brothers — now the **BBs** as far as airplay programmers are concerned — were somewhat surprised last week at an invitation to appear on **David Essex's** television showcase. The Beeb had confused them with another bunch of somewhat more clean-cut BBs, but didn't realise their mistake until **Jock McDonald** and crew turned up at their Shepherd's Bush studios. The oversight was hurriedly corrected...

The British invasion of the American pop consciousness goes relentlessly on. This week's *Cashbox* chart is littered with Brit bands with **The Clash** at 14, **Adam** at 17, **Culture Club** at 19, **Joe Jackson** at 20, **BBC** at 21, **Peter Gabriel** at 33 and **Musical Youth** at 43. Pass the buck on the left hand side, what...

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